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The Chariot Race

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WALK IN THE LIGHT
THOUGHTS AND APHORISMS
LETTERS
THE KINGDOM OF GOD
CHRISTIANITY AND PATRIOTISM

By

COUNT LEV N. TOLSTÓY

Translated from the Original Russian
and edited by

PROFESSOR LEO WIENER

BOSTON

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
WALK IN THE LIGHT WHILE YE HAVE LIGHT	1
INTRODUCTION	3
THOUGHTS AND APHORISMS	75
I. RELIGION	78
II. GOD'S WORK	90
III. FORM AND EXISTENCE	104
IV. THE OFFENCES OF THE UNDERTAKINGS OF LIFE	128
V. RELATION TO TRUTH	136
VI. LIFE AND METAPHYSICS	147
VII. DOUBT	151
VIII. DISSATISFACTION	154
IX. DISAGREEMENTS	158
X. PROSELYTISM	164
XI. OWNERSHIP	172
XII. FAMILY RELATIONS	178
XIII. VARIA	180
LETTERS ON THE FAMINE	199
TRANSLATOR'S NOTE	201
TOLSTÓY'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE	203
ARTICLES AND REPORTS ON THE FAMINE	259
THE TERRIBLE QUESTION	261
ON THE METHODS OF AIDING THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE SUFFERED FROM THE FAILURE OF CROPS	274
AMONG THE SUFFERING (REPORT UP TO APRIL 12, 1892)	299

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PAGE

Account of the Money Contributed from April 12 to July 27, 1892 309
Conclusion to Last Report on the Aid to the Starving 318

Nicholas Stick 323
Why People Become Intoxicated 337
The First Step 365
The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles 411
Master and Workman 421
Epilogue to "Drózhzhin's Life and Death" . . 489
Religion and Morality 515

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

THE CHARIOT RACE (*p.* 48) . . . . . *Frontispiece*

A POOR FARM 219

A BEGGAR 251

RUSSIAN PEASANTS AT MASS 75

MALÉVANNIANS 395

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WALK IN THE LIGHT WHILE YE HAVE LIGHT

Conversations between a Pagan and a Christian
Story from the Time of the Ancient Christians

1890

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INTRODUCTION

GUESTS were one day assembled in a wealthy house, and a serious conversation on life was started. They spoke of present and of absent people, and they could not find a single man who was satisfied with his life. Not only was there not one man who could boast of happiness, but there was not even one man who thought that he was living as was becoming for a Christian. All confessed that they were living only a worldly life in cares for themselves and for their families, and that not one of them was thinking of his neighbour, and much less of God. Thus the guests spoke among themselves, and all agreed in accusing themselves of a godless, non-Christian life.

"Why, then, do we live thus?" exclaimed a youth. "Why do we do what we do not approve of? Have we not the power to change our life? We know ourselves that what ruins us is our luxury, our effeminacy, our wealth, and, chiefly, our pride, our separation from our brothers. To be noble and rich, we have to deprive ourselves of everything which gives the joy of life to a man. We crowd into cities, make ourselves effeminate, ruin our health, and, in spite of all our amusements, die from ennui and from self-pity, because our life is not such as it ought to be. Why should we live thus? Why ruin our whole life, — all that good which is given us by God? I do not want to live as heretofore! I will abandon all the teaching which I have entered upon, for it will lead me to nothing but the same agonizing life of which we all

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now complain. I will renounce my property and will go to the country and live with the poor; I will work with them, will learn to work with my hands; if my education is of any use to the poor, I will communicate it to them, but not through institutions and books, but by living directly with them in a brotherly relation. Yes, I have made up my mind!" he said, looking interrogatively at his father, who was also present.

"Your desire is good," said the father, "but frivolous and thoughtless. Everything presents itself to you as easy, because you do not know life. There are things enough that seem good to us! But the point is, that the execution of what is good is frequently difficult and complicated. It is hard to walk well on a beaten track, and harder still to lay out new paths. They are laid out only by men who have fully matured and who have completely grasped everything which is accessible to men. The new paths of life seem easy to you, because you do not yet understand life. All this is thoughtlessness and pride of youth. We old men are needed for the very purpose that we may moderate your transports and guide you by means of our experience, while you young people should obey us, in order that you may be able to make use of our experience. Your active life is still ahead, — now you are growing and developing. Educate yourself, form yourself completely, stand on your feet, have your firm convictions, and then begin the new life, if you feel the strength for it. But now you should obey those who guide you for your good, and not open new paths of life."

The youth grew silent, and the elder guests agreed to what the father had said.

"You are right," a middle-aged married man turned to the father of the youth, "you are right, when you say that a youth, who has not any experience in life, may make mistakes in looking for new paths of life, and that

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his decision cannot be firm; but we have all agreed to this, that our life is contrary to our conscience and does not give us the good; therefore we cannot help but recognize that the desire to get out of it is just. A youth may take his reverie to be a deduction of reason, but I am not a young man, and I will tell you about myself that, as I listened to the conversation of this evening, the same thought came to me. The life which I lead, obviously for myself, cannot give me any peace of mind and the good; this is also shown me by reason and by experience. So what am I waiting for? We struggle from morning until evening for our family, but in reality it turns out that my family and I myself do not live in godly fashion, but sink deeper and deeper in our sins. We do everything for our families, but our families are not better off, because what we do for them is not the good. And so I have frequently thought that it would be better if I changed my whole life and stopped caring for my wife and my children, and began to think of my soul. There is good reason in what Paul says, 'He that is married careth how he may please his wife, and he that is unmarried careth for God.'"

The married man had barely finished his words, when all the women present and his wife began to attack him.

"You ought to have thought of it before," said one of the middle-aged women. "You have put on the collar and so pull! It is easy enough for anybody to come and say that he wants to be saved, when it appears hard for him to keep up and support a family. This is a deception and a rascality! No, a man must be able to live in godly fashion with a family. Of course, it is so easy to be saved all by oneself. Besides, if you do so, you act contrary to Christ's teaching. God has commanded us to love others, while the way you do, you wish for the sake of God to offend others. No one has a right to do violence to his family!"

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But the married man did not agree to this. He said:

"I do not want to abandon my family. I only say that the family and the children should not be kept in worldly fashion, so that they get used to living for their lust, as we have just said, but that we should live in such a way that the children should from the earliest time become accustomed to privation, to labour, to aiding others, and chiefly to a brotherly life in respect to all men. But, to attain this, we must renounce aristocracy and wealth."

"There is no need of curbing others, while you do not yourself live in godly fashion!" his wife retorted to this, with irritation. "You yourself lived for your pleasure when you were young, so why do you want to torment your children and your family? Let them grow up quietly, and then, let them do what they please, but do not force them!"

The married man kept silence, but an old man, who was present, took his part:

"Let us admit," he said, "that a married man, who has accustomed his family to certain comforts, cannot suddenly deprive them of them. It is true, if the education of the children has been begun, it is better to finish it than to break up everything, the more so, since the children will themselves choose the path which they will deem best. I admit that for a married man it is hard and even impossible without sinning to change his life. But we old men have been commanded to do so by God. I will tell you about myself: I am living now without any obligations, — I must confess, I am living for my belly only, — I eat, drink, rest, — and I am ashamed and disgusted with myself. It is time for me to give up this life, to distribute my property, and at least before death to live as God has commanded a Christian to live."

But they did not agree with the old man either. Here was his niece and godchild, all of whose children he had

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christened and given presents to on holidays, and here was also his son. They all retorted to him.

"No," said his son, "you have worked enough in your life, — it is time for you to take a rest, and not to torture yourself. You have lived for sixty years with your habits, and you cannot stop them. You will only torture yourself in vain."

"Yes, yes," confirmed his niece, "you will be in want, and you will be out of sorts, and you will grumble and sin more than ever. God is merciful and pardons all the sinners, and not only you, such a dear uncle."

"And why should we?" added another old man, who was of the same age as the uncle. "You and I have, perhaps, two days left to live. Why should we begin anew?"

"How wonderful!" said one of the guests, who had been silent during the conversation, "how wonderful! All say that it is good to live in godly fashion, and that we live badly, and that we torment ourselves in body and soul; but the moment it comes to business, it turns out, that the children ought not to be broken in, but that they ought to be brought up, not in godly fashion, but as of old. The young people must not get out from under their parents' will, and they must not live in godly fashion, but as of old; married men must not change the life of their wives and children, and must not live in godly fashion, but as of old; and there is no reason why old men should begin anew, — they are not accustomed to it, and they have but two days to live, and all such things. It turns out that nobody can live well, but that we may only talk about it."

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WALK IN THE LIGHT WHILE YE HAVE LIGHT

I.

THIS happened in the reign of the Roman Emperor Trajan, 100 Anno Domini. It was at a time when the disciples of Christ's disciples were still alive, and the Christians held firmly to the law of the teachers, as it says in the Acts.

The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: and none of them said that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. And with great power the apostles gave witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ, and great grace was upon their faith. Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet, and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need. (Acts, Chap. IV., 32–35.)

In these first times there lived in the country of Cilicia, in the city of Tarsus, a rich merchant, a Syrian, a dealer in precious stones, Juvenalis by name. He came from simple and poor people, but through labour and skill in his business he gained wealth and the respect of his

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fellow citizens. He had travelled much in foreign countries and, though he was not learned, had come to know and understand many things, and the inhabitants of the city respected him for his intellect and justice. He professed the same Roman, pagan faith which was professed by all the respected men of the Roman empire; that faith, the fulfilment of whose ceremonies they had begun strictly to demand from the time of Emperor Augustus and which the present Emperor Trajan himself strictly observed. The country of Cilicia is far from Rome, but it was governed by a Roman supreme officer, and what was done in Rome found its echo in Cilicia, and the governors imitated their emperors.

Juvenalis remembered from his childhood the stories of what Nero had done in Rome, had later seen how the emperors had perished one after another, and, being a clever man, understood that there was nothing sacred in the Roman religion, but that it all was the work of human hands. The senselessness of all the life surrounding him, especially of what was taking place in Rome, where he often went on business, had frequently disturbed him. He had doubts; he could not grasp it all, and he referred it all to his lack of education.

He was married, and he had had four children, but three of them had died in their youth, and there was only one son left, and his name was Julius.

In this Julius Juvenalis centred all his love and all his cares. Juvenalis was particularly anxious to have his son educated in such a way that his son should not be tormented by those doubts concerning life, by which he himself had been troubled. When Julius passed his fifteenth year, his father gave him to be instructed by a philosopher who had settled in their city, and who took youths to instruct them. The father gave him to the philosopher together with his comrade Pamphylius, the son of one of Juvenalis's deceased manumitted slaves.

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The youths were of the same age, both handsome, and they were friends.

Both youths studied diligently, and both were of good morals. Julius excelled more in the study of the poets and of mathematics, while Pamphylius excelled in the study of philosophy. A year previous to the end of their instruction, Pamphylius came to school and informed his teacher that his mother, a widow, was going to the city of Daphne, and that he would have to stop studying. The teacher was sorry to lose a pupil who was doing him honour; and so was Juvenalis, but most of all Julius. To all admonitions to stay and continue his instruction, Pamphylius remained imperturbable and, thanking his friends for their love and their cares of him, he parted from them.

Two years passed; Julius finished his studies, and during all that time he had not seen his friend.

Once he met him in the street; he invited him to his house and began to ask him how and where he was living. Pamphylius told him that he was living with his mother in the same place.

"We do not live alone," he said, "but there are many friends with us, and we have everything in common with them."

"How in common?" asked Julius.

"So that none of us considers anything his own."

"Why do you do so?"

"We are Christians," said Pamphylius.

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Julius. "But I was told that the Christians killed children and ate them. Is it possible you take part in this?"

"Come and see," replied Pamphylius. "We do not do anything in particular; we live simply, trying to do nothing bad."

"But how can one live without considering anything one's own?"

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"We manage to live. If we give our brothers our labour, they give us theirs."

"Well, and if your brothers take your labour, and do not give it back, what then?"

"There are no such," said Pamphylius. "Such people like to live in luxury and will not come to us: our life is simple and not luxurious."

"But are there not many lazy people who will be glad to be fed for nothing?"

"There are such, and we receive them cheerfully. Lately there came to us such a man, a fugitive slave; at first, it is true, he was lazy and lived badly, but he soon changed his manner of life, and is now a good brother."

"But suppose he had not mended his ways?"

"There are such, too. Elder Cyril has said that such we must treat like the dearest brothers, and love even better."

"Is it possible to love good-for-nothing people?"

"One cannot help but love a man!"

"But how can you give to all everything which they ask for?" inquired Julius. "If my father gave to all who ask him for something, he would soon be left without anything."

"I do not know," replied Pamphylius, "but we have enough left for our needs; and if it happens that we have nothing to eat or to cover ourselves with, we ask of others and they give to us. Yes, this happens rarely. It happened but once that I had to go to bed without a supper, and that, too, was so because I was very tired and did not wish to go to a brother to ask him for it."

"I do not know how you do it," said Julius, "only, as my father has told me, if you do not guard what is yours, and if, besides, you give everything to those who ask it, you will yourself starve to death."

"We do not starve. Come and see. We live, and not only do not suffer want, but have enough to spare"

"How is this?"

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"It is like this: We all confess the same law, but the force of execution varies in us: one has more, another less of it. One has already perfected himself in the good life, another is only beginning it. At the head of all of us stands Christ with his life, and we all try to emulate him, and in this alone do we see our good. Some, like Elder Cyril and his wife Pelagea, stand ahead of us; others stand behind us; others again are far behind, but all walk on the same path. The leaders are already near to Christ's law, — the renunciation of self, — and have lost their souls, in order to find them. They need nothing; they have no thought of themselves, and the last thing they have they, according to Christ's law, give to him who asks for it. There are others who are weaker, who cannot give up everything; they weaken and have still a thought of themselves; they weaken without the customary food and raiment, and do not give up everything. There are others, who are weaker still, — those who have but lately entered upon the path; they continue to live as of old, retain much for themselves, and give up only what is superfluous. And it is these hindmost people who come to the aid of those in front. We are, besides, all of us by relationship intermingled with the pagans. One has a father who is a pagan and holds property and gives it to his son. The son gives it to those who ask him for it, but the father gives him some again. Another has a pagan mother who pities her son and helps him. A third has pagan children, and their mother is a Christian, and the children solace their mother and give her things, asking her not to distribute them; and she takes them out of love for them, and none the less gives them to others. A fourth has a pagan wife. A fifth has a pagan husband. Thus are all intermingled, and the foremost would be glad to give their last, but are not able to do so. It is this which supports the weak in their faith, and from this a great superfluity is collected."

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To this Julius said:

"But if it is so, you evidently depart from Christ's teaching and only make believe. If you do not give up everything, there is no difference between you and us. As I take it, if one is a Christian, he ought to fulfil everything, — give up everything and become a beggar."

"That is best of all," said Pamphylius. "Do so."

"Yes, I will, when I see that you do so."

"We do not wish to show anything, and I advise you not to come to us and not to abandon your life for the sake of appearances; what we do, we do, not for appearances, but according to faith."

"What is meant by according to faith?"

"By according to faith is meant that salvation from the evils of the world, from death, is only in a life according to Christ's teaching. It is all the same to us what people will say of us. We do not do anything for the sake of people, but because in this alone do we see life and the good."

"It is impossible not to live for oneself," said Julius. "The gods themselves have implanted this in us, that we love ourselves more than others and seek pleasures for ourselves. And you do the same. You say yourself that there are some among you who have a thought for themselves. They will be preparing more and more pleasures for themselves and will more and more abandon your faith and will do precisely as we do."

"No," replied Pamphylius, "our people walk along another path and never weaken, but keep growing stronger, just as the fire will never go out so long as wood is put on it. In this does our faith consist."

"I cannot make out in what this faith does consist."

"Our faith consists in this, that we understand life as Christ has explained it to us."

"How has he?"

"Christ told the following parable: Husbandmen were

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living in another man's garden and had to pay tribute to their master. It is we, the people, who are living in the world and must pay tribute to God, — to do His will. But those men with their worldly faith thought that the garden was theirs, that they did not need to pay for it, and that all they had to do was to enjoy its fruits. The master sent a messenger to the husbandmen to receive the tribute, but they drove him away. The master sent his son for the tribute, and they killed him, thinking that after that no one would disturb them. This is the worldly faith by which all the men of the world live, when they do not recognize the fact that life is given for the purpose of serving God. But Christ has taught us that the worldly faith, that it is better for a man if he drives the master's messenger and the son out of the garden and does not pay tribute, is a false faith, because one result or the other cannot be avoided, either you pay tribute, or you are driven out of the garden. He has taught us that all the joys, those which we call joys, — eating, drinking, merriment, — can be no joys if life is placed in them; that they are joys only when we seek something else, — the fulfilment of God's will; that only then these joys follow the fulfilment as a true reward. To wish to take the joys without the labour of fulfilling God's will, to tear the joys away from labour, is the same as to tear the stalks of flowers and plant them without roots. We believe in this, and so cannot seek the deception instead of the truth. Our faith consists in this, that the good of life is not in joys, but in the fulfilment of God's will without any thought as to joys or any hope respecting them. And thus we live, and the longer we live, the more we see that the joys and the good, like a wheel following the shaft, come in the wake of the fulfilment of God's will. Our teacher has said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and

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lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.'"

Thus spoke Pamphylius. Julius listened and his heart was touched, but what Pamphylius had said was not clear to him; it seemed to him that Pamphylius was deceiving him; and he looked again into Pamphylius's good eyes, and it seemed to him that Pamphylius was deceiving himself. Pamphylius invited Julius to come to see him, to inspect their life, and, if he was pleased with it, to remain to live with them.

Julius promised he would come, but he did not go to see Pamphylius; he was carried away by his own manner of life, and forgot Pamphylius.

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II.

JULIUS'S father was rich, loved his only son, was proud of him, and spared no money on him. Julius's life passed like that of rich young men: in idleness, luxury, and the amusements of dissipation, which have always been the same, — wine, gaming, and fast women.

But the enjoyments to which Julius abandoned himself demanded more and more money, and Julius began to feel a lack of it. Once he asked his father for more than his father was in the habit of giving to him. The father gave it to him, but also reprimanded him. Feeling himself guilty and not wishing to confess his guilt, his son grew angry and insulted his father, as those always grow angry who know their guilt and do not wish to confess it. The money taken from his father was very soon spent, and, besides, Julius happened at that time to get into a brawl with a companion of his and to kill a man. The chief of the city learned of this and wanted to take Julius under guard, but his father obtained his pardon. Just then Julius needed more money for his dissipations. He borrowed money from a friend, promising to return it to him. Besides, his mistress demanded a present from him: she took a liking for a pearl necklace, and he knew that if he did not fulfil her prayer, she would abandon him and go to live with a rich man who had long been trying to get her away from Julius. Julius went to his mother, and told her that he was in need of money, and that he would kill himself if he did not get as much as he needed.

He did not blame himself, but his father, for the condi-

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tion he was in. He said: "My father accustomed me to a life of luxury, and then began to begrudge me the money. If he had given me in the beginning without rebukes what he later gave me, I should have arranged my life and should have had no need; but as he never gave me any sufficiency, I was compelled to turn to usurers, and they squeezed everything out of me; and there was nothing left for me to live on, as is proper for a rich young man, and I am ashamed in the presence of my companions, while my father does not wish to understand anything. He has forgotten that he himself was once a young man. It is he who brought me to this state, and if he does not give me now what I am asking for, I shall kill myself."

The mother, who spoiled her son, went to his father. The father sent for his son, and began to scold him and his mother. The son answered insultingly to his father. The father struck him. The son grasped his father's hands. The father called the slaves and commanded them to bind his son and lock him up.

When Julius was left alone, he began to curse his father and his own life.

His death or the death of his father presented itself to him as the only way out from the condition in which he was.

Julius's mother suffered more than he. She did not try to make out who was to blame for all this. She only was sorry for her beloved child. She went to her husband to implore his pardon. Her husband would not listen to her, rebuked her for having spoiled her son; she rebuked him, and it all ended in the husband beating his wife. But the mother paid no attention to the blows, and went to her son to admonish him to beg his father's pardon and submit to him. For this she promised her son secretly that she would give him the money which he was in need of. Her son agreed, and then the mother

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went to her husband and begged him to forgive his son. The father for a long time scolded his wife and his son, but finally decided that he would forgive his son, but only on condition that he would abandon his life of dissipation and would marry a rich merchant's daughter, whom his father wanted to get as a wife for his son.

"He will get money from me and the wife's dowry," said the father, "and then let him begin a regular life. If he promises to do my will, I shall forgive him. But now I will not give him anything, and the first time he transgresses, I will turn him over to the chief."

Julius agreed to everything, and was released. He promised to get married and to abandon his bad life, but he did not have the intention of doing so.

His life at home became a hell for him: his father did not speak to him and quarrelled with his mother on account of him, and his mother cried.

On the following day his mother called him to her apartments and secretly handed him a precious stone which she had carried off from her husband.

"Go and sell it, not here, but in another city, and do what you have to do. I shall know how for a time to conceal this loss, and if it is discovered, I will put the blame on one of the slaves."

The mother's words touched Julius's heart. He was terrified at what she had done and, without taking the precious stone, left the house.

He did not know himself whither he was going, and for what purpose. He walked on and on, away from the city, feeling the necessity of being left alone and reflecting on what had happened to him and on what was awaiting him. As he kept marching on and on, he left the city behind and entered a holy grove of the Goddess Diana. Upon reaching a solitary spot, he began to think. The first thought that came to him was to ask the goddess's aid, but he no longer believed in his gods and so knew that

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no aid was to be expected from them. And if not from them, from whom? It seemed too strange to him to reflect on his own situation. In his soul there was chaos and darkness. But there was nothing to be done: it was necessary for him to turn to his conscience, and he began before it to consider his life and his acts; and both seemed bad to him and, above all, foolish. Why had he been tormenting himself so much? Why had he been ruining his youthful years? There were few joys, and much sorrow and unhappiness! But the main thing was, he felt himself alone. Before this he had had a loving mother, a father, and even friends,— now there was nothing. No one loved him! He was a burden to all. He had managed to cross everybody's life: for his mother he was the cause of her discord with his father; for his father he was a spendthrift of his money, which had been collected by the labour of a whole life; for his friends he was a dangerous, disagreeable rival. For all of them it was desirable that he should die.

Passing his life in review, he recalled Pamphylius, and his last meeting with him, and how Pamphylius had invited him to come to them, the Christians. And it passed through his head that he would not return home, but would go to the Christians and would remain with them.

"But is my situation so desperate?" he thought, and he again recalled everything which had happened to him, and again he was frightened at this, that, as he thought, no one loved him and he loved no one. His mother, father, friends did not love him, could not help but desire his death; but did he himself love any one? His friends? He felt that he did not love any one. They were all his antagonists; all were pitiless to him now that he was in misfortune.

"My father?" he asked himself, and he was seized by terror, when, at this question, he looked into his own

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heart. He not only did not love him, but even hated him for the oppressions, for the insults. He hated him and, besides, he saw clearly that for his, Julius's happiness, he needed his father's death.

"Yes," he said to himself, "if I knew that no one would ever see or find out, — what would I do, if I could with one stroke, at once, deprive him of life and free myself?"

And Julius answered himself:

"Yes, I should kill him!"

He gave this answer to himself, and he was frightened at himself.

"My mother? Yes, I pity her, but I do not love her; it is all the same to me what will become of her, — all I need is her aid. Yes, I am a beast! and a hunted-down, a baited beast, and I differ from a beast only in this, that I can, by my will, go away from the deceptive, evil life; I can do what a beast cannot, — I can kill myself. I hate my father, I love no one — neither my mother, nor my friends — unless, perhaps, Pamphylius alone."

And he again thought of him. He began to recall the last meeting, and their conversation, and Pamphylius's words as to what Christ said, according to their teaching: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Is it true?

He began to think, to recall the meek, fearless, and joyful face of Pamphylius, and he wanted to believe what Pamphylius had said.

"What am I indeed?" he said to himself. "Who am I? A man searching after the good. I have searched after it in lustful desires and have not found it. And all those who live like me find it as little. All are evil and suffer. But there is a man who is always full of joy, because he is not searching after anything. He says that there are many such, and that all will be such, if they shall follow what their Teacher says. What if this is the

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truth? Truth or untruth, — I am drawn toward it, and I shall go."

Thus Julius said to himself, and he left the grove, having decided not to return home, and went toward the village in which the Christians lived.

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III.

JULIUS walked cheerfully and joyously, and the farther he walked and the more vividly he presented to himself the life of the Christians, recalling everything which Pamphylius had said, the more happy he felt. The sun was declining toward evening, and he wanted to rest, when he met a man on the road, who was resting and eating his supper. The man was of middle age, with a bright face. He was sitting, and eating olives and a flat cake. When he saw Julius, he smiled, and said:

"Good evening, young man! The road is still far. Sit down and rest thyself."

Julius thanked him, and sat down.

"Whither dost thou go?" asked the stranger.

"To the Christians," said Julius, and, by degrees, he told the stranger his whole life and his determination.

The stranger listened attentively, asked him about the details, and himself did not express his opinion; but when Julius had ended, the stranger put the remaining food into his wallet, adjusted his clothes, and said:

"Young man, do not carry out thy intention! Thou art in error. I know life, but thou dost not know it. I know the Christians, but thou dost not know them. Listen: I will analyze all thy life and thy thoughts, and after thou hast heard them from me, thou wilt make that decision which will appear to thee most correct. Thou art young, rich, handsome, strong, and the passions are boiling in thee. Thou desirest to find a quiet harbour, where the passions shall not agitate thee and thou wilt not suffer from their consequences, and it seems to thee that thou wilt find

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such a harbour among the Christians. There is no such place, dear youth, because what is troubling thee is not to be found in Cilicia, nor in Rome, but in thyself. In the quiet of the country solitude the same passions will torment thee, only a hundred times more powerfully. The deception of the Christians, or their error (I do not want to condemn them), consists in this, that they do not wish to recognize human nature. Only an old man, who has outlived all his passions, may be a complete executor of their teaching. But a man in possession of his strength, or a youth like thee, who has not experienced life and tried himself, cannot submit to their law, because this law has for its basis, not human nature, but the idle speculation of their founder, Christ. If thou shalt go to them, thou wilt suffer what thou sufferest now, only to a far greater extent. Now thy passions lead thee on false paths, but, having once made a mistake in the direction, thou art able to correct thyself; now thou hast at least the satisfaction of liberated passion, that is, life. But among them, thou, violently repressing thy passions, wilt err just as much, even worse, and besides this suffering wilt have the unceasing suffering of man's unsatisfied needs. Let the water out over a dam, and it will water the earth and the meadows, and animals; but hold it back, and it will tear up the earth and run out with dirt. The same is true of the passions. The teaching of the Christians, their teaching in regard to life, consists, besides the beliefs with which they console themselves, and of which I shall not speak, also in the following: they do not recognize violence, wars, courts, or property, or the sciences, arts, — all that which makes life easy and joyous. All this would be well, if all men were such as they describe their teacher to have been. But this is not the case, and this cannot be. Men are evil and are subject to their passions. This play of the passions and the conflicts which result from them hold men back in those con-

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ditions of life in which they live. Barbarians (savages) know no repression, and one savage would, for the gratification of his desires, destroy the whole world, if all men should submit as easily as the Christians do. If the gods have implanted the sentiment of anger in men, they have done so because these sentiments are necessary for the life of men. The Christians teach that these sentiments are evil, and that without them men would be happy; there would be no murders, capital punishments, wars. This is true, but it resembles the proposition that for their welfare they must not receive nourishment. Indeed, there would be no greed and hunger and all the calamities which result from them. But still this proposition would not change human nature. And if two or three dozens of men, believing this and actually not taking any food, should starve to death, this would not change human nature. The same is true of the other passions, — indignation, anger, revenge, even love of women, of luxury, of splendour, and of grandeur, are characteristic of the gods also, and so are man's unchangeable properties. Destroy man's nutrition, and man will be destroyed; similarly destroy man's characteristic passions, and humanity will be destroyed. The same is true of ownership, which the Christians are supposed to deny. Look about thee: every vineyard, every enclosure, every house, every she-ass, — all this has been produced by men only under the condition of ownership. Reject the right of ownership, and not one vineyard will be dug up, not one animal will be raised and trained. The Christians assert that they have no property, but they enjoy its fruits. They say that they have everything in common, and that everything is brought together. But what they bring together, they have received from people who own property. They only deceive men and, at best, deceive themselves. Thou sayest that they work themselves, in order to support themselves; but what they get by work would not

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support them, if they did not make use of what men who recognize ownership have produced. Even if they could support themselves, they only could sustain their lives, and there would be no place among them for the sciences, nor for the arts. They do not recognize the use of our sciences and arts. Nor can they act differently. All their teaching tends only to bring them back to the primitive state, to savagery, to the animal. They cannot serve humanity by means of the sciences and arts, and, since they do not know them, they deny them. They cannot serve by those means which form man's exclusive property and bring him near to the gods. They will have no temples, no statues, no theatres, no museums. They say that they do not need them. The easiest way not to be ashamed of their baseness is to despise altitude, and this they are doing. Their teacher is an ignoramus and cheat. And they emulate him. Besides, they are godless. They do not recognize the gods and their intervention in human affairs. For them exists only the father of their teacher, whom they also call their own father, and the teacher himself, who, according to their conception, has revealed all the mysteries of life to them. Their teaching is a miserable deception. Consider this: our teaching says that the world exists through the gods and that the gods protect men. But men, to live well, must worship the gods and themselves seek and think, — and so we are guided in our life, on the one hand, by the will of the gods, on the other, by the combined wisdom of all humanity. We live, think, and seek, and so move toward truth. But they have no gods, nor their will, nor human wisdom, but only one thing, the blind belief in their crucified teacher, and in everything which he has said to them. Weigh which guide is more reliable, the will of the gods and the combined, free activity of human wisdom, or the compulsory, blind belief in the words of one man."

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Julius was struck by what the stranger had told him, especially by his last words.

His intention of going among the Christians was not only shaken, but it now even seemed strange to him how, under the influence of his troubles, he could have decided upon such madness. But there was still the question open for him what he was to do now and how to get out of those difficult conditions in which he now was, and he told the stranger about his situation and asked his advice.

"I wanted to speak of this very thing," continued the stranger. "What art thou to do? Thy path, in so far as human wisdom is accessible to me, is clear to me. All thy troubles arise from the passions which are characteristic of man. Thou hast been carried away by passion, which took thee so far that thou didst suffer. Such are the usual lessons of life. These lessons must be used to advantage. Thou hast experienced much, and thou knowest where it is bitter and where sweet: thou canst no longer repeat those blunders. Take advantage of thy experience. What grieves thee more than anything else is thy enmity toward thy father. This enmity is due to thy situation; choose another, and it will be destroyed, or, at least, it will no longer manifest itself so painfully. All thy troubles are due to the irregularity of thy situation. Thou hast abandoned thyself to the amusements of youth; this is natural and good. But it was good only so long as it corresponded to thy age. But the time passed and thou didst abandon thyself with the powers of a man to the wantonness of youth, and that was bad. Thou hast reached a time when thou oughtest to become a man, a citizen, and serve thy country, work in its behalf. Thy father proposes to thee that thou shouldst get married. His advice is wise. Thou hast outlived one period of life, youth, and hast entered upon another. All thy tribulations are symptoms of a transitional condition. Recognize that the time of youth has passed and, boldly rejecting what

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was proper for it, but not proper for a man, enter upon the new path. Get married, give up the enjoyments of youth, busy thyself with commerce, public affairs, the sciences, and the arts, and thou wilt not only make thy peace with thy father and thy friends, but thou wilt also find peace and joy. The main thing that agitated thee is the unnaturalness of thy situation. Thou hast become a man, and thou shouldst enter into matrimony and be a man. And so my chief counsel is: Do thy father's bidding, get married. If thou art attracted to solitude, which thou hadst intended to find among the Christians, if thou art inclined toward philosophy, and not toward the activity of life, thou canst usefully abandon thyself to this activity only after thou hast learned life in its true significance. This thou wilt know only as an independent citizen and head of a family. If after that thou shalt be attracted to solitude, abandon thyself to it, and then it will be a true attraction, and not an outburst of dissatisfaction, such as it is at present. Then go!"

The last words more than any others convinced Julius. He thanked the stranger and returned home.

His mother received him with joy. His father, too, when he learned of his readiness to submit to his will and to marry the maiden which had been proposed to him, was reconciled with his son.

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IV.

THREE months later they celebrated the wedding with beautiful Eulampia, and Julius, having changed his manner of life, began to manage a separate house with his wife, and himself attended to part of the business which his father had turned over to him.

Once he went for his business house to a near-by town, and while he was sitting there in a merchant's shop, saw Pamphylius pass by with a maiden, who was a stranger to him. Both were walking with heavy burdens of grapes, which they were selling. When Julius recognized his friend, he went up to him and asked him to step into the shop, in order to have a chat with him. When the maiden saw Pamphylius's desire to go with his friend and his misgiving about leaving her alone, she hastened to say that she did not need him and would sit alone with the grapes, waiting for purchasers. Pamphylius thanked her and went with Julius into the shop. Julius asked permission of the merchant, his friend, to go into his living-room, and when he had received the permission, retired with Pamphylius to the rooms in the back.

The friends asked one another for the details of their lives. Pamphylius's life had not changed since they had met the last time: he continued to live in the Christian commune, was not married, and assured his friend that his life was getting more and more joyous with every year, day, and hour. Julius told his friend what had happened with him, and how he had been on his way to the Christians, when his meeting with the stranger elucidated to him the errors of the Christians, and his own

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duty to get married, and how he had followed the advice and had married.

"Well, art thou happy now?" Pamphylius asked. "Hast thou found in marriage what the stranger promised thee?"

"Happy?" said Julius. "What do you mean by happy? If we are to understand by it a full gratification of my desires, I am naturally unhappy. So far I have been carrying on my business with success, and people begin to respect me; and in either of these things I find a certain satisfaction. Though I see many men who are richer and more honoured than I, I foresee the possibility of coming up to them and even surpassing them. This side of my life is full, but my wedded state, I will say outright, does not satisfy me. I will say more: I feel that this very matrimony, which ought to give me joy, has not given it to me, and that the joy, which I experienced at first, kept diminishing and finally was destroyed; and in the place where there was joy there has grown up sorrow. My wife is beautiful, clever, learned, and good. At first I was entirely happy. But now, — you do not know this, because you have no wife, — there occur causes for discord, because she seeks my love, when I am indifferent to her, and vice versa. Besides, for love we need novelty. A less attractive woman than my wife attracts me more at first, but later becomes less attractive to me than my wife; I have already experienced this. No, I have not found any satisfaction in my married state. Yes, my friend," concluded Julius, "the philosophers are right: life does not give what the soul wishes for. I have experienced this now in matrimony. But the fact that life does not give the good which the soul wishes for does not prove that your deception may give it," he added, smiling.

"In what dost thou see our deception?" asked Pamphylius.

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"Your deception consists in this, that you, to liberate a man from the calamities which are connected with the affairs of life, deny all affairs of life, — life itself. To free yourselves from disenchantments you deny the enchantment, marriage itself."

"We do not deny marriage," said Pamphylius.

"If not marriage, you deny love."

"On the contrary, we deny everything but love. It serves us as the first foundation of everything."

"I do not understand thee," said Julius. "From what I have heard from others and from thee, and from the fact that thou art not yet married, though we are of the same age, I conclude that you do not have marriage. Your people continue in the married state, if they entered into it before, but they do not enter anew into wedlock. You do not trouble yourselves about the continuation of the human race. If you were alone, the human race would have long ago come to an end," said Julius, repeating what he had heard many times.

"That is not true," said Pamphylius. "It is true that we do not make it our aim to continue the human race and do not trouble ourselves about it as much as I have many a time heard your sages trouble themselves. We assume that our Father has already taken care of this: our aim consists only in living according to His will. If in His will is the continuation of the human race, it will be continued; if not, it will come to an end; this is not our affair, not our care; our care is to live according to His will. But His will is expressed both in our sermon and in our revelation, where it says that a man should unite with his wife, and there should not be two bodies, but one. Marriage is not only not prohibited among us, but is even encouraged by our old teachers. The difference between our marriage and yours consists in this, that our law has revealed to us that every lustful looking at a woman is a sin, and so we and our women,

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instead of adorning ourselves and provoking lust, try to remove ourselves from it so far that the sentiment of love between us, as between brothers and sisters, should be stronger than the sensation of lust for one woman, which you call love."

"But you can still not suppress the love of the beautiful," said Julius. "I am convinced, for example, that that beauty, the maiden with whom thou didst carry the grapes, in spite of her attire, which conceals her charms, evokes in thee the feeling of love for a woman."

"I do not yet know," Pamphylius said, blushing. "I have not thought of her beauty. Thou art the first who has told me of it. She is for me only a sister. But I shall go on with what I wanted to tell thee about the difference between our marriage and yours. The difference originates even from this, that with you lust, under the name of beauty and love and serving Goddess Venus, is sustained, provoked in men. But with us it is the very opposite: lust is not considered an evil (God has not created any evil), but a good, which becomes an evil when it is not in its place, — an offence, as we call it. And this is the reason why I am not yet married, though I may possibly be to-morrow."

"But what will decide it?"

"God's will."

"How dost thou recognize it?"

"If we never look for indications of it, we never find it; but if we look for them constantly, they become clear, as clear as are for you your divinations from sacrifices and birds. And as you have your own sages, who according to their wisdom, and according to the entrails of sacrificial animals, and according to the flight of the birds expound to you the will of the gods, so we have sages who explain to us the will of the Father, according to Christ's revelation, according to the feeling of their hearts and the

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thoughts of other men, and, chiefly, according to their love of them."

"But all this is very indefinite," retorted Julius. "What, for example, will show thee when to marry, and whom? When I was about to marry, I had the choice among three maidens: these three were chosen from among others, because they were beautiful and rich, and my father was satisfied if I married any one of them. Of these three I chose Eulampia, because she was to me more beautiful and attractive than the rest; this is natural. But what will guide thee in thy choice?"

"To answer thee," said Pamphylius, "I must tell thee first of all that, since by our teaching all men are equal before their Father, they are just as equal before us, according to their position and to their spiritual and bodily qualities; and so our choice (if this word, which is incomprehensible to us, be used) cannot be limited to anything. A Christian's wife or husband may be chosen among any men or women of the world."

"This makes it even less possible to make up one's mind," said Julius.

"I will tell thee what our elder has said about the difference that exists between the marriage of a Christian and that of a pagan. A pagan, like thee, chooses a wife, who, in his opinion, will afford him, him personally, the greatest amount of enjoyment. But the eyes stray with this, and it is hard to decide, the more so since the enjoyment is ahead. But for a Christian there is no choice for himself, or rather, the choice for his personal enjoyment occupies a secondary, and not the first, place. For a Christian the question is, not to violate God's will by his marriage."

"But where can there be a violation of God's will in the marriage?"

"I might have forgotten the Iliad, which we studied and read together, but thou, who art living among sages

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and poets, canst not forget it. What is the whole Iliad? It is a story of the violation of God's will in relation to marriage. And Menelaus, and Paris, and Helen, and Achilles, and Agamemnon, and Chryseis, — all that is a description of all the strange calamities which arise for men and even now take place from this violation."

"But wherein does the violation consist?"

"The violation consists in this, that a man loves in woman his enjoyment from being near her, and not the human being like himself, and so enters into matrimony for the sake of his enjoyment. Christian marriage is possible only when a man has love for men and when the object of his carnal love is first of all an object of this brotherly love of man for man. Just as it is rational and safe to build a house only when there is a foundation, to paint a picture when everything on which it is to be painted is prepared, — so carnal love is legitimate only when it has respect and love of one man for another at its base. On this foundation alone can a rational Christian family life be reared."

"But I still fail to see why such a Christian marriage, as thou callest it," said Julius, "excludes the love for a woman, which Paris experienced."

"I do not say that the Christian marriage does not admit the exclusive love of woman; on the contrary, only then is it rational and sacred; but the exclusive love of woman can arise only when the formerly existing love toward all men has not been violated. But the exclusive love for one woman, which the poets extol, recognized as good in itself, without being based on the love of men, has no right to be called love. It is an animal lust and frequently passes over into hatred. The best examples of this, that the so-called love (eros), if it is not based on brotherly love for all men, becomes bestiality, are the cases of violence committed against the very woman, whom he who violates her makes suffer and

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whose ruin he causes. In violence there is evidently no love for a man, if he tortures him whom he loves. But with the non-Christian marriage there is frequently concealed violence, when he who marries a maiden, who does not love him, or who loves another, makes her suffer and has no compassion on her, only that he may be able to satisfy his love."

"Let us say that this is so," said Julius, "but if the maiden loves him, there is no injustice, and I do not see any difference between a Christian and a pagan marriage."

"I do not know the details of thy marriage," answered Pamphylius, "but I know that every marriage, which has for its basis nothing but the personal good, cannot help but be the cause of discord; even as the simple taking of food, among animals and among men who differ little from animals, cannot take place without quarrelling and fighting. Everybody wants a dainty morsel, but as there are not enough dainty morsels to go around, discord results from this. If there is no open discord, there is one which is concealed. The weak individual wants a dainty morsel, but he knows that the strong one will not give it to him, and, although he knows the impossibility of taking it away directly from the strong individual, he looks with concealed, envious malice upon the strong man and uses the first opportunity to take it away from him. The same is true of pagan marriage, only it is twice as bad, because the object of hatred is man, so that there arises discord between the married pair."

"But how can this be effected, that the married pair should love no one but one another? There will always be found a man or a maiden who loves some one else. And so, according to your opinion, marriage is impossible. And so I see that they say rightly of you that you do not marry at all. That is the reason why thou art not married and, probably, wilt not be. It cannot be that a man should marry a woman without having first

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roused the feeling of love for himself in another woman; or that a girl should live to maturity without having roused a feeling in a man. How was Helen to have acted?"

"Elder Cyril says of this as follows: in the pagan world, men, without thinking of the love of their brothers, without cultivating this sentiment, think only of one thing, of the provocation of a love of passion for woman, and they cultivate this passion. And so in their world every Helen, or one like her, arouses love in many. Rivals fight with one another, try to surpass one another, like animals, in order to get possession of a female. And in a greater or lesser degree, their marriage is an act of violence. In our community we not only do not think of the personal enjoyment of beauty, but we avoid all offences which lead to this, and which in the pagan world are made a merit and a subject of worship. We, on the contrary, think of those obligations of respect and love of our neighbour, which we have without distinction for all men, for the greatest beauty and for the greatest ugliness. We cultivate this feeling with all our strength, and so the feeling of love has for me the upper hand in us over the temptation of beauty and vanquishes it and destroys the discord, which results from the sexual relations. A Christian marries only when he knows that his union with the woman causes no one any harm."

"But is this possible?" retorted Julius. "Can we control our infatuations?"

"We cannot, if we give them full sway, but we can prevent their awakening and getting up. Take as an example the relation of father and daughter, mother and son, brother and sister. The mother is for her son, the daughter for her father, the sister for her brother, no matter how beautiful they may be, not an object of personal enjoyment, but of love, and no sensations are awakened. They would awaken, if the father should find out

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that the one he considered to be his daughter is not his daughter, and the same in the relation of mother and son, brother and sister; but even then this sensation would be very feeble and submissive, and it would be in man's power to control it. The feeling of lust would be weak, because at the base of it is the sentiment of love for mother, daughter, sister. Why dost thou not wish to admit that the same sentiment may be educated and confirmed in man in relation to all women, just as in the case of the mothers, sisters, daughters, and that on the basis of this sentiment there may grow up the sentiment of conjugal love? The moment a brother has discovered that the one whom he regarded as his sister is not his sister, he allows in himself the feeling of love, as for a woman; even so a Christian, feeling that his love is not offending any one, allows this sentiment to rise in his soul."

"Well, and if two men fall in love with the same maiden?"

"Then one sacrifices his happiness for the happiness of another."

"But if she loves one of them?"

"Then he whom she loves less sacrifices his sentiment, for her happiness."

"Well, and if she loves both alike, and both sacrifice themselves, she does not marry at all?"

"No, then the elders will look into the matter, and counsel in such a way that there shall be the greatest good for all, with the greatest love."

"But this is never done, and it is not done because it is contrary to human nature."

"Contrary to human nature? What human nature? Man, besides being an animal, is also a man, and it is true that such a relation to woman is not in accord with man's animal nature, but it is with his rational nature. And when he uses his reason in order to serve his animal

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nature, he does worse than an animal, — he rises to violence, to incest, — which no animal would do. But when he uses his rational nature for the restraint of the animal, when his animal nature serves his reason he attains that good which satisfies him."

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V.

"But tell me about thyself personally," said Julius. "I see thee with this beauty; thou evidently livest near her and servest her; dost thou really not wish to become her husband?"

"I have not thought of it," said Pamphylius. "She is the daughter of a Christian widow. I serve them just as others do. Thou didst ask me whether I love her so much as to wish to be united with her. This question is hard for me; but I shall answer it frankly. This thought has come to me, but there is a youth who loves her, and so I do not yet dare to think of it. This youth is a Christian and loves us both, and I cannot commit an act which would grieve him. I live without thinking about it. I seek but for this, to fulfil the law of love of men, — this is all that is needed. I shall marry when I see that that is necessary."

"But the acquisition of a good, industrious son-in-law cannot be a matter of indifference to her mother. She will wish for you, and not for others."

"No, it makes no difference to her, because she knows that, besides me, all our people are ready to serve her, as they would any one else, and I shall serve her neither more nor less, no matter whether I shall be her son-in-law or not. If from this shall result my marriage with her daughter, I shall accept it with joy, as I shall accept her marriage to some one else."

"That cannot be!" exclaimed Julius. "What is so terrible among you is, that you deceive yourselves. And thus you deceive others. That stranger told me correctly

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about you. As I listen to thee, I involuntarily submit myself to the beauty of the life which thou describest to me; but when I reflect, I see that all this is a deception, which leads to savagery, to coarseness which approaches that of animals."

"In what dost thou see this savagery?"

"In this, that supporting yourselves by work, you have no leisure or chance to busy yourselves with the sciences or the arts. Here thou art in a ragged garment, with coarsened hands and feet; thy companion, who might be a goddess of beauty, resembles a slave. You have neither any songs to Apollo, nor temples, nor poetry, nor games,— nothing which the gods have given for the adornment of human life. To work, to work like slaves or like oxen, only in order to feed coarsely, is this not a voluntary and godless renunciation of will and of human nature?"

"Again human nature!" said Pamphylius. "But in what does this nature consist? In torturing slaves by giving them work beyond their strength, in killing our brothers and making them slaves, in making of women a subject of amusement? All this is needed for that beauty of life, which thou considerest proper to human nature. Does man's nature consist in this, or in living in love and concord with all men, feeling himself a member of one universal brotherhood? Thou art very much mistaken, if thou thinkest that we do not recognize the sciences and art. We value highly all the abilities with which human nature is endowed; but we look upon all of man's inherent abilities as upon means for the attainment of one and the same end, to which we devote all our life, namely, the fulfilment of God's will. In science and in art we do not see an amusement, of use only as a pleasure for idle people; we demand from science and art the same that we demand from all human occupations,— that in them should be realized the same activity of love of God and our neighbour, by which all the acts of a

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Christian are permeated. We recognize as true science only such knowledge as helps us to live better, and we respect art only when it purifies our designs, elevates our souls, strengthens our powers, which are necessary for a life of labour and of love. Such knowledge we, in proportion as we are able, do not fail to develop in ourselves and in our children, and to such art we gladly devote ourselves in our time of leisure. We read and study the writings bequeathed to us by the wisdom of men who have lived before us; we sing psalms, paint pictures, and our poems and pictures brace our spirit and console us in moments of grief. It is for this reason that we cannot approve of those applications which you make of the sciences and arts. Your learned men use their ability of imagination to invent new means for causing evil to men; they perfect the methods of war, that is, of murder; they invent new methods for gain, that is, for getting rich at the expense of others. Your art serves you for the erection and adornment of temples in honour of the gods, in whom the most advanced among you have long ago ceased believing, but you encourage this faith in them in other people, assuming that with this deception you will best retain them in your power. You erect statues in honour of the most powerful and cruel of your tyrants, whom nobody respects, but all fear. In your theatres you give representations of criminal love. Your music serves for the enjoyment of your rich, who glut themselves with food and drink at their feasts. And your painting, which adorns houses of debauchery, is such that a man who is not intoxicated by animal passion cannot even look upon without blushing. No, not for this have those higher abilities, which distinguish him from the animal, been given to man. It is not right to make of them an enjoyment for our bodies. In devoting all our lives to the fulfilment of God's will, we so much the more employ our highest abilities in the same service."

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"Yes," said Julius, "all that would be beautiful, if life under such conditions were possible; but it is not possible to live thus. You deceive yourselves. You do not recognize the defence we provide. But if the Roman legions did not exist, would it be possible to live calmly? You make use of the defence, without acknowledging it. Even some of your people, so thou didst tell me thyself, have defended themselves. You do not recognize property, but you make use of it: our people have it, and give it to you. Thou wilt not thyself give thy grapes away, but sellest them and wilt buy them. All this is deception! If you did what you say, it would be all right; but as it is, you deceive others and yourselves."

Julius grew excited and said everything which he had on his mind. Pamphylius waited in silence. When Julius had ended, Pamphylius began to retort:

"In vain dost thou think that, though we do not recognize your defences, we make use of them. We do not need the Roman legions, because we do not ascribe any value to what demands a defence by means of violence. Our good consists in what does not demand any defence, and this no one can take from us. Though material things, which in your eyes represent property, pass through our hands, we do not regard them as our own, and give them to those who need them for their sustenance. We sell the grapes to those who will buy them, not for the sake of personal gain, but with the one purpose of acquiring what the needy want. If any one should wish to take these grapes away from us, we should give them up without resistance. For the same reason we are not afraid of the incursion of savages. If they should begin to take from us the products of our labour, we should let them have them; if they should demand that we should work for them, we should do so with pleasure, and they would not only have no cause, but would even find it unprofitable, to kill and torture us.

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The savages would soon comprehend, and would love us, and we should have less to suffer from them than from those enlightened men of yours, who are about us now and who persecute us. It is said that only thanks to the right of ownership are all those products obtained, by which men subsist and live; but, reflect thyself, by whom are all the necessary articles of life produced? Thanks to whose labour do you accumulate that wealth, on which you pride yourselves? Is it produced by those who, folding their hands, command their slaves and hirelings, and are the only ones who enjoy the property? or by those poor slaves who, for the sake of bread, fulfil the commands of their master and themselves enjoy no property, receiving as their share barely enough for their daily sustenance? And why do you think that these men will stop working, when they shall have the possibility of doing rational labour, useful to themselves, for themselves and for those whom they love and pity? Thy accusations against us consist in this, that we do not fully attain what we strive after, that we do not even recognize violence and ownership, and yet make use of them. If we are cheats, there is no sense in talking with us, and we deserve neither anger nor arraignment, but only contempt, and this we gladly accept, because one of our rules is the recognition of our insignificance. But if we sincerely strive after what we profess, then thy accusations about our deception would be unjust. If we strive as do my brothers and I, in order to fulfil the law of our teacher, after living without violence and the ownership which results from it, we strive after it, not for external purposes, wealth, power, honours, — we recognize none of these things, — but for the sake of something else. We seek the good just as you do; the only difference is, that we see the good in something different. You believe that the good is in wealth and honours, but we believe differently. Our faith shows us that our good

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is not in violence, but in obedience; not in wealth, but in giving everything up. And, like plants striving after the light, we cannot help but strive after that where our good is. We do not fulfil everything we wish for our good, that is true. But can this be otherwise? Thou strivest after having the most beautiful wife, after having the largest possessions, — hast thou, or has any one else, ever reached it? If a marksman does not strike the target, does he stop aiming at it, because he has many times missed his aim? The same is true of us. Our good, according to Christ's teaching, is in love. We seek our good, but each one of us attains it variously and far from completely."

"Yes, but why do you not believe all human wisdom, and why have you turned away from it and believed only your crucified teacher? Your slavery, your submission to him, it is this that repels me."

"Again thou art mistaken, and he is mistaken who thinks that we, in professing our teaching, have our faith only because the man whom we believe has commanded us to have it. On the contrary, those who with their whole soul seek the knowledge of the truth, the communion with the Father, those who seek the good, involuntarily come to the path on which Christ walked, and so involuntarily stand behind Him, see Him in front of them. All those who love God will meet on this path, and thou, too. He is the son of God and a mediator between God and men, not because some one told us so and we believe in it blindly, but because all those who seek God find His son before them, and involuntarily, only through Him, understand, see, and know God."

Julius made no reply, and for a long time sat in silence.

"Art thou happy?" he asked.

"I wish for nothing better. But, more than this: I for the most part experience a feeling of perplexity, a con-

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sciousness of some injustice, — because I am so very happy," said Pamphylius, smiling.

"Yes," said Julius, "maybe I should be happier, if I had not met the stranger then, and had reached you."

"If thou thinkest so, what keeps thee back?"

"And my wife?"

"Thou sayest that she is inclined toward Christianity, — so she will go with thee."

"Yes, but the other life has been begun, — how is it to be broken up? It has been begun, it has to be finished," said Julius, presenting to himself the dissatisfaction of his father, mother, friends, but mainly those efforts which have to be made in order to make this change.

Just then the maiden, Pamphylius's companion, walked up to the door of the shop with a young man. Pamphylius went out to them, and the young man, in Julius's presence, told them that he had been sent by Cyril to buy hides. The grapes were all sold, and wheat was bought. Pamphylius proposed to the young man that he should go with Magdalen and take the wheat home, while he himself would buy and bring the hides.

"It will be better for thee," he said.

"No, Magdalen had better go with thee," said the young man, and departed.

Julius took Pamphylius into the shop of a merchant he knew. Pamphylius filled the wheat in bags and, having given Magdalen a small part, threw his heavy burden over his shoulder, bade Julius good-bye, and left the town with the maiden. At the turn of the street Pamphylius looked around and, smiling, shook his head to Julius and, smiling in the same way, and even more joyously, at Magdalen, he said something to her and they disappeared from view.

"Yes, I should have done better, if I had reached them then," thought Julius. And in his imagination, alternating, arose two pictures, that of powerful Pamphylius with

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the tall, strong maiden, carrying baskets on their heads and their good, bright faces, and now his domestic hearth, which he had left in the morning and to which he would return, and the pampered, beautiful, but wearisome and unpleasant wife, in fine raiment and bracelets, lying on rugs and pillows.

But Julius had not time to think: merchants, his companions, came up to him, and they began their habitual occupation, which ended with a dinner with drinking, and at night with women.

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VI.

TEN years passed. Julius did not meet Pamphylius again, and the meetings with him slowly passed out of his mind, and the impressions of him and of the Christian life wore off.

Julius's life went its usual way. During this time his father died, and he had to take upon himself the whole business. The business was complicated: there were the usual purchasers; there were sellers in Africa, clerks, debts to be collected and to be paid. Julius was involuntarily drawn into his affairs, to which he devoted all his time. Besides, there appeared new cares. He was chosen to a public office, and this new occupation, which tickled his vanity, was attractive to him. Besides commercial affairs, he attended to public matters, and, as he possessed a good mind and the gift of words, he began to push to the front, so that he was able to attain a high public position. In the course of these ten years a significant and disagreeable change had taken place in his domestic affairs. Three children were born to him, and this birth of the children separated him from his wife. In the first place, his wife lost the greater part of her beauty and freshness; in the second, she busied herself less with her husband. All her tenderness and affection were concentrated on her children. Though the children, according to the custom of the pagans, were turned over to wet-nurses and attendants, Julius frequently found them with their mother, or did not find her in her apartments, but in those of her children, and the children generally annoyed Julius, affording him more displeasure than joy.

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Being busy with his mercantile and public affairs, Julius abandoned his former life of dissipation, but he still needed, as he assumed, an elegant rest after his labours, and this he did not find with his wife, the more so since during this time his wife cultivated more and more the acquaintance of her Christian slave, and more and more was carried away by the new teaching, and rejected in her life everything external, pagan, which had formed her charm for Julius. As he did not find in his wife what he wanted, he cultivated the acquaintance of a woman of easy behaviour and with her passed those hours of leisure which he had left from his occupations.

If Julius had been asked whether he was happy or not, during these years of his life, he would have been unable to answer.

He was so busy! From one affair and pleasure he passed to another affair or pleasure, but not one of them was such that he was fully satisfied with it, or that he wished to continue it. Every affair was such that the quicker he could free himself from it, the better it was for him; and not one pleasure was such that it was not poisoned by something, that the tedium of satiety was not mixed in with it.

Thus Julius lived, when an event happened to him which almost changed the whole manner of his life. He took part in the races at the Olympian games, and, in bringing his chariot successfully to the goal, suddenly drove into another chariot, which he had overtaken. A wheel broke, and he fell down and broke two ribs and an arm. His injuries were severe, but not serious. Julius was carried home, and he had to lie in bed for three months.

During these three months, amidst severe physical sufferings, his mind began to work, and he had leisure to think about his life, looking upon it as that of an outsider. And his life presented itself to him in a gloomy light, the

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more so since at that time there happened three unpleasant events, which pained him sorely. The first was, that his slave, his father's trusted servant, having received some precious stones in Africa, had run away with them, thus causing a great loss and a disorganization in Julius's affairs. The second was, that Julius's concubine had left him and had chosen another protector. The third and the most disagreeable event for him was this, that during his illness took place the election to the governorship, a position which he had hoped to get, but to which his rival was chosen. All this, it seemed to Julius, had happened, because his chariot had gone one finger's breadth too much to the left.

As he was lying all alone on his bed, he began involuntarily to think of how his life depended on the most insignificant accidents, and these thoughts brought him to others, and to the recollection of his former misfortunes, — of his attempt to go to the Christians and of Pamphylius, whom he had not seen for ten years. These recollections were intensified by his conversations with his wife, who now stayed with him frequently during his illness and told him everything she knew about Christianity from her slave. This slave had at one time lived in the same community with Pamphylius, whom she knew. Julius wished to see this slave, and when she came to his couch, he asked her in detail about everything and especially about Pamphylius.

"Pamphylius," the slave told him, "was one of the best brothers, and was loved and respected by all." He was married to that same Magdalen, whom Julius had seen ten years before. They had already several children.

"Yes, the man who does not believe that God has created men for their good," concluded the slave, "needs only go and look at their life."

Julius dismissed the slave and, when left alone, buried himself in thought concerning everything which he had

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heard. He felt ashamed, when he compared his life with that of Pamphylius, and he wanted not to think of it.

To distract himself, he picked up a Greek manuscript, which his wife had laid down before him, and began to read. In the manuscript he read as follows:

"There are two ways, — one is the way of life, and the other the way of death. The way of life consists in this: In the first place, thou shalt love God, who has created thee; in the second place, thy neighbour as thyself; and what thou dost not wish to have done to thee, do not to another. The teaching which is included in these words is as follows: Bless those who curse you; pray for your enemies, and fast for your persecutors, for what reward is there, if ye love those who love you? Do not the pagans do likewise? Love those who hate you, and ye will have no enemies. Remove yourselves from carnal and from worldly lusts. If a man smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also, and thou shalt be perfect. If a man compel thee to walk a mile, walk with him two; if a man take from thee what is thine, do not ask it back, for thou canst not; if a man take thy upper garment, give him also thy shirt. To all who ask, give, and demand not back, for the Father wishes that all should receive of His gifts of grace. Blessed is he who gives according to the commandment!

"The second commandment of the teaching: Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not fornicate, nor steal, nor divine, nor poison, nor covet that which is thy neighbour's. Swear not, bear not false witness, speak not evil, remember not evil. Be not double in thought, nor double of tongue. Let not thy word be false, nor idle, but in conformity with the fact. Be not greedy, nor avaricious, nor hypocritical, nor evil-mannered, nor haughty. Have no evil intentions against thy neighbour. Have no hatred for any man, but arraign some, pray for others, and others again love more than thy soul.

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"My child! Avoid every evil and everything like it. Be not angry, for anger leads to murder; nor jealous, nor quarrelsome, nor irritable, for from all this comes murder.

"My child! Be not lustful, for lust leads to fornication; be not foul of speech, for from this comes adultery.

"My child! Do not lie, for lying leads to stealing; be not greedy, nor vain, for from all this comes stealing.

"My child! Be no murmurer, for this leads to blasphemy; nor bold, nor evil-minded, for from all this comes blasphemy. But be meek, for the meek shall inherit the earth. Be long-suffering and merciful, and kindly, and humble, and good, and always tremble at the words which thou shalt hear. Exalt not thyself in spirit, and give no boldness to thy soul. Let not thy soul cleave to the proud, but converse with the righteous, and with the humble. Accept everything which may happen with thee as good, knowing that nothing can be without God.

"My child! Cause no divisions, and reconcile those who quarrel. Extend not thy hand to receive, and close it not at giving. Waver not in giving and, giving, murmur not, for thou shalt find out who is a good giver of rewards. Turn not away from the needy, but in everything have communion with thy brother, and call nothing thine own property, for if ye are participants in the imperishable things, ye are so much the more in perishable things. From childhood teach thy children the fear of God. Command not thy slaves in anger, lest they cease to fear God, who is above both of you, for He comes not to call, judging by persons, but calls those whose spirit He has prepared.

"And the way of death is as follows: first of all it is evil and cursed, — here are murder, adultery, lust, fornication, stealing, idolatry, sorcery, poisoning, rape, false witness, hypocrisy, double-mindedness, cunning, pride, malice, haughtiness, avarice, foul speech, envy, impudence, conceit, vanity; here are the persecutors of the good, the

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haters of truth, the lovers of lying, who acknowledge no retribution for righteousness, nor cleave to good, nor to righteous judgment, watchful, not of the good, but of evil, from whom are removed humbleness and patience; here are also the lovers of vanity, the seekers of rewards, who have no compassion for their neighbours, who labour not for the oppressed, who know not their Creator; murderers of children, ruiners of God's image, who turn away from the needy, oppressors of the oppressed, defenders of the rich, unlawful judges of the poor, sinners in all things! Beware, children, of all such people."

Long before Julius had read the manuscript to the end, there happened with him, what happens with people who read a book, that is, another person's thoughts, with the sincere desire for the truth; he entered with his soul in communion with those who had inspired these thoughts. He read, guessing in advance what would be, and not only agreed with the thoughts of the book, but seemed himself to have expressed them.

With him happened that common, most mysterious, most significant phenomenon in life, unnoticed by many, which consists in this, that the so-called live man becomes alive, when he enters into communion, unites into one, with the so-called dead, and lives one life with them.

Julius's soul united with him who wrote and inspired these thoughts, and after this communion he examined himself, his life. And he himself and his whole life appeared to him as one terrifying mistake. He did not live, but with all his cares about his life and with the temptations only ruined in himself the possibility of the true life.

"I do not want to ruin my life, — I want to live, to walk on the path of life," he said to himself.

He recalled everything Pamphylius had told him in their former conversations, and all that now appeared to him so clear and so indubitable that he was surprised

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how he could have believed the stranger at that time and been kept from fulfilling his intention, — of going to the Christians. He recalled also what the stranger had told him:

"Go there, when thou hast experienced life."

"Well, I have experienced life and have found nothing in it."

He also recalled the words of Pamphylius, that, no matter when he would come to them, they would be glad to receive him.

"Yes, I have erred and suffered enough!" he said to himself. "I shall give up everything, and I shall go and live with them, as it says here."

He told his thought to his wife, and she was delighted at his intention. His wife was ready for everything. The only question was how to carry it out. What was to be done with the children? Were they to be taken along, or to be left with their grandmother? How were they to be taken? How could they, after the tenderness of their bringing up, be subjected to all the difficulties of a stern life? The slave proposed to go with them. But the mother was afraid for her children, and said that it would be better to leave them with their grandmother and go alone. And to this they agreed.

Everything was decided upon, and only Julius's sickness retarded the execution of their plans.

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VII.

In this mood Julius fell asleep. Next morning he was told that a skilful physician, who was passing through the city, wished to see him, promising to cure him soon. Julius gladly received the physician. The physician was no other than the same stranger whom Julius had met as he was on his way to the Christians. The physician examined his wounds, and prescribed to him potions of herbs to strengthen him.

"Shall I be able to work with my hand?" asked Julius.

"Oh, yes! Direct the chariot, write, yes."

"But hard work, — digging?"

"I have not thought of it," said the physician, "because this will not be needed in thy position."

"On the contrary, I shall need it very much," said Julius; and he told the physician that since he had seen him he had followed his advice and had experienced life; but life had not given him what it had promised, but, on the contrary, had disenchanted him, and that now he wished to carry out the intention of which he had spoken then.

"Yes, they have evidently put their whole deception into practice, and have enchanted thee in such a way that in thy position, with those obligations which lie upon thee, especially in relation to the children, thou dost none the less not see their error."

"Read this," was all Julius said, handing him the manuscript which he had read.

The physician took the manuscript and looked at it.

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"I know this," he said, "I know this deception, and I marvel how such a learned man as thou art can fall into such a trap."

"I do not understand thee. In what does the trap consist?"

"The whole question is in the life, and they, these sophists and rioters against men and gods, offer a happy way of life, in which all men shall be happy; there will be no wars, no capital punishment, no poverty, no quarrels, no malice. And they assert that such a condition of men will exist when all men shall fulfil Christ's commandments, — when they shall not quarrel, nor fornicate, nor swear, nor offer violence, nor wage war upon one another. But they deceive us in that they take the aim for the means. The aim is not to quarrel, not to swear, not to fornicate, and so forth, and this aim is attained only by means of the public life. But they say very nearly what a teacher of shooting might say: 'Thou wilt hit the target, if thy arrow shall fly in a straight line to the target.' But the problem is, how to do so that it may fly in a straight line. And this problem is attained in shooting by the stringing of the string, the flexibility of the bow, the straightness of the arrow. The same is true of the life of men. The best life of men, in which there is no need for quarrelling, fornicating, killing, is attained by having a string, — the rulers, — the flexibility of the bow, — the strength of power, — and a straight arrow, — the justice of the law. But they, under the pretext of a better life, destroy everything which has improved life. They recognize neither government, nor power, nor laws."

"But they assert that without rulers, power, or laws we can live better, if men shall fulfil Christ's law."

"Yes; but what guarantees that men will fulfil it? Nothing. They say, 'You have experienced life with power and laws, and life did not become perfect; now

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experience the absence of power and of laws, and life will become perfect; you have no right to deny this, because you have not experienced it.' But it is here that the sophistry of the godless people becomes obvious. Saying this, do they not say the same that a man would say to a farmer? 'Thou sowest in the ground and coverest the seed, and yet the crop is not such as thou desirest; I advise thee, sow in the sea, and it will be better; and thou hast no right to deny my proposition, because thou hast not tried it.'"

"Yes, that is true," said Julius, who was beginning to waver.

"But this is not enough," continued the physician. "Let us assume what is insipid and impossible: let us assume that the foundations of the Christian teaching can be communicated to all men by the taking of certain drops, and that suddenly all men will fulfil Christ's teaching, loving God and their neighbours and fulfilling the commandments. Let us assume this, and yet the path of life according to their teaching will not stand scrutinizing. There will be no life, and life will come to an end. Their teacher was a young vagabond, and such will be his followers, and, according to our supposition, the whole world. Those who live now will continue living, but their children will not, or only one in ten will remain living. According to their teaching, all children must be equal to every mother and to every father, both one's own children and those of strangers. How will these children be saved, when we see that the whole passion, the whole love, for these children, which is implanted in the mothers, will scarcely keep the children from destruction; what will happen when this passion passes into compassion, which is equal for all children? Who is to be taken, and what child is to be saved? Who will sit up nights with a sick, ill-smelling child, if not its mother? Nature has made a protection for the child in the love of its

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mother; they take it away and put nothing in its place. Who will teach the son? Who will comprehend his soul, if it is not his father? Who will ward off danger from him? All this is done away with! The whole life, that is, the continuation of the human race, is done away with."

"This too is true," said Julius, carried away by the physician's eloquence.

"Yes, my friend, leave thy raving and live rationally, especially now, when upon thee lie such great, important, and real obligations. It is a matter of honour that you carry them out. Thou hast lived up to the second period of thy doubts, but go on, and there will be no more doubts. Thy first and most indubitable duty is the education of thy children, whom thou hast neglected: thy duty toward them consists in making of them most worthy servants of thy country. The existing political structure has given thee everything thou hast, and thou shouldst serve it thyself and give it worthy servants in the persons of thy children. Thy second duty is to serve society. Thy failure has grieved and disenchanted thee, — this is a temporary accident. Nothing is given without struggle, and the joy of the triumph is strong only when the victory has been difficult. Leave it to thy wife to amuse herself with the prattling of Christian writers; but be thyself a man and educate thy children to be men. Begin thy life with the consciousness of duty, and all thy doubts will fall off by themselves. They have come to thee anyway from your morbid state. Fulfil thy duty in relation to thy country by serving it and by preparing thy children for this service. Put them on their feet, that they may be able to take thy place, and then peacefully abandon thyself to the life which attracts thee, but until then thou hast no right to it; and if thou didst devote thyself to it, thou wouldst find nothing but suffering."

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VIII.

EITHER the medicinal herbs or the counsels of the wise physician acted upon Julius, and he soon braced up, and his thoughts about the Christian life appeared to him wild ravings.

The physician remained a few days, and then went away. Julius got up soon after, and, taking advantage of his counsels, began a new life. He engaged teachers for his children and himself watched their studies. He passed his own time in public affairs, and soon attained great importance in the city.

Thus Julius lived a year, and during this time he did not even think of the Christians. But, at the expiration of a year, a court was held in his city to judge the Christians.

A lieutenant had arrived in Cilicia from the Roman emperor for the purpose of crushing the Christian propaganda. Julius had heard of the measures taken against the Christians, and, assuming that this had no reference to the Christian community in which Pamphylius was living, did not give it any thought. But once, as he was walking over the forum to the place of his business, he was accosted by a middle-aged, poorly clad man, whom he did not recognize at first: this was Pamphylius. He walked up to Julius, leading a boy by his hand.

"Good morning, friend," Pamphylius said to him. "I have a great request to make of thee, but I do not know whether thou wilt, during the present persecutions of the Christians, recognize me as thy friend, and whether thou

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art not afraid to lose thy place by keeping company with me."

"I am not afraid of any one," replied Julius, "and in proof of it, I beg thee to go with me to my house. I shall even miss my business at the forum in order to speak with thee and be useful to thee. Come with me! Whose child is this?"

"He is my son."

"Really, I ought not to have asked thee. I recognize thy face in him, and I recognize these blue eyes, and I need not ask who thy wife is: it is that beauty whom I saw several years ago with thee."

"Thou hast guessed it," replied Pamphylius. "Soon after thou sawest her with me, she became my wife."

The friends entered Julius's house. Julius called out his wife and gave her the boy, and himself led Pamphylius into his luxurious, secluded room.

"Here thou mayest say everything, — no one will hear us," said Julius.

"I am not afraid if I am heard," replied Pamphylius. "My request even does not consist in this, that the Christians who have been taken should not be judged and executed, but only that they should be permitted openly to confess their faith."

And Pamphylius told him that the Christians who had been seized by the authorities had sent word about their condition to their community. Elder Cyril, knowing of Pamphylius's relations to Julius, had commissioned Pamphylius to go and intercede for the Christians. The Christians were not asking to be pardoned: they regarded the witnessing to the truth of Christ's teaching as their calling. They could bear witness to this by a long life of eighty years, or prove it even by their martyrdom. Either was a matter of indifference to them, and carnal death, which was inevitable, was equally devoid of terror and full of joy for them, whether now or in fifty years; but

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they wished their life to be useful to men, and so sent Pamphylius to beg that the judgment and the execution should be public."

Julius was surprised at Pamphylius's request, but promised that he would do everything in his power.

"I have promised thee my aid," said Julius, "but I promise it to thee in consideration of my friendship for thee and that especial, good feeling of meekness which thou hast always evoked in me; but I must confess that I consider your teaching senseless and harmful. I can judge of this, because I myself lately, in a moment of disenchantment and sickness, during my dejection of spirit, shared your views and came very near abandoning everything and joining you. I know whereon your error is based, because I have myself passed through it, — on the love of self, on the weakness of spirit, and on morbid feebleness; it is a faith for women, and not for men."

"But why?"

"Because, while you recognize that in human nature lies dissension and violence, which results from dissension, you do not wish to take part in them and to teach them to others, and, by not doing your share, you do not wish to make use of the structure of the world, which is based on violence. Is this just? The world has always existed with rulers. These rulers have taken upon themselves the whole labour and the whole responsibility, and have protected us against external and internal enemies. And in return for this, we, the subjects, have submitted to these rulers, have bestowed honours upon them, or have aided them in their service. But you, instead of participating with your labours in the affairs of state, and in the measure of your deserts rising higher and higher in the estimation of men, have, in your pride, at once recognized all men to be equal, in order that you may not consider any one higher than yourselves, but may consider yourselves equal to Cæsar. You think so yourselves and

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you teach others so. And for feeble-minded and lazy people this offence is great! Instead of labouring, every slave will at once regard himself as equal to Cæsar. But more than that: you deny the tribute, and slavery, and the courts, and executions, and war, — everything which holds men together. If men obeyed you, society would fall to pieces and we should return to the time of savagery. You preach in the state the destruction of the state. But your very existence is conditioned by the state. If that did not exist, neither would you. You would all be the slaves of the Scythians or of wild men, the first that should know of your existence. You are like an ulcer which destroys the body, but which can appear and feed only on the body. And the living body struggles with it and crushes it! It is this that we are doing with you, and we cannot help but do so. And in spite of my promise to help thee in the fulfilment of your desire, I look upon your teaching as very harmful and base: base, because I consider it dishonest and unjust to gnaw the breast which feeds thee! It is base to make use of the benefits of the structure of the state and, without taking part in this structure, by which the state is supported, to destroy it!"

"In thy words," said Pamphylius, "there would be much that is just, if we really lived as thou thinkest. But thou dost not know our life, and hast formed a wrong impression about it. Those means for subsistence, which we employ for ourselves, are obtainable without the aid of violence. It is hard for you, with your habits of luxury, to form an idea how little a man needs in order to exist without privations. A man is so constructed that in a healthy state he can with his hands earn much more than what he needs for his own subsistence. But by living together, we are able, with the work in common, without any effort to sustain our children, and our old men, and the sick, and the feeble. Thou sayest of the rulers that they defend men against outer and inner

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enemies, — but we love our enemies, and so we have none. Thou affirmest that we, the Christians, provoke in the slave the desire to be a Cæsar; we, on the contrary, both in word and in deed preach one thing, — patient humility and labour, the lowest kind of labour, — the labour of the working man. We know nothing and understand nothing about affairs of state; we know this much, and this we know indubitably, that our good is only there where the good of other men is, and we seek this good; the good of all men is in union, but union is not obtained through violence, but through love. The violence of a robber against a passer-by is as provoking to us as the violence exerted by an army over captives, by judges over those who are to be punished, and we cannot consciously take part in either. We cannot without labour make use of violence. Violence is reflected in us, but our participation in violence does not consist in applying it, but in bearing it humbly, when exerted against us."

"But tell me, Pamphylius, why are people hostile to you, and why do they persecute, drive, and kill you? Why does your teaching of love lead to dissension?"

"The cause is not in us, but in you. We put above everything else the divine law, which governs our conscience and reason. We can comply only with those laws of state which are not contrary to the divine laws: 'To Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's and to God the things which are God's.' And it is for this that men persecute us. We are not able to stop this hostility against us, because we cannot forget the truth, which we have come to comprehend; we cannot begin to live contrary to our conscience and to our reason. Of this hostility which our faith provokes in others against us, our teacher has said: 'Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword!' Christ has experienced this hostility Himself, and he has warned us, His disciples, more than once of it: 'The world hateth

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me,' He said, 'because the works thereof are evil. If ye were of the world, the world would love you; but because ye are not of the world, but I have freed you from the world, therefore the world hateth you. The time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service.' But, like Christ, we are not afraid of those who kill the body, and so they can do nothing more with us. 'And this is their condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.' There is no reason for losing courage on account of this, because the truth prevails. The sheep hear the shepherd's voice and follow him, because they know his voice. And Christ's flock does not perish, but grows, drawing new sheep toward itself from all the countries of the earth, for, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.'"

"Yes," Julius interrupted him, "but are there many among you who are sincere? You are frequently accused of pretending that you are martyrs, and that you are glad to perish for the truth, but the truth is not on your side. You are proud madmen, who destroy all the foundations of social life!"

Pamphylius made no reply, and looked sadly at Julius.

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IX.

WHILE Julius was saying this, Pamphylius's little son came running into the room and pressed close to his father's side.

In spite of all the affection of Julius's wife, he ran away from her and came to his father's side. Pamphylius drew a sigh, patted his son, and rose up, but Julius held him back, asking him to stay for dinner and talk with him longer.

"I am surprised," said Julius, "at your having married and had children. I cannot understand in what way you Christians can, in the absence of property, educate your children. How can your mothers live calmly, knowing that your children are not provided for?"

"Why are our children provided for less than yours?"

"Because you have no slaves and no property. My wife is very much inclined toward Christianity, and at one time she even wanted to abandon this life, — this was six years ago. I wanted to go with her: but first of all she was frightened by that uncertainty, that want, which presented itself for her children, and I could not help but agree with her. That was during my sickness. At that time all my life was loathsome to me and I wanted to give everything up. But my wife's fears and, on the other hand, the elucidations by my physician, who cured me, persuaded me that the Christian life, as you lead it, is possible and good for those who have no families, but that there is no place in it for married people, for mothers with children, and that with life as you understand it, life, that is, the human race, must come to

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an end. And this is quite true. Therefore thy appearance with thy child is particularly surprising to me."

"Not only one child; at home are left a suckling babe and a three-year-old girl."

"Explain to me how this is done. I do not understand it. Five years ago I was ready to give everything up and to join you; but I had children, and I understood that, no matter how well it would be for me, I had no right to sacrifice my children, and so I remained living as before, in order to bring them up under the conditions in which I myself grew up and lived."

"It is strange," said Pamphylius, "how differently we judge! We say, If grown persons live in a worldly fashion, this may be forgiven, because they are already spoiled, but for children, — that would be terrible! To live with them in the world and to offend them! 'Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!' Thus says our teacher, and I do not say this for a retort, but because it is really so. The chief need of living in such a way as we all live results for us from this, that among us there are children, those beings of whom it is said, 'Unless ye be as children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of God.'"

"But how can a Christian family be without any definite means?"

"According to our faith, there is but one means, the work of love for men, while yours is violence. It may be destroyed, as wealth is destroyed, and then only work and the love of men is left. We consider that what is the foundation of everything, that we must hold on to, and that we ought to increase. And when this exists, the family lives and even prospers. Yes," continued Pamphylius, "if I had any doubts as to the veracity of Christ's teaching and wavered in its execution, these doubts and waverings of mine would have ended at once,

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if I thought of the lot of the children who are brought up by the pagans under conditions in which thou hast grown up and bringest up thy children. No matter how we may arrange life with palaces, slaves, and the imported productions of foreign countries, the life of the majority of men remains what it ought to be. The only provision for life will always be the love of men and labour. We want to free ourselves and our children from these conditions, and not by means of violence, but with love, do we make men serve us, and, strange to say, the more we think we secure ourselves in this manner, the more we deprive ourselves of the true, natural, and safe provision, of love. The greater the power of the ruler, the less love there is for him. The same is true of the other provision, of labour. The more a man frees himself from labour and becomes accustomed to luxury, the less able he becomes to labour, the more he is deprived of the true and eternal provision. And these conditions, under which men place their children, they call provisions! Take thy son and mine, and send them both to find the way, to give an order, to do what is necessary, and thou wilt see which of the two will do better; and try to have the two educated by others: whom will they take more readily? No, do not say those terrible words, that the Christian life is possible only for the childless. On the contrary, it may be said: it is pardonable only for the childless to live a pagan life. But woe unto him that shall offend one of these little ones!"

Julius was silent.

"Yes," he said, "maybe thou art right, but the education of the children has been begun, and the best teachers teach them. Let them learn everything we know, — no harm can come from it. There is still time for me and for them. They can come to you, when they shall have strength and shall find it necessary. But I can do so later after I have put my children on their feet and am left free."

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"Know the truth, and ye shall be free," said Pamphylius. "Christ gives full liberty at once; the worldly teaching will never give it."

And Pamphylius went away with his son.

The execution was public: Julius saw there Pamphylius, as he, with other Christians, was taking away the bodies of the martyrs.

He saw him; but, fearing the higher authorities, he did not go up to him and did not call him up.

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X.

ANOTHER twenty years passed. Julius's wife had died. His life proceeded in the cares of a public activity, in the search after power, which now was given him, and now escaped from him. His fortune was great and kept increasing.

His sons were grown up: his second son more especially began to lead life on a broad scale. He made holes in the bottom of the bucket in which the fortune accumulated and, in proportion as the fortune grew, the leaks also were increased. Here began Julius's struggle with his sons, precisely such as had been his with his father: there were malice, hatred, jealousy.

At that time a new chief deprived Julius of favour. Julius was abandoned by his former flatterers, and exile awaited him. He went to Rome, to make explanations; he was not admitted, and was ordered to return home.

Upon returning he found his son with dissipated youths. The rumour had spread in Cilicia that Julius had died, and the son was celebrating the death of his father. Julius was beside himself, and struck his son so hard that he fell down as one dead. Then Julius went to his wife's apartments. There he found the Gospel, in which he read: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden light."

"Yes," thought Julius, "He has been calling me for a

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long time. I did not believe Him and was insubmissive and evil, and my yoke was heavy and my burden evil."

Julius sat for a long time with the open Gospel on his knees, reflecting on his whole past life, and recalling everything which Pamphylius had told him at different times. Then Julius arose and went to his son, whom, to his surprise, he found on his legs, and he was inexpressibly happy, because he had not injured him by his blow.

Without saying a word to his son, Julius went out into the street and walked in the direction of the Christian community. He walked the whole day and in the evening stopped for the night at the house of a peasant. In the room which he entered lay a man. At the noise of steps the man arose. It was the physician.

"No, now thou shalt no longer dissuade me," exclaimed Julius. "I am now going there for the third time, and I know that only there shall I find rest."

"Where?" asked the physician.

"With the Christians."

"Yes, maybe thou wilt find rest, but thou hast not fulfilled thy duty. There is no manliness in thee: thy misfortunes vanquish thee. Not thus do real philosophers act. Misfortune is only a fire in which the gold is tested. Thou hast passed through the crucible. Now thou art wanting, and now thou fleest! It is now that thou oughtest to test men and thyself. Thou hast acquired true wisdom, and this thou oughtest to use for the good of thy country. What would happen to the citizens, if those who have come to know men, their passions and conditions of life, instead of sharing their knowledge, their experience, in behalf of society, should bury it in their search after peace? Thy wisdom of life has been acquired in society, and thou oughtest to give it to the same society."

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"But I have no wisdom! I am all in error! Though my errors are old, they have not on that account been changed to wisdom, just as water, no matter how old and foul it may be, will not be changed to wine."

Thus spoke Julius, and, seizing his cloak, he hurriedly left the house and without rest continued his journey. At the end of the next day he arrived at the community of the Christians.

He was welcomed by them, though they did not know that he was a friend of Pamphylius, who was beloved and respected by all. At the table Pamphylius saw his friend, and he ran up to him with joy and embraced him.

"Here I have come," said Julius. "Tell me what to do, and I shall obey thee."

"Have no thought of it," said Pamphylius. "Come with me."

And Pamphylius took Julius to the house where the newcomers stopped, and, pointing a bed out to him, he said:

"Thou wilt see thyself wherewith thou canst serve people, when thou hast had a chance to see our life; but, that thou mayest know how to dispose of thy leisure, I shall appoint thee some work for to-morrow. They are now gathering the grapes in our vineyards: go and help them. Thou wilt thyself find out where thy place is."

On the next morning Julius went into the vineyard. The first was a young vineyard, which was laden with clusters of grapes. Young people were gathering them. All the places were occupied, and Julius could not find any place there for himself, though he walked up and down the vineyard for a long time. He went farther, where there was an older vineyard, and where there was less of the fruit; but even here Julius found nothing to do: all worked in pairs, and there was no place for him. He went farther still, and entered an overgrown vineyard.

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It was all empty. The vines were blasted and crooked, and, as Julius thought, barren.

"So this is my life," he said to himself.

"If I had come the first time, it would have been as the fruit of the first vineyard. If I had come when I started for the second time, it would have been like the fruit of the second vineyard; but here is my life now: it is like these useless, overgrown vines, which are good for fuel only."

And Julius was frightened at what he had done; he was frightened at the punishment which awaited him for having wasted his life to no purpose. And Julius was grieved, and he said aloud:

"I am not good for anything and cannot do anything now."

And he did not rise from the spot, and wept because he had lost what could no longer be returned. And suddenly he heard an old man's voice, which called him:

"Labour, my brother!"

Julius looked back, and he saw an old man, bent with years, white as snow, who with difficulty moved his feet. He was standing at a vine and collecting the sweet clusters which were left here and there. Julius walked over to him.

"Labour, dear brother! Labour is joyful!"

And he showed him how to look for the clusters which were left here and there. Julius went to look for them and he brought some and deposited them in the old man's basket. And the old man said to him in reply:

"See whether these clusters are worse than those collected in the other vineyards! 'Walk in the light, while ye have light,' our master has said. 'It is the will of Him that sent me that every man who seeth the son and believeth on Him should have everlasting life, and I will bring him to life at the last day. For God sent not His son into the world to condemn the world: but that the

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world through Him might be saved. He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten son of God. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.' Grieve not, my son! We are all sons of God and His servants! We are all His army! Dost thou think he has no other servants but thee? And what if thou hadst, in thy full strength, devoted thyself to His service, — shouldst thou have done everything He wants, everything that ought to be done to men in order to establish His kingdom? Thou sayest that thou shouldst have done twice, ten times, a hundred times as much. But if you did a million times as much as all other men, what would this be in God's work? Nothing. There is no limit and no end to God's work, as there is not to God. Come to Him, and be not a labourer, but a son, and thou shalt become a participator of infinite God and His work. There is no great and no small with God, but there is what is straight and what is crooked. Enter the straight path of life and thou shalt be with God, and thy work will be neither small nor great, but the work of God. Remember that in heaven there is more joy on account of one sinner than of a hundred righteous. The worldly affairs, all that which thou hast missed, have only shown thee thy sin, — and thou hast repented. And since thou hast repented, thou hast found the straight path; walk on it with God, and think not of the past, of what is greater and what lesser. For God all the living are equal! There is one God and one life!"

And Julius calmed down, and began to live and to

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work for his brothers according to his strength and the best he knew how. And thus he lived in joy for another twenty years, and did not see how he died a carnal death.

Yásnaya Polyána, October, 1890.

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THOUGHTS AND APHORISMS

Collected from L. N. Tolstóy's Private Correspondence, by D. R. Kudryâvtsev

1886 – 1893

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THOUGHTS AND APHORISMS[1]

Collected from L. N. Tolstóy's Private Correspondence, by D. R. Kudryávtsev

LETTER FROM L. N. TOLSTÓY TO D. R. KUDRYÁVTSEV

DEAR BROTHER: — I received your book and read it partly with pleasure, recalling those trains of thought and those sentiments which I experienced, when I expressed the thoughts which are contained in it, and partly with annoyance and sorrow, because I have expressed so obscurely what I wanted to express.

I have for a long time been struggling with vanity and egoism, and have conquered these to such an extent that I no longer experience a disagreeable sensation at the thought that I shall be condemned for my too bold, thoughtless, and frequently insufficiently grounded expression of my thoughts, the more so, since I agree with you that here and there something from what you have collected may be of use to men.

I should never have thought of publishing this book, but, once it is out, I have nothing against it, and only thank you for the sympathy which you express.

Affectionately,

L. TOLSTÓY.

[1] From this collection extracts previously given are omitted. — *Translator's Note.*

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I.

RELIGION

1

THE whole misunderstanding is based on this, that, speaking of religion, the positivists understand by it something quite different from what I do and what Confucius, Lao-tse, Buddha, Christ, have said about it.

According to the opinion of the positivists, it is necessary to invent, or at least to think out, a religion, and it is necessary to think out such a religion as will have a good effect upon men and will agree with science, and will combine and embrace everything and, warming up people and encouraging them to do good, will not impair their lives.

But I understand (I flatter myself with the hope that I am not alone in this) religion quite differently.

Religion is the consciousness of those truths which are universally accessible to all men, in all their situations, at all times, and are as indubitable as that two times two are four.

The business of religion is to find and express these truths, and when this truth is expressed, it will inevitably change the life of men; and so what the positivists call a scheme is not at all an arbitrary assertion by anybody, but an expression of those laws which are always unchangeable and are felt by all men.

The business of religion is like geometry.

The relation of the sides to the hypotenuse has always

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existed, and men always knew that there was some kind of a relation between them; but Pythagoras pointed it out and proved it, and this relation became the possession of all men. But to say that the scheme of morality is not good, because it excludes other schemes, is the same as saying that the theorem of the relation of the sides to the hypotenuse is not good, because it impairs the other false conceptions.

It is not right to reject Christ's scheme (as they say), or the truth (as I say), on the ground that it does not fit in with the invented religion of humanity and excludes the other schemes (as they express it), or the lie (as I call it); it can be rejected only by proving that it is not the truth.

Religion is not composed of a conglomerate of words which may act well upon people; religion is composed of simple, apparent, clear, indubitable moral truths, which are separated from the chaos of false and deceptive judgments; and such are the truths of Christ.

If I found such truths in Katkóv, I should involuntarily accept them at once.

On this lack of comprehension of what I, and all other religious men, consider religion to be, and on the desire to put in place of it a definite form of a propaganda, is all misunderstanding based.

2

What for us forms the whole meaning of life, our faith, is known by many; but, unfortunately, very few know that this is not merely the chief, but even the only thing, and that it is not right to speak of it with adornments and elegance.

It is not right to speak of it; it has to be wept over with tears, and when these sincere tears are wanting, it is not right to speak of it on purpose, — it is not right to desecrate it with a frivolous touch.

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3

In Kingsley there is a beautiful philosophical explanation of the *Son*, — the idea of a man, righteous for himself, for God. In order to be such a righteous man, it is necessary to be insulted, tortured, hanged, hated by all, and yet righteous.

4

(From the Vedas)

Be they horses, cows, elephants, — everything which lives, walks, swims, and flies; everything which even does not move, like the trees and the grass, — all that is the eyes of Reason.

Everything is formed by Reason. The universe is the eyes of Reason, and Reason is its foundation. Reason is the one existence.

Man, by surrendering himself to Reason and its service, leaves this world of phenomena and enters into a blissful and free world and becomes immortal.

5

Confucius does not mention Mang-Ti, the personal God, but always speaks only of heaven. Here is his relation to the spiritual world. He is asked, "How are we to serve the deceased spirits?"

He said: "Since you do not know how to serve the living, how shall you serve the dead?"

They asked him about death.

"Since you do not know life, why do you ask about death?"

He was asked whether the dead knew of our serving them.

He said: "If I answered that they do know, I am afraid that you would ruin your lives serving them. If I told you that they do not know, I am afraid you would entirely forget about them. You have no cause to know

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what the dead know. There is no need of it. You will know everything in its proper time."

There were many thieves then. They asked him how to be freed from them.

"If you yourselves were not greedy, you would pay them money, and they would stop stealing."

They asked him whether it is right to kill the bad for the benefit of the good.

"Why kill? Let your wishes be good. The highest is just like the wind, and the lowest like the grass. The wind blows, and the grass bends. The whole question is what and whom to consider the highest.

"To consider the highest is to raise, to respect the good.

"To consider the lowest is to drop, to despise the evil without any compromise."

6

The uncertainty as to what awaits us ahead, beyond the limit of our spiritual vision, this uncertainty, this mystery, is the only possibility of our life, because it secures the forward movement.

We walk, as it were, through an underground passage and see ahead of us the illuminated point of the exit; but that we may reach this exit, ahead of us, in front of us must be an emptiness.

The eternal life is eternal for the very reason that it deploys before us infinitely. If it were completely unfolded before us, and we could comprehend it here, in our temporal, carnal existence, it would not be the eternal life, as there would be nothing left beyond it.

7

People generally think little about the meaning of the memory in connection with the life of the spirit, and yet it has a great, and even a mysterious meaning.

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During his carnal life, a man only occasionally reaches that elevation of comprehension which alone gives the meaning and true joy of his life.

This condition is not uninterruptedly maintained in our soul. It bursts forth from time to time and illumines our path, as though by disconnected flashes of another, higher life. Why is this so? Why do we not always maintain ourselves on that height of spiritual illumination to which we have risen?

This is due to the defect of memory.

Something distracts our attention and we forget. When we again rise to that height, we recall the former occasions when we were in the same condition, and then all the former illuminations of our spirit blend for us into the one, true life outside time and space. Then the offences of the carnal life again distract our attention, and we again disappear from the sphere of the true life and forget it. In respect to the true life we fall into a state of thoughtlessness, from which we again awaken, when with the new elevation of the spirit memory returns to us.

Now, with our carnal existence, this phenomenon presents itself to us in the form of memory; but when we leave the limits of the carnal life, that which is in the memory will be life itself.

8

Repentance is connected with spiritual growth, just as the breaking of the shell is connected with the hatching of the birdling.

The breaking of the egg or the seed is necessary for the germ to begin to grow and be subjected to the action of air and light. The breaking of the egg is, at the same time, a consequence of the growth of the germ.

The same is true of repentance.

If there is no repentance, there is no forward movement.

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If there is no advancing movement, there is no repentance.

9

We all forget that Christ's teaching is not a teaching like that of Moses, of Mohammed, and like all other human teachings, that is, a doctrine of rules to be executed. Christ's teaching is a gospel, that is, a teaching of the good.

He who is thirsty, let him go and drink.

And so, according to this teaching it is impossible to prescribe to any one, to rebuke any one for anything, to condemn any one.

"Go and drink, if thou art thirsty," that is, take the good which is revealed to us by the spirit of truth.

Can one be ordered to drink?

Can one be ordered to be blessed?

Even so a man cannot be rebuked for not drinking, or for not being blessed, nor can he be condemned. The one thing that Christians can do, and always have done, is to feel themselves blessed and to wish to communicate the key of blessedness to other people.

10

Above all else, I do not understand what is meant by the words, "living Christ."

We call Christ a man who lived and died eighteen hundred years ago, but in respect to whom there formed itself the tradition, as it has been formed in respect to many other men, that he arose from the dead. But we know that people cannot rise from the dead, or fly to heaven, as people tell of Christ.

What, then, is meant by the words, "living Christ?"

If they designate this, that his teaching is alive, the expression is awkward and unwonted (we do not say,

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"the living Socrates, the belief in the living Socrates"), and it is one of those expressions which ought to be avoided, because with the existing superstition about Christ's resurrection this expression may be taken in the sense of confirming the miracle of the resurrection.

But if by the words, "living Christ," we are to understand that he invisibly, like those spirits imagined by the spiritualists, is present in our lives, we must define how this *Christ's spirit* is to be understood, whether as one of many such spirits, or, as the church theology understands Christ, as God, — as the second person.

In the first case, this will be an arbitrary and useless conception; in the second, this will inevitably lead us, if not to all, at least to the chief propositions of the church theology.

The words, "living Christ," demand an explanation and evoke questions, to which it is necessary to answer:

Who is he, God or not God?

If he is God, in what relation does he stand to God the Creator?

When was he created?

Why was he made incarnate?

The answers to these questions will inevitably bring us to, "born, uncreated before all time, through whom all has been," to the fall of the angel, to the fall of Adam, or to the invention of one's own theology.

And I think that you will agree with me that none of these is desirable.

And why should it be so?

Why must I imagine that a dead man is alive, or assert that a man is God, when I know that this is not only an untruth, but also a useless and senseless assertion of what is impossible, because he who is alive cannot be dead, and a man cannot be God.

Will it be easier for me to attain the good life, if I introduce into my world-conception such an insipidity?

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I think the very opposite is true.

You will ask me, "How then are we to understand Christ? Are we to understand him just like any other simple man?"

"By all means," will I reply, "like any other simple man." This is indispensable, in the first place, because it is the truth; in the second place, because without the admixture of miracles and the assertion of the resurrection the teaching is in itself so true, so simple, so attractive, so universal, that there is no man, no matter of what nationality he may be, who has any ground for not accepting it. But with the assertion of the resurrection of the Master, I, without any necessity, add to a great teaching a trite, contemptible invention, which can only repel the majority of men from it. In the third place, it is indispensable for this reason also, that Christ's teaching is important and necessary as the teaching of a man who is precisely like us; it is important to us all, because he, being precisely a man like us, has shown us how each of us may live well.

Is it possible that if the Master has shown me by example and by instruction how I must live and then has left me, it will be more useful for me to imagine that the teacher is invisibly present in my life and aiding me, than for me to try according to my strength to live as he has shown me how?

In the fourth place, it is also indispensable for me to imagine Christ as a simple man, because the conception of him as a God veils, minimizes, and frequently completely obliterates the relation of man to the one God the Father, whereas in this does the whole essence of Christ's teaching consist. Thus, for the sake of what is superfluous to Christ, his exaltation to the dignity of God, I emasculate his teaching and distort it, that is, deprive myself of the very thing in the name of which I extol him so much.

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Is it possible that the terrible experience of those churches that recognized Christ as God and, in consequence of it, arrived at a complete negation of the essence of his teaching, is not a sufficient lesson for us, to keep us from blundering on the same path?

The main thing is, it is an untruth, and all know this.

Christ is for me, yes, pardon it, and for you, too, and for all men, not what we have imagined him to be, but what he is in reality, a great teacher of life, who lived eighteen hundred years ago, who died on the cross the same real death as all people die, and who left us a teaching which gives a meaning and the good to our life.

Let us feed on this teaching, let us try deeper and deeper to penetrate its meaning; let us make farther deductions and applications from it.

No matter what we may say, the word "Christ" remains for us what it is, — a word serving to designate a man to whom a certain teaching is ascribed, and nothing else. Every ascription of another meaning to the word "Christ" only destroys the seriousness and the sincerity of the relation to Christ's teaching and even impairs its meaning.

The meaning of the teaching in its simplest expression is for me as follows: my life, which above all else I conceive as my own, given to me for my enjoyment, does not belong to me, but to Him who has given me the life and who has sent me into this world for the fulfilment of His will. My life belongs to the Father, as Christ calls Him who gives the life to us and to the whole world.

And so the meaning of my life does not lie in my personal good, but in the fulfilment of the will of Him who sent me, His will consisting in increasing love in myself and in other men.

In this does my life and my good and the life and the good of all men consist.

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My life is not mine, but His; from Him has it come, and to Him does it go.

In this does the meaning of the teaching consist.

I know who I am, what I have to do, and what will become of me. What more do I need? I will rely on the Father, I will try to do what is imposed upon me. In this do my life and my good consist.

Such, in its simplest expression, is the meaning of Christ's teaching, as I understand it.

Why, then, should I drag the living Christ, who has risen from the dead, into this teaching?

Of what use is he to me?

You say, — and many say this, — that it is impossible to rely on one's own efforts, that it is impossible to rely on oneself.

Pardon me, but this is only words, which have no meaning whatsoever for me, nor for you, either. That a man must not rely upon himself may be said by a materialist, who imagines man as a concatenation of mechanical forces, which are subject to laws that govern matter; but for you and me, as for any religious man, there is a living force, a divine spark, which is implanted in the body and lives in it. God has sent this particle of Himself into my body, hoping that it would do His work. How, then, can I help relying upon Him?

God relies upon me, so how can I help relying upon Him?

Man's life is his activity, — a man may save or ruin his soul.

Christ's whole teaching is nothing but a teaching as to what a man must do; he must not mutter, "Lord, Lord!" but do his commandments, be perfect as the Father is perfect, be merciful, be meek, be self-sacrificing.

Who will do all this, if man himself will not? But to do this, a man must hope to be able to do it.

If by the words, "not to rely upon oneself," is meant that a man should not be sure that he will do everything

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he wishes to do, that he will attain the perfection toward which he is striving; that he should not pride himself on what he has done, but should be like a labourer who has come from the field; if by this we are to understand that everything good which there is in man is only that which is divine, then, in that sense, one should not rely upon oneself.

And of what use can such a strange theory be, which impresses people with the idea that they should not rely upon what actually exists and of the existence of which they may constantly convince themselves through experience: they must not rely on having efforts of their own which help a man to move forward, but must rely on what is not and never was, and of the existence of which no one can be convinced, — on the fantastic help of a fantastic being.

Pardon me, if I, speaking thus, offend you; but I do not wish in such an important matter to keep from saying the whole truth, as I see it.

I write to you with love, but do not wish to conceal what I am thinking.

I am standing with one foot in the grave, and I have no reason to feign.

I feel also like answering the question which naturally arises: "If it is an untruth, whence comes this conception of the resurrection of Christ, of his aid to men, of the resurrection of men, and so forth?"

I think that this is due to the fact that the essence of Christianity consists in the establishment by each separate man of his relation to the infinite, to the beginning of everything, to the beginning of my own life also, to God, to the Father.

Having come to understand life as Christ has taught us to understand it, man, as it were, extends a thread upwards from himself to God, binds himself with Him and, sundering all the collateral threads that united him with men (even as Christ commands), holds only by the divine thread and is guided by it through life.

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And so I think that what happens is that some people, having established their relation to God, having united with Him by the thread, at the same time are dissatisfied with what God asks of them, and, having by reflection formed a conception of what the true Christian life ought to be, do not place themselves in the position in which the thread which unites them with God has put them, but in that which they imagine true Christians must take up in the presence of other men.

Such people, who have generally sundered their former side threads, which unite them with men, to maintain themselves in this situation, which does not result from the immediate relation to God, but which they have imagined to themselves, get into new relations with men, take up new collateral threads, which maintain them in their chosen position.

And so it happens that the divine thread weakens more and more, and it appears to men that to continue the life which they have begun on this height, which frequently does not correspond to the inner necessity on which they have grounded their life, the only immediate relation to God is no longer necessary, but that they need, on the one hand, the conception of "faith" as something supernatural, special, which would maintain them in the position chosen by them; but as it is impossible for one man to believe in what does not exist they, on the other hand, need an external union of men, who should try to believe alike in what is not, and should support one another on the chosen path, encouraging one another by condemning people for transgressions against given rules and by approving others for executing them.

Thus do I explain the simultaneous tendency of many people toward mystical conceptions and toward external union.

September, 1892.

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II.

GOD'S WORK

1

WHAT do I do when I want to change a bristle into a cobbler's thread?

How do I treat these articles?

With the greatest attention, care, tenderness, almost love.

What does the watchmaker do as he puts together a watch, if he is a master and indeed knows how to make a watch?

All his fingers are busy: some of them hold a wheel; others place an axle in position, and others again move up a peg. All this he does softly, tenderly. He knows that if he rudely sticks one thing into another, and even if he presses a little too hard on one part, forgetting another part, the whole will go to pieces, and that he had better not attend to this matter, if he cannot devote all his forces to it.

I say all this for this purpose:

At first people live not knowing why; they live only for their enjoyment, which takes the place of their question, "What for?" but later there comes a time for every rational being, when it asks "What for?" and receives that answer which Christ gave and which we all know, "To do God's work."

Is it possible God's work is less important, or less complicated, than bristles or a watch?

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Is it possible God's work may be done at haphazard, and all come out right?

In a watch one cannot press too hard upon a part needed; but the defenders of the worldly life say, "What is the use of being finical: if a thing does not fit in, bang it with the hammer, and it will go in." It does not matter to them that the rest will all be flattened. They do not see this.

It is impossible to work over a watch without giving it full attention and, so to speak, love for all its parts. Is it possible that one may do God's work in such a way?

It is all very well for a man to do God's work at haphazard (that is, not to live in love with his brothers), if he does not believe fully that his work is God's work. But when he comes to believe that the meaning of his life consists in nothing but coöperating for the union of men he cannot help but abandon himself to Him whose work he is doing; he can no longer without attention, care, or love treat all men with whom he comes in contact, because all men are wheels, pegs, and cogs of God's work.

The difference between such a man and a watchmaker is only this, that the watchmaker knows what will result from all the parts; but a man, in doing God's work, does not know, does not see the external side of the work. A man is rather an apprentice, who hands, cleans, oils, and partly unites the component parts of the watch, which is unknown to him in form, but known in its essence (the good).

I want to say that a man who believes that his life is the fulfilment of God's work ought to labour until he gets seriousness, attention, care in his relations with men, — such caution as will make squeaking, force, breakage impossible, and all will always be soft and loving, not for his own pleasure, but because this is the only condition under which God's work is possible.

When this condition is wanting, one or the other is

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necessary, — to attain this condition, or to throw up God's work and stop deceiving oneself and others.

As the watchmaker stops his work the moment there is some grating or squeaking, so also must a believer stop as soon as there is an inimical relation to a man, and he must know that, no matter how little important this man may seem to him, there is nothing more important for him than his relation to this man, so long as there is a squeaking between them.

And this is so, because a man is an indispensable wheel in God's work, and so long as he does not enter amicably where he ought to enter the whole work comes to a stop.

The relations among men make it obligatory upon them to find in each of them and in themselves "the son of man," to unite with him, — to evoke in themselves and in him a desire to approach him, that is, love.

I shall be told, "this is hard to find."

All you have to do is to act like the watchmaker: tenderly, carefully, not for yourself, but for the work, and it will come to you naturally.

A disunion takes place for no other reason than that I want by force to drive an axle into the wrong wheel.

If it does not fit one way or another, mend yourself: there is a place for it, — it is necessary and will do the work somewhere.

As you attain your aim and get the better of the work in making boots or watches, not by a tension of strength, but by care, by tenderness of treatment, so it is also with the treatment of men. And not only is it so, but as many times more so, as a man is more complex and more delicate than a watch.

It is not possible to work one's feelers out sufficiently well to treat people with them. And the longer and so the thinner these feelers are, the more powerfully do they move people.

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I wish that a man who is near to me should not lead an idle and luxurious life.

I can, with my rudeness, take away from him the possibility of luxury and compel him to work. If I do so, I shall not advance God's work one hair's breadth, — I shall not move the man's soul.

If I extend my feelers more finely and farther out, I shall prove logically and incontestably to him that he is a dissipated and despised man. And with this I shall not advance God's work, but shall only live with him in communion, seeking out and strengthening everything which unites us, and keeping away from everything which is foreign to me. And if I myself do God's work and live by it, I shall more certainly than death draw this man to God and cause him to do God's work.

We have become so accustomed in the worldly life to attain our aims by means of the stick of power, of authority, or even by means of the stick of logical thought, that we want to do the same in God's work.

But one stick jumps upon another.

But God's work is done with very delicate feelers, for which there are no obstacles.

2

Went to see a sick beggar. Terrible poverty.

It is remarkable how we have worked out in ourselves methods of cruelty. What I ought really to have done would have been to have remained there and not have gone away, until he was made equal with me.

3

The highest happiness is to give oneself to others.

And this is confirmed in work — enduringly and in the act — with concentration.

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Yes, this is so, but for this the work must be in correspondence with the need; but if the need is higher than the work, this need will be exaggerated, as indeed it is.

Consequently everything is again in the work.

Our main misfortune is in our needing more than we work, and so we become entangled in life.

To work more than we need cannot be harmful, — it is the highest law.

4

As the fire destroys the candle, so the good destroys the personal life.

As the wax melts before the face of fire, so the consciousness of the personal life is destroyed by participation in the good.

You do good only when you renounce yourself.

The scarecrow of death stands only before those who do not know the good.

Death destroys the body, as the scaffolding is destroyed after the building is up and finished. And he whose building is up rejoices at the destruction of the scaffolding and of the body.

Life is for God the erection of His building, — the joy of salvation.

For God there takes place the work of the illumination of the world through man's intellect. For man there is the joy of life which ascends higher and higher.

5

The world lives. In the world there is life.

Life is a mystery for all men.

Some call it God, others say, "Force."

All the same, — it is a mystery.

Life is diffused through everything. Everything lives

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together, and everything lives apart: man lives, a worm lives.

This separate life science calls an organism. This stupid word is obscure.

What they call an organism is the force of life, individualized in time and space, which irrationally puts forth the demand of the common life for its individuality.

This individualization of life bears a contradiction in itself. It excludes everything else. Everything else excludes it. By its tendencies toward life it destroys itself.

Every step, every act of life is a dying.

This contradiction would be insoluble, if there were no intellect in the world. But the intellect is in man. It is this which destroys the contradiction.

One man would eat up another, if he had no intellect, which shows him that for his good it is better to be in love with this man and together with him to kill animals for food. The same intellect shows him that it is better for him not to kill animals, but to be in a state of love with them and to live on their products. The same intellect will further point in this direction and will destroy the contradiction of the egoism.

Out of the enormous world of beings that devour one another, man alone is endowed with reason (love also), which is to destroy all this contradiction of egoism.

One would think this is so little for so great a matter.

It is the same as though one should say, "How small one spark is, to burn up a whole forest."

If the fire spark is a burning material, it is sufficient, no matter how small it may be. All that is needed is the burning material: it need only exist, and must not be destroyed.

So also the world of the contradictory egoism of the beings, to keep them from destroying another, is endowed with one of the egoistical tendencies, — flowering, fructi-

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fication, and in man — the lust of the sexual act. And the world lives, presenting an imperishable material of the activity of reason — love, for the activity which destroys the egoism of the beings.

The world can wait: the material is not destroyed, — it will always exist, — and there is a spark of fire.

God, or Nature, gives what is indispensable, but only what is indispensable for his aims. Nature, or God, always acts alike. He, or it, never does what is finished, but gives the possibility of completing, — not a tree, but a seed.

For God, for Nature, there is no time.

When there is a possibility for something, there is what ought to be.

The same is true with the realization of the destruction of the contradiction of the egoism of the beings by means of the activity of reason. There is the possibility, and so there is the realization, there is this, as the prophet says, that the lion will lie with the lamb. We may further say that not one animal will crush an insect or a plant.

For a man who has not come to recognize his rational nature there is a full satisfaction in the life of the egoistical contradiction. He then does not see it. He follows the lower law of God, or of Nature; but the moment he has come to recognize his rational nature, the contradiction of his inner life poisons him. He cannot live by it, and he surrenders himself to another law of reason, — to love; now the aim of love is the destruction of the contradiction. Having abandoned himself to this new law, he receives his full satisfaction.

For the rational being there is no other activity, no other life, but the one which has the destruction of the contradiction for its aim. This activity will bring him out of his personality and will cause him to renounce himself; it will take him into the common life, into the service of that God, or of that Nature, for which there is no time.

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Man's problem in this life is to renounce everything which is in itself contradictory, that is, personal, egoistical, in order to be able to serve reason, to destroy the inner contradiction of life, in which alone he finds satisfaction, security, fearlessness, and peace before death. If he does not fulfil this problem, he remains in the inner contradiction of the personal life and destroys himself, just as any contradiction destroys itself.

We talk of the future life, of immortality.

What is immortal is only what is not I.

Reason. Love. God. Nature.

June, 1886.

6

It is necessary that we should have strength to do God's work.

It is necessary that there should be a tree with flowers and seeds for the attainment of those infinite purposes which it attains, — shade, and food for insects, and food for plants, and the continuation of its species.

Well, does God do all these things with His own force?

Should Nature break up into an infinite quantity of forces for the attainment of all its ends?

No. In the tree is implanted, or in the tree there is a force of life, and it is this which creates everything; creating itself, it attains all its ends. A separate, personal force of life is given it for the attainment of all its ends.

Only (how can I express this more clearly?) the deception of its personal life incites the tree to serve the world. Intending to live for itself, the tree works, grows, fructifies, serves the world, and (so it appears to us) does not know it.

The same is true of all lives, — animals, men.

I do not know how it is with the others, but I, a man, and some other people who live with me and have lived before me, recognize this deception.

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Man seems to be endowed with the ability which reveals the deception to him. It is as though God, or Nature, made him a participant in the secret and permitted him to take a glance into the mechanism of the work.

Man has taken a glance into it, — how can he help it?

How is he to make peace with his situation?

His whole life and his striving toward life is a deception. With all his strivings he is nothing but an instrument for the attainment of ends that are foreign to him.

A commander sends an army of soldiers where they will certainly be killed, but he does not tell them so. If they knew for sure, they would not go. The commander says that there is a risk, but that a great reward, a great joy awaits them. They believe him, and they go. But in the life of men the situation is much worse. It says clearly to all of them (thinking men) that they will inevitably die in great suffering, and that they are only instruments for ends that are foreign to them, and they are unable to believe in all the rewards, which have been promised them only by feeble-minded men, on account of the hopelessness of their condition.

Is the condition of men really so terrible?

It is, for the very reason that they are given an intellect which points out the destination of their personal life in the world; it is terrible for the very reason that they are admitted to the mysteries of God, or of Nature.

Reason lifts for us a part of the curtain. We have seen and we see that we do not live for ourselves. That reason which is admitted to the mysteries of God, or of Nature, which is inseparably connected with that personal life that lives only by that personal life and does not understand a life which is not for itself, is terrified at this life as at something foreign to it.

My reason, which is admitted to God's mysteries, is I.

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And I am my personal life. And both these egos are united into one.

I know that I am living for myself, and I want to eat.

Reason says, and it cannot help saying, because it sees this in everything living: "I do not live for myself."

The personal life says: "But I want to live for myself."

Reason does not contradict the personal life, but answers to its demand for a personal happiness: "Everything lives and seeks the personal good not for itself."

But reason cannot help but see that the personal life of a tree, of an animal, and so my own life, wants to eat, and will be only tools, means for the attainment of the greatest ends with the least effort (as Nature always does), means for the common life, the one reason strives after.

7

When the connection between this life and the other is established, everything becomes easy and joyous.

8

At a certain stage of the spiritual development man must refrain from intensifying in himself the feeling of personal compassion for another being. This feeling is in itself of an animal nature, and in a sensitive man it always manifests itself in sufficient strength without artificial incitement.

What one ought to encourage in oneself is spiritual compassion. The soul of a beloved man must always be dearer to me than the body. I must remember that it is better that a beloved man should now, in my presence, die for having declined to kill even a mad dog, than that he should die after many years from eating too much, and should outlive me.

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9

There is no force in books. The chief force is in the Christian life according to the teaching of truth.

Glorifications, interpretations, prayers, mysteries, discussions, definitions, divine services, — there has been enough of all that and at all times and in all forms, and people's teeth are set on edge by it. Now another problem begs for recognition in the Christian world, — the problem of the realization in life of the Christian world-conception; questions of ownership, of war, of punishment, of power, of prostitution are now the questions of the day. For the last twenty years it has been noticed how humanity, burying itself in these questions, has been endeavouring to answer them.

This solution, it seems to me, now begins to be given.

Men, as it were, are beginning to make attempts at applying to life what they confess.

It is these separate phenomena which interest me, and to them I intended to devote what very small particle of life seems to be left to me.

10

I am not afraid of a candle that is not burning, but of one that is, and not because its fire is not the real one, but because it is the property of fire to flame up and go out.

11

Remember how often Christ has said, "The Father has sent me. I am sent. I do the will of Him who has sent me."

These words have always been obscure to me.

God could not have sent God, and I did not understand any other meaning, or understood it obscurely.

Only now has the simple, clear, and joyous meaning of

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these words been revealed to me. I arrived at the comprehension of them through doubt and suffering. Without this teaching there is no solution to those doubts which torment every disciple of Christ.

Their meaning is this, that Christ has taught all men the life which he considered the true one for himself. But he considers his life an embassy, a fulfilment of the will of Him who sent him.

But the will of Him who sent is the rational (good) life of the whole world. Consequently, it is the business of life to carry the truth into the world.

Life has, according to Christ's teaching, been given to man with his reason for no other purpose than that he should carry this reason into the world, and so man's whole life is nothing but this rational activity turned upon other beings in general, and not merely upon men.

Thus Christ understood his life, and thus he taught us to understand ours.

Each of us is a power which is conscious of itself, — a flying stone which knows whither it flies and why, and is glad because it flies and knows that it is nothing, — a stone, — and that all its meaning is in this flight, this force which has thrown him, — that his whole life is this force.

Indeed, outside this view, that is, that every man is a messenger of the Father, called into life only for the purpose of doing His will, — outside this view life has not only no meaning, but is also detestable and terrible. And, on the contrary, it is enough to become well familiarized and one with this view of life, and life not only acquires a meaning, but also becomes joyous and significant. Only with this view are all doubts, struggles, and terrors destroyed.

If I am God's messenger, my chief business does not only consist in fulfilling the five commandments, — they are only conditions under which I must fulfil the ambas-

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sadorship, — but in living in such a way as to carry into the world with all means given me that truth which I know, that truth which is entrusted to me.

It may happen that I shall myself often be bad, that I shall be false to my mission; all this cannot for a moment destroy the meaning of my life: "To shine with that light which is in me, so long as I am able, so long as there is light in me."

Only with this teaching are destroyed the idle regrets as to there not being or having been what I wished, and the idle desire for something definite in the future; there is destroyed the terror of death, and the whole of life is transferred into the one present. Death is destroyed by this, that, if my life has blended with the activity of introducing reason and the good into the world, the time will come when the physical annihilation of my personality will coöperate with what has become my life, — the introduction of the good and of reason into the world.

The conviction of the ambassadorship has the following practical effect upon me (I speak for myself and, I know, for others also):

Outside the physical necessities, in which I try to confine myself to the least, as soon as I am drawn to some activity, — speaking, writing, working, — I ask myself (I do not even ask, I feel it) whether with this work I serve Him who sent me. I joyously surrender myself to the work and forget all doubts and — fly, like a stone, and am glad that I am flying.

But if the work is not for Him who has sent me, it does not even attract me, I simply feel ennui, and I only try to get rid of it, I try to observe all the rules given for messengers.

But this does not even happen.

It seems to me that a man can live in such a way as to sleep, or in such a way as with his whole soul, with delight, to serve Him who has sent him.

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12

Christ has conquered the world and has saved it, because he has suffered with love and joy, that is, has conquered suffering and has taught us to do the same.

I know this, but am still unable to learn it, although I see for sure that I am moving in this direction.

May God help all men to do the common work, the work of love, by word, deed, abstinence, effort: here, not to speak a bad word, not to do what would be worse; there, to overcome timidity and false shame, and to do what is necessary, what is good, — what is loving.

All tiny, imperceptible acts and words, — but from these mustard-seeds grows the tree of love which with its branches shades the whole world.

This work may God aid us to do with our friends, with our enemies, with strangers, in moments when our mood is the highest, and in moments when it is the lowest.

And it will be well for us, and it will be well for everybody.

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III.

FORM AND EXISTENCE

1

MEN cannot live without establishing for themselves a form of life to conform with the degree of their morality, but every form of life, from that of an English lord to that of an agricultural peasant, is in itself not only carrion, but a hindrance to the true life. From this it does not follow that it is necessary to live without any definite form, without a plan of life (a man cannot do this), but that we must not only refrain from esteeming the plan, but must also fear it like the fire.

The true life is only in the relations between men.

In the worldly life everything is in the form, and the relations among men are completely sacrificed to form.

But even in the most moral life this temptation always accompanies man.

I want to finish the exposition of this thought, and a recruit comes to bid me good-bye.

To finish is the form, the plan; and the recruit is the man and my relations to him, — it is true life. This will not interfere with my ending my writing, if I am alive, and so forth.

I shall look at my life: how many various forms of life I have established for myself!

What is left of them?

Nothing.

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And what is left of the past life, — of my relations to men?

For the forty years of my worldly life I established hardly any relations to men, because I lived for the sake of form.

And during the short years when I lived without form, how many dear relations, with which it is a joy to live and to die!

November, 1886.

2

How joyous and how contrary to all human works is this, that on the divine path there is no weariness, nor cooling off, nor, much more, any return.

I see this in the case of all those few men whom I know and who have entered upon this path.

It is frequently hard and agonizing, in a worldly sense, and the farther on the harder and the more agonizing.

There is no hope of a realization of anything in this world, in our lifetime; and never, not only any question as to whether my path will betray me, but even any doubt, no wavering, no regrets.

This is that one, true, narrow path.

No matter where and how comfortably and how agreeably I may walk, there can always be a doubt whether I am on the path. There is none on the one, true path. On all other paths there are diversity and disputes; but on this one there is complete unity, not only with those who think and speak alike, but also with all those who understand it, each in his own way.

The Pashkovians, Orthodox, Catholics, condemn me; they, the Christians, frequently, contrary to Christ's teaching, cause me pain, but I not only do not condemn them (I am not speaking for argument's sake, but sincerely, for I cannot feel otherwise), but even hail them on the true path, every time when they stand upon it, rejoice at their

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successes and am unable to express my feelings for them, so much do I love them.

Lately I read a newspaper, *L'Armée du Salut.*

The form of expression is strange and incomprehensible to me, but their activity, which leads to abstinence, to love, to paying attention to Christ's teaching, incites love for them and joy in me.

Lately, as I read the articles in the *Salvation Army*, I explained to myself their activity and spiritual condition, and my relation to them.

They take people who have departed from Christ back to him. It is nice of them to do so, and nothing more can be expected of them.

He who has come to the spring of living water and who has thirst will himself find what to do with the water and how to drink it. Their mistake consists in this, that they insist upon the form, upon the necessity of drinking the water in this way, and not in that, and in such and such a situation. And this mistake harms them the more since they have never thought of the methods of drinking the water, and take the long-worn tradition, which has proved inconvenient in practice.

My relation to them is awfully strange. By searchings, sufferings, and, of course, above all else, by God's mercy, I was led to the spring. I had been dying and I began to live, and I live by this water alone; suddenly men come to this spring. I hail them with enthusiasm and love, and instead, not of love, but of simple absence of malice, which I had hoped to find, I find condemnation and rejection, and the injunction that, before drinking, I must pass through the psychological processes, which are not proper for me, but through which they have passed, — renounce the consciousness of life and of happiness, which the living water gives me, and recognize the fact that I am doing it only out of fear of the pastors who have called me to the drinking.

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I do not say that they, or any one else, ought to travel on the same path with me.

The point is not how I arrived, but what I arrived at.

If we have come to Christ and want to live by him alone, we will not quarrel.

3

The question of prayer and of aid according to prayer.

This question has of late interested me.

I now feel every day the necessity of praying, of asking God's aid.

This necessity is natural (at least to those of us who have been accustomed to it from childhood), and I think it is natural to all men.

To feel one's weakness and to seek outside aid, that is, not merely through a struggle with evil, but to try to find methods by which it would be possible to vanquish evil, this is called praying.

To pray does not mean to employ methods which deliver one from evil, but among the methods which deliver there is also the action which is called prayer.

The peculiarity of prayer, as compared with all other methods, consists in this, that it is agreeable to God.

If this is true, then, in the first place, the question arises why prayer, that is, an action which is pleasing to God and saves me from evil, must be expressed in words only, or in obeisances, which do not last long, as is generally assumed. Why can prayer not be expressed by continuous motions of the body, say of the feet only,— the wandering of the pilgrim is a prayer of the feet,— and if I go and work a whole day or a whole week for a poor widow, will this be prayer?

I think it will.

In the second place, prayer is a request for the realization of some external or internal desire. For example, I ask that my children may not die, or that I may be freed

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from vice, my weakness. Why shall I turn to the incomprehensible and great God with such prayers which can be fulfilled by His manifestations upon earth, — by men, who are united in the fulfilment of His will (the church in the true meaning of this word)?

Everything for which I have prayed may be fulfilled by men and by me. I feel like praying, and I pray with words. But is it not better for me to widen the concept of prayer? Is it not better for me to try to find the causes of this vice and to find that divine activity, not of an hour, but of days and months, which may be that saving activity that counteracts my vice?

And I found it for myself.

I am sensuous, and I lead an idle, voluptuous life, and I pray. Would it not be better for me to change my godless life, to work for others, to satisfy my body less, — to get married, if I am not? It will turn out that my whole life is a prayer, and this prayer will certainly be fulfilled.

But more than this: the very necessity of prayer — of a supplication of direct aid from a living being — is satisfied in the simplest, non-supernatural manner. I am weak and bad, and I know what I suffer from.

I reveal my weakness to another and ask Him to help me, and He, at times by His mere presence, serves as an impediment to the development of this vice.

I do so.

Prayer directed to God, I shall be told, can that be bad?

Of course not. I not only do not regard it as bad, but myself from old habit pray, though I do not consider this important. What is important is what God wants from you and what God has given you tools for. And so if I had the means for saving myself by means of certain acts, or by means of other men, and I did none of these things, and only prayed to God, I should feel that I did wrong.

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One more thing about prayer, and the main thing.

Remember what Jesus said to the Samaritan, "Men must worship God in spirit and in truth." The true translation for "in truth" is "by deeds."

This is one of those texts which, as Arnold says, ought to stand in the first place.

4

I stood in the forest.

I began to tell my fortune as I tore off the petals of a flower: "Immense, great, medium, half-and-half, small, very small, insignificant."

Twice it turned out, "Very small."

I have outlived this habit of telling fortunes, but this "very small" interested me.

This is certainly the best I can wish.

The greatest is always very small.

For God every act is very small. And it is the right act.

One only needs to do good around oneself, — to give joy to men around oneself, — without any aim, — and this is a great aim.

5

I have thought on the gradualness of the demands of Nature, — of food and labour, of the collecting of the seed and its return, and, as it seems to me, of the collecting of knowledge and its transmission.

But love does not enter into this series, because love is life itself, which is attained through the natural gratification of these demands.

6

I read Medor's work on civilization. He divides it beautifully into four parts: (1) the material, (2) the physical, (3) the mental, and (4) the moral.

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But civilization is the substitution of mental factors for physical ones, and of moral factors for mental ones.

This is confused, but it is the truth.

Civilization is a word, and it is quite unnecessary to define it. The truth is, that the greatest good of men is invariably attained by the application to life of those factors by which the good is acquired in the best manner possible.

As it is stupid to lift up with the hand what may be raised with a lever, so it is stupid to maintain one's relations and defend one's independence by means of war, when this very end is attained by means of a moral life.

7

We reproach God, we feel sorrow, because we meet obstacles in the realization of Christ's teaching.

Well, how would it be if all of us were without domestic disagreements?

"We should come together and live happily and joyously."

Well, and others?

"Others would not even know."

We want to collect the fire in one small heap, so that it may burn more easily. But God has scattered the fire in the wood.

They are busy, but we are worrying, because they are not burning.

8

None of us is called to destroy all the sufferings of men, but only to serve men.

People always ask, "What is evil for?"

What is evil?

What we call evil is a challenge addressed to us, a demand made upon our active love. The man who will reply to these demands of the activity of love will see

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precisely as much evil as he needs in order to provoke his activity.

Thus I think and feel now, but only lately I saw very much evil, and I was vexed and in despair, and so I prescribe the recipe which has helped me.

The moment you see an evil, even the smallest, try to mend it, to diminish it, and you will never see much evil at once and will not arrive at despair, and the hands will not drop, and you will do much good.

January, 1887.

9

The chief error of men is this, that it seems to each in particular that the guide of his life is a striving after enjoyment and an aversion to suffering. And a man, all alone, without any guidance, surely renders himself to this guide: he seeks enjoyment and avoids suffering, and in this does he place the aim and meaning of life.

But a man can never live in enjoyment, and cannot avoid suffering. Consequently the purpose of life does not lie in this.

If it did lie in this, — what insipidity!

The purpose is enjoyments, and they do not exist and cannot exist.

And if they did exist, the end of life is death, which is always conjugate with suffering.

If sailors decided that their aim is to avoid the rise of the waves, whither would they sail?

The end of life is outside enjoyments. It is attained by passing through them.

This transition from enjoyments to sufferings is the respiration of life, inspiration and expiration, the taking of food and the giving it back.

To set as one's aim the enjoyments and to avoid suffering means to lose the path which cuts through them.

August, 1887.

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10

Where, then, and of what character, is the law under which we live?

Do not say that it is the law of this, that your body should fare well, — eat, drink, cohabit, watch its own children. This is not a law, but the demands of the flesh, the very demands for which a law is needed.

Cattle have no law — they have all the same lusts.

They all want the same.

To avoid this, that men, wishing to eat the same, to sleep with the same woman, should kill one another off, and so should none of them have enough, to eat and sleep they must divide up, must establish a law. And to divide up, lust must be limited. So the law is born among men as to how to limit lust.

As many lusts as there are, so many laws are there.

For a law is nothing but a vanquishing, a subjugation of lust for the sake of another man. And there are many such laws in the heart of every man.

Cattle have no law, and have no need of it.

Well or ill, man cannot live without law: the law is written within him, and there has never been a man without law.

When there was but the one Adam (it makes no difference whether he existed or not), and there was but one man on earth, he could have lived without any law. He alone had lusts, and they did not interfere with any one, but as soon as there were two or three men, the lusts came into conflict:

"I want to eat this apple!"

"And so do I!"

One man killed another with a stone; a third man appears, and he will not let the matter rest. His soul will tell him whether the man who killed the brother did well or ill.

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Having found the law in your heart, do not say that there is no law. The law is written in your heart.

If you lived but one day with men and performed deeds, and looked at their deeds, you would find the law. And even now there is not a human deed on which you have not a judgment in your soul according to your law, and there is not any deed of yours for which you do not know a law.

If you say, "There is no law," you merely say that there are now so many laws, and that they are so senseless that it is impossible to make them out. And there are laws, and many of them at that, one of which commands what the other forbids. There are, besides, statutes which do not vanquish the lusts, but determine how the lusts are to be gratified, and these statutes are also called laws, so that men live in this world of laws and statutes at haphazard, without following any law, mixing up the statutes with the laws and living exclusively according to the commands of the lusts.

Whether you live according to the law or according to the lusts, do not forget that there is a law; and not one law, but an infinitude of laws, and we follow thousands of them, and without them a man has never lived and could never live. But there have come to be so many laws, and we have become so entangled in them, that we can live according to the lust, selecting such laws as are convenient to us, and substituting other laws for such as are not convenient for us.

Laws cannot help but exist.

Let two men live together two days, and they will have laws, and millions of millions have lived five thousand years together, and should they have found no laws?

All this is foolish, and there is no sense in talking about it.

I now live in my house, the children study and play, my wife works, I write. All this is done only because

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there are laws, which are recognized by all men. No stranger comes to live in my house, because it is mine, and according to the tenth commandment no one should wish for what belongs to another.

The children study what I command them to study, — according to the fourth commandment.

My wife is free from temptations, according to the seventh.

I work as much as I can, according to the fourth.

I have quoted the commandments of Moses from old habit, but I could mention thousands of laws of the civil and of the common law which half confirm the same.

But, if I want, I can at once find even such laws and customs as abrogate these.

I will say, "Why have you a house? Christ, who showed us an example of life, did not have a place to lean his head against. Why have you a house, when there are poor people without a home? Why have you a house, since it says that you should have no care?"

I will say, "Why care for the children? Not one hair will fall from their heads without the will of the heavenly Father. What sense is there in teaching them, since those who are poor in spirit are blessed?"

I will simply say, "Why teach them pagan wisdom, since you are a Christian?"

I will say, "Why teach for ambition's sake, if it is better to work the earth? Why have you a wife, when it is better not to get married? Why have you a wife, when it says, 'He that shall not forsake his wife is not worthy of me'?"

"Why do you work, why write? This is contrary to humility, and contrary to refraining from worldly cares."

Thus, if I left my house, wife, children, work, I should also be doing according to the divine law and should be finding for my confirmation and justification civil and common laws. It is possible to leave wife and children,

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and to go to a monastery. It is possible to leave wife and children, to get a divorce, to marry another, and to commit debauchery, — and for everything to find a confirmation in divine and civil laws, — thus, do whatever you please, — and for everything a law will be found.

It is in this condition that we are, and that is not good.

Not that there is no law, but that there are now too many of them, and that men have become too painfully clever.

11

Man is flesh, has life and reason, and develops.

It is all very well to say that a rope develops, a germ develops in the egg, but it is unscrupulous to apply this word to a man.

If you are a man, you live.

And so do not go on talking of development, but simply look at yourself and say what you are doing, having life and reason.

If you do so, you will answer that you are looking for rational choice among all the demands of your flesh.

In this alone does all our life consist.

12

(From Lao-Tse)

When a man is born, he is frail and weak; when he is strong and powerful, he dies.

When a tree is born, it is frail and tender; when it is dry and brittle, it dies.

Strength and power are the accompaniments of death.

Frailty and weakness are the accompaniments of life, because what is strong does not conquer.

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When a tree has become strong, it is cut down.
What is strong and great, is insignificant.
What is frail and weak, is great.

13

A Jewish emigrant came.

He wants to find what there is in common between Jews and Russians, which would unite them.

This has long ago been found.

At times I feel sorry because the wood does not burn. As though, if it burned in my presence, at once, this would not serve as a clear proof, a clear sign, of this, that it is not the wood that is burning, but the kindling; but the wood has not yet caught fire.

14

Where people are angry, there it is not good.

A child recognizes this instinctively and goes away from such a place. A child does not become angry itself, does not become vexed at the manifestation of anger in others, and its joys and occupations in life are not impaired by it.

15

I have read Confucius and have made notes.

The Chinese religio-rational explanation of power and the teaching about it has been a revelation to me.

Things that were obscure are getting clearer and clearer to me.

True power cannot be based on violence, nor on tradition. It can be based only on the unity of the recognition of this height by all men.

Power will be no violence only when it is recognized as morally and rationally the *highest.*

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Power, as violence, arises when we recognize as highest what is not the highest according to the demands of our heart and reason.

The moment a man (be he a father or a king, or be it a legislative assembly) submits to what he does not fully respect, there appears violence.

When what I consider the highest has become not the highest, and I condemn it, I generally have recourse to two methods:

(1) I myself stand higher than what was the highest, — I subject it to myself (the quarrels of sons and fathers, revolutions).

(2) In spite of the fact that the highest has ceased to be the highest, I purposely continue to consider it the highest (Confucianism, Slavophilism).

Both means are terrible, and the most terrible of the two is the latter, because it leads up to the first.

There is one way out:

I do not consider this or that high, and so must not act in such a way.

I consider this or that the highest, and so I must act in such a way.

16

A man who does something bad is not evil, but frequently is even good: kings, soldiers.

But a man who does something bad and knows that it is bad, a doubting man, — he is bad indeed.

These are the only bad ones in the world.

17

The ministration to others begins with the ministration to oneself.

If we are to believe that man's aim and duty consists in serving his neighbour, we must also arrive at this, how

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we should serve our neighbour, — we must work out the rules how we are to serve in our position.

For us in our position to serve, we must first of all stop demanding other people's service.

It seems strange, but the first thing we have to do, before anything else, is to serve ourselves, that is, to make our own fires, fetch our own water, cook our own dinners, and wash our own dishes and dirty linen —

In this way shall we begin the ministration to others.

18

All acts performed by a man may be divided into three categories.

One series of these consists of those which we perform without asking ourselves about them whether they are good or bad; we do them without noticing them.

Other acts are such as we, speaking with St. Paul, consider bad, but none the less perform; acts which we wish to perform, but do not always perform, or do not wish to perform, and yet perform them.

A third class of acts consists of such as we wish to perform and always perform, or do not wish to perform and never perform.

The acts of the first series are those which have not yet fallen under the judgment of our conscience, but of which, in measure as our life advances, a greater and ever greater number fall under our judgment and pass over to the second series.

The acts of the third series are such as have passed the judgment of our conscience and, dividing up into good and bad, into desirable and undesirable, have become the possession of our moral natures, — they are our interest of life, our only wealth, which is acquired by life. It it this, that before this I could fight, get drunk, fornicate,

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and so forth, and now not merely do not wish, but am unable to do so.

Thus the first series is the material for life's working over. The third series is what has already been prepared by life, what is lying in the storeroom. The second series is what is now on the work-table, what is being worked at.

And how remarkably happy and joyous is the condition of men! Whether men want it or not, this third series is being worked out in life: a man grows manly, and he grows wiser in intellect and experience; he grows older, the passions weaken, and the work of life is done.

But if the whole meaning, the whole aim of life is put into this work, we get constant joy, constant success.

Now, it is always possible to understand this and to recognize what acts belong to this or to that series, and to strain every attention toward the second series.

19

It is accepted to regard vexation at injustice, anger provoked by evil, as not only a noble and praiseworthy, but even a useful and necessary feeling, as a stimulus for a struggle with evil. But this is a great mistake.

Anger is not at all necessary.

Any one may practically convince himself of this from the fact that anger immediately disappears the moment a man undertakes to mend the results of the evil.

When a man is a witness to some injustice or cruelty, for example to a fight, in which the weak are worsted by the strong, he in his soul experiences anger against the offenders. He need but undertake to mend the consequences of the evil, he need but busy himself with the aim of diminishing the sufferings of the victims of the fight, he need but begin to tend to the wounds of the maimed, — and immediately the feeling of anger is allayed and

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gives way to a feeling of inner satisfaction and joy, which always accompany every ministration to a neighbour. Thus it is always.

An angry incitement against evil is a sign that a man does not yet counteract evil with deeds, does not yet mend the results of the evil, though it may easily happen with this that he is struggling against evil in the most energetic manner possible.

20

In consequence of the comprehension of the spirit of Christianity, men are generally divided into Christians and non-Christians.

The grossest division consists in regarding only him who has been baptized as a Christian.

Another division, though less gross, consists in this, that he who on the basis of Christ's teaching lives a pure, domestic life, who is no murderer, etc., is called a Christian, in contradistinction to him who lives differently.

Both these divisions are equally incorrect.

In Christianity there is no line which separates a Christian from a non-Christian. There is light, the ideal, Christ, and there is darkness, the animal. There is a motion in the name of Christ, toward Christ, along a path indicated by his teaching.

And we are all somewhere, walking on this path.

21

We frequently deceive ourselves, thinking, when we meet revolutionists, that we are standing near each other, in the same row.

"There is no country!"

"There is no country."

"There is no ownership!"

"There is no ownership."

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"There is no unequality!"

"There is no unequality," and many more things. It seems to be one and the same thing.

But there is a great difference, and there are even no people farther removed from us than they are.

For a Christian there is no country, — for them country has to be destroyed.

For a Christian there is no property, — and they want to annihilate property.

For a Christian all are equal, — and they want to abolish inequality.

This is like the two ends of a snapped ring. The two ends are side by side, — they are not farther removed than all the other parts of the ring.

It is necessary to walk all around the ring, in order to connect what is on the ends.

22

I fully agree with your opinion that many people have needed solitude and fasting, in order to strengthen and try themselves; but I think (no doubt you, too, think so) that this cannot be a rule: some need solitude and fasting before any other trials, others do not need them.

With an equally sincere striving after the good and after truth, the paths over which people travel toward them may be quite different.

It seems to me that one of the chief causes of the disagreement of people is this, that each, walking on his own, familiar path toward truth, and seeing another man walking by another path toward the same goal (and there are as many paths as there are radii), is inclined to insist that the true path is only the one he is travelling upon.

In general the article on the fasters was interesting to me, because of late I have had occasion to read and think much about gluttony, and I think that one of the chief

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sins, the most common one and almost the radical one, on which grows up a mass of others, is gluttony and belly-madness, — the desire to eat and drink for a long time and as agreeably as possible.

In the article on fasts there is much which is superstitious and exaggerated, and a superfluous motive of fasting, which consists in the castigation of the body, but the hope through fasting to strengthen one's spiritual power seems untrue to me. But what is important is that a man now generally eats several times more than is necessary for the best manifestation of his forces (by forces I understand the most profitable relation, as far as the human activity is concerned, of his spiritual and his physical forces), and that therefore fasting, the conscious destruction of gluttony, is useful for all men, — that is, the accustoming oneself to the least amount of food, with which the most advantageous correlation is attained.

Now the most advantageous correlation is attained, I think, with the consumption of a much smaller amount of food than is in general considered necessary.

You say that it was most easy for you to vanquish the lust of feeding, but with me it was the very opposite. And I think that the lust of feeding is closely connected with the sexual lust and serves as its foundation.

You will perhaps say, "What shall be regarded as the most advantageous relation between the spiritual and the physical forces? This concept is a relative one." I will not undertake to settle now definitely what this relation should be, but I know it for myself, and I think that everybody knows it. I know in myself the condition which most nearly approaches the one I should like to be in: a great clearness of thought, an ability to transfer myself into the condition of another man, — to understand it, — and physical lightness, a mobility an absence of the consciousness of my body.

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Now a certain amount of food removes me from this state, or brings me near to it. When I fast too much, my stomach is felt by me, — there are no clear ideas, no sympathy, though there is mobility. When I eat too much, everything is lost, — clearness of ideas, sympathy, and even mobility. And so I will always find that amount which is necessary, and it will always be less than the food usually taken by the majority of people.

If it shall seem to you that I am uselessly talking of such subjects, I must beg your pardon: I consider this subject, from its practical applications to life, unquestionably most important.

I more or less understand your world conception; I say more or less, because it is impossible completely to express one's view of life. We understand each other's world conception, not because we express it in a common connection, but more in consequence of various incidental expressions of a concordant sympathy in respect to all kinds of questions.

23

I have several times before expressed the idea that union between men can be found only in the union with truth, with God; but the attempts at seeking a union with men, with certain, chosen men, shows either that men are unable, or unwilling, or too tired to seek a union with God, or do not believe in this, that the union with God will give them a union with men; or it weakens the striving after a union with God, and so is undesirable.

Besides, how can I know with whom I am to be in a very close union?

By what signs shall I find out that I am to be in a union with John, and not with Peter, or with the monk Anthony, or with the Governor of Chernígov, or with the Krapívensk horse-thief?

The very project of an external union such as you pro-

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pose is in reality a project of disunion: we must recognize that in the distance between Khárkov and Túla there are but two or three men who can understand us, and this is a sin, and an untruth, and it is unnecessary.

What unites us, and can unite us more, is a greater approximation to the perfection of the Father, which we are told to seek, and I am convinced that you, like me, and like all people, have experienced those transitions of moods of love, to which we all are near, and the union has taken place easily and joyfully from without. But the external union such as you propose will, in all probability, only disunite those who in this manner will attempt to unite. A union can exist only if we throw off everything which disunites, which can give a cause for temptation, as when, defending a fortress, the suburbs are burned, and if we leave only that which is eternal, common to all, and first of all necessary for us, and what this is, we all know.

And the more sincerely we shall live for the fulfilment of this, the more eternally shall we be in union, not only with a certain dozen of men, but with all the men of the world.

If we do not support one another, either materially, or spiritually; if we err; if we go away from one another and, above all, if we have no common aim, we cannot mend this by an artificial joining and by words said to one another. Union is possible only in truth, and in order to attain truth we must do one thing, — seek it with a constant, unceasing effort, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you," and another thing: be meek, reject pride, self-love, your own opinion, and, above all else, reject all kinds of considerations, such as, for example, "If I believe thus, I shall be with the government, or with the people, or with the holy fathers, or with the church; if I believe thus, I can be justified before people and myself," or, that it is a pleasure to believe thus. All

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this has to be rejected, and you have to be prepared in advance for this, that the recognition of the truth will be disadvantageous to you, will humble you.

Assembling will not help in the recognition of the truth; the only salvation is in an approach to it, and in this alone is the means for union. But an artificial union can only weaken the striving after truth.

Then again, who is to assemble for the seeking of the union, and who is to be aided materially and spiritually?

Where is that stamp by which we recognize our people?

Is it not a sin to segregate ourselves and others from the rest, and is not this union with dozens a disunion from thousands and millions?

And then again, the union which you seek, the union with God, is accomplished at a depth which frequently is not reached by our vision.

I am convinced that if one should ask an old man on his death-bed, for example, me, with whom I have been in a true, a most real union, I shall hardly name those whom I should name now.

The union with the dead is frequently greater than with the living.

Let us do what leads to union, let us approach God, but let us not think of union. It will be in proportion with our perfection, our love.

You say, "It is easier in company."

What is easier? To plough, mow, drive piles, yes, is easier, but God can be approached only singly.

Only through God, as through the heart, is there a communication between all the parts of the body; but the direct communication, which does not pass through God, is only seeming. You have no doubt experienced this, and I, too, have experienced this.

What may seem strange is this, that with people with whom there exists a real communion through God, we have no reason for speaking, and do not feel like it; but

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we feel like speaking and pointing out and making things clear to those with whom we have not as yet any divine communion; with these we try to establish a communion despite the heart, but this cannot be done and is an idle occupation.

You say that it is better together, but it seems to me that this cannot be said, cannot be determined; we must do what God commands: if He brings us together, well and good; if He scatters us in every direction, again well and good. But as to what you say about "the farther steps," I now do not see these farther steps in a renunciation of self (this is in your case and in that of many men already done in consciousness), but in doing precisely the opposite of what you wish to do, not in segregating yourselves, but in welding together; do the opposite, find the greatest means for communing with the whole great world of all men; find a communion in which, without making any compromises, you may commune, love, and be loved.

24

Principles, meaning by this word what ought to guide our whole life, are not to blame for anything, and without principles it is bad to live.

The trouble is this, that frequently that is made a principle which cannot be a principle, as, for example, the principle of a thorough steaming in a bath-house, and so forth. Not even the product of bread labour, as Bondarév says, can be a principle.

We have one common, fundamental principle, — love, not only in word and tongue, but in fact and truth, that is, with a loss, a sacrifice of one's life for the sake of God and one's neighbour.

From this common rule result the particular principles of meekness, humility, non-resistance to evil, as the consequence of which there will be agricultural, industrial,

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and even factory work for which there is the least number of competitors and the reward is smallest.

From all the circles where competition is great, a man who keeps Christ's teaching in fact, and not in words, will be pushed out, and he will involuntarily find himself among the labourers. Thus the labour condition of a Christian is the result of the application of a principle, — and not a principle. If people shall take for their basal principle to be labouring men, and shall not fulfil what leads to it, this will obviously lead to confusion.

I am fully agreed with you that to live by principles alone is pernicious, but I do not agree with you that it is possible to live without them, that is, without a mental activity which determines life.

It is just as pernicious to live in faith alone, as to live by one set of principles. One is so much connected with the other, that they are both parts of one whole, — of the moral forward movement.

To say that it is useless or pernicious to make a definition of life and to try to make reality conform with it, is the same as saying that it is useless and pernicious to put one foot forward without transferring to it all the weight of the body. Just as it is impossible to walk without putting a foot forward, and is impossible to walk by jumping on one foot, so it is impossible to move in life, without mentally defining the path, — without establishing principles and conforming life with them.

Both, that is, the principle determined in advance and the inevitable consequence, — faith, — are indispensable for motion. It is even difficult to separate one from the other, to say where one begins and the other ends, just as in walking it is difficult to say on what foot I am resting at a given second, and which foot is moving me.

August, 1892.

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IV.

THE OFFENCES OF THE UNDERTAKINGS OF LIFE

1

You have just had time to think, "I have conquered!" and are triumphant, when you are ready to fall into the ditch.

2

The most persistent offence, from which you will never rid yourself and which it is impossible to evade, but which one must know how to direct, is the offence of undertaking life in the future external forms.

Without doing so, it seems, we cannot live.

I begin to write a letter and I assume that I shall end it and shall say this or that. I build a house, etc. It is impossible to get along without doing so! But how shall we do it?

In such a way that we shall never lose sight of the fact that human relations are more precious than the undertaking which we have entered upon.

The writing of a letter or a book, the ploughing of the field, the building of a house, all these are only forms of life; but life itself consists in the complex play of men's relations in these forms.

There may be an error in forms, but life, which may proceed in the most faulty forms, can always be holy, full, and fruitful.

November, 1886.

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3

There is one teacher, Christ, and he teaches one thing, the fulfilment of the Father's will, not for the pleasure of men, but in order that we may be with Him, consequently may be happy and free.

The chief obstacle in this is in the malice and praise or the condemnation of men. This obstacle, if you are the least bit careless, takes the place of the seeking of the true good in the fulfilment of God's will.

4

To tempt God means, not to follow His law, His command.

But God's laws and commands are written on paper and are expressed in words. As regards these commands, doubt is possible, and great caution must be observed toward them.

Other commands are written in our hearts.

And we must not believe all these at once. Our hearts may be corrupt and may give their own commands out for God's.

But there are other commands, which are written both in books and in our hearts, and in all our beings, as, for example, food and food-producing labour, love of parents and children, and marital life productive of these conditions.

A man may do anything (he may even shoot himself), but he never can with impunity depart from the law, that is, there can be no doubt but that with this departure he will make himself worse and will not attain what he wanted.

5

Two things became clear to me yesterday, — one — of no importance, the other — of importance.

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The first is of no importance.

I was afraid to say and think that all men — ninety-nine hundredths of them — are insane.

There is not only no reason for being afraid, but we cannot help but say and think so, if people act madly. If people lead a senseless city life, senselessly educate their children, abandon themselves to senseless luxury and idleness, they will certainly also talk senselessly.

The second is of importance.

If indeed I see (partially) by God's will, the senseless, sick world cannot approve of me for it.

If the world did approve of me, I should be ceasing to live according to God's will, but should be living according to the world's will.

I should be ceasing to see and seek God's will.

Such was Thy will.

6

The struggle with evil by means of violence is the same as an attempt to stop a cloud, in order that there may be no rain.

7

The main Christian teaching, the teaching of the truth, has in its application passed through all the stages of consciousness, of verbal expression, and of the excitation of the religious sentiment; all this has been done and worked over, and there is nothing new to be said or done here.

But the consciousness of truth only begins to demand a true vital application, and here the teaching, or the disciples of this teaching, like a mettled horse with a wagon near a hill, perform all kinds of tricks: they toss to the right and to the left, start back, rear on their hind legs; but there is one thing they will not do, and that is, — they do not wish to put their necks into the collar and pull up-hill.

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There is but one thing which they do not do, the one necessary thing, — they do not wish to fulfil the teaching, in spite of the tension of the work. And so it is impossible to make sufficient efforts and sacrifices, in order from Christian conversations and sentiments to pass to acts, from balking at the foot of the hill to walking in even step up-hill.

To pass from talking to acting, we may sacrifice anything but what we are pulling by, the traces, that is, the good-will to men, the love union with men.

8

The other day a young lady called on me, and she asked me how she might live well.

So I said to her, "Live as you deem good. For, if I tell you, you will live according to my conscience, and this is inconvenient. Every person must live by his own conscience, and not higher than his conscience, but a little lower. The best is to live in such a way as to fall a little below the conscience, so that one may be able to catch up with the conscience, when it gets too far ahead. This is best, for then a man is always dissatisfied with himself, does not always fully answer the demands of his conscience, repents, goes ahead, 'lives.'

"It is bad to live too far below one's conscience, — it is hard to catch up with it, for what may happen to a man is what happened to Peter before the threefold crowing of the cock.

"Worst of all is renunciation, when a man has caught up with his conscience and stops, for rest is death."

9

It is impossible from Spencer to deduce Christianity, that is, truth.

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Truth is from God, through Christ, and there is no other path for it.

If we were to deduce anything from Spencer, we should get what we did get: there will be found the alphabet of Christianity, and not of Christianity alone, but the alphabet of all religions, — the love of God and of our neighbour, which was given long ago, and has always been known to all men.

And it seems to us that we know everything; and we even feel angry because Christ knew more and demanded of us more; and we reject, or try to reject, what he said and gave us.

And even if we do not reject, we weaken in our hope of discovering laws, — better laws, — because they will satisfy our evil propensities.

10

So long as the inertia of lying and of the consciousness of truth act at an angle which is less than two right angles, life proceeds along the resultant.

But when the two forces will take up positions opposite one another, along the same line, life will stop, either of its own will, or by the will of another.

11

I think that the cause of the burden and the struggle is mainly due to this, that we have not freed ourselves from care for reputation among men, for the opinion of men about us.

Try to solve your doubts about how to act, independently of people's opinion, by imagining that no one will ever find out how you acted; or that, having acted in one way or another, you will at once die; or, what is easier than anything else, by putting yourself purposely before

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men in the meanest, lowest light, — so that, no matter how you may act, you could not fall any lower: "I am a liar, and a pig, and a boaster; I say one thing and do another; I am cruel and a cheat." Do this, if you have the strength, in reality; and if you have not the strength, at least in imagination.

Nothing so confuses us in our determinations and so weakens us in our acts, and provokes such a painful consciousness of struggle as the mixing up of two motives, — of an activity for God and an activity for people's opinion.

You do not know where one thing begins and the other ends. You do not know what really to believe in, whether you believe indeed, or only want people to think that you believe.

At times it happens that you think that you believe in what you really do not believe in; and at times, again, you think that you do not believe in what you really believe. And so my one advice is: try with all your force to remove the care as to people's opinion, in order that you may find out what you believe in.

The best and most convenient means for this is self-humiliation.

And then you can live in conformity with what you believe.

12

Your question as to how and when it is best to use one's forces would be a very difficult one, if it were necessary to give one faultless solution for it; but there can be as many solutions as there are propositions, and all can be, and certainly will be, faulty, like everything which men do.

Yes, tear one fetter and tighten another, and so on until the grave, and die doing this.

And I will tell you what I think in full: such is life, beautiful life, which is given to us alone.

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Even so have lived all the best men, and thus lived Christ, and thus he ordered us to live.

Life is beautiful in that, in the first place, when you tear one fetter, which binds you most and is most strong, you tighten another, which is less binding and strong, and so march ahead toward liberation, — and in this there is joy.

But not in this alone is the whole matter, and it is not good and not right to look back at this. The main thing is, that, at the same time with the tearing of the fetters and the slow retardation of motion, you feel that by this very thing, with the aid of your own mind, you are doing another work, the work of establishing the kingdom of God upon earth. And I wish for nothing better, and do not wish to think of anything better, than such a life.

Now I shall answer your other questions.

If I were in your place, I should go to M——, not that I should arrange anything there, but I should work with him; perhaps something would come of it: another may come, — and then again, maybe nothing would come of it, but that does not interest me. I speak this from a personal feeling. This would be the most agreeable thing for me. But how is it for you ?

In my opinion we must, of two good, or at least not bad, things, always do the one which is the most agreeable, because we shall do this better, and, besides, a greater pleasure is partly a symptom of a predetermination by God.

The other question is as to what I should desire for my sake that you should do.

I should desire for my sake that you should go to the Caucasus to help the Milkers. In my opinion, you are able to help and strengthen them, and enlighten them, — and this is what I want.

But because I want this, it has no weight whatsoever.

The third answer is, that we must undertake as little

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as possible, but should comply with those demands which are made right here, at the present time.

The fourth and, in my opinion, the most correct answer, though it may seem general and indefinite, is, that we must serve God, not on this or that mount, but in the spirit and in truth.

According to the meaning of this answer, the whole significance is in the internal activity, with which every external selection becomes indifferent, and a man inclines toward this, a second, or a tenth act, that is, toward such as he has not even foreseen, or chosen, but does it imperceptibly, naturally.

February, 1893.

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V.

RELATION TO TRUTH

1

CHRIST'S teaching does not prescribe any acts, — it shows the truth.

But the question as to how to act in a given case is by every man decided in his soul, according to the lucidity and strength of his consciousness of truth. It is determined not that I want to act according to Christ's teaching, or not, but that I cannot act otherwise.

2

If only those whose idle life is supported by other people's life of labour understood that their only justification may be found in their being able to use their leisure for bethinking themselves, — for the work of reason!

But they carefully fill their leisure with vanity, so that they have even less time left for thinking than the labourer who is overcome by his work.

3

"To do the will of Him that sent me is my meat."

What a deep and what a simple meaning!

A man may be calm and always satisfied, only when the aim of his life is not something external, but the fulfilment of the will of Him who sent him.

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And again, this clear expression, "This is my meat."

The majority of men do for themselves only what is necessary for the body, — they make their food, and they forget everything which is for other men.

It is of this whole sphere of activity, which men do not do for themselves, but for the opinion of men, that Christ says that we should work in it, doing the will of Him who sent us, — not for men's sake. And of this activity he says that it is for him like food, just as indispensable and just as independent of human opinion.

To do the will of Him who sent us, like eating and drinking, is not for men, but for our satisfaction.

It is this that is needed, and this is possible, and this is the only path of life, which always and everywhere gives the good.

4

I have just read mediæval and modern history in a brief text-book.

Is there in the world more terrible reading?

Is there a book which could be more harmful for young people's reading? And yet it is this that is being taught.

I read it through, and for a long time could not get out of my feeling of dejection: murders, tortures, deceptions, plunderings, fornication, — and nothing more.

They say that it is necessary for a man to know whence he came.

But has every one of us come from there?

That from which I and every one of us with our world-conception have come does not exist in this history, and there is no reason for teaching me this.

Just as I bear all the physical features of my ancestors, so do I bear in myself all the labour of thought, the whole real history, — of all my ancestors.

I and every one of us have always known this. It is

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all implanted in us through the telegraph, newspapers, conversations, sight of cities and villages.

To bring this knowledge to consciousness? Yes? But for this we need the history of thought, which is entirely independent of that history. That history is only a gross reflection of the real history.

The reformation is a rude, incidental reflection of the labour of thought striving after the liberation of man from darkness. Luther, with all the wars and sights of St. Bartholomew, has no place by the side of Erasmus, Rousseau, and others.

5

We must as frequently as possible remind ourselves that our real life is not that external, material life, which takes place here upon earth, in our sight, but the inner life of our spirit, for which the visible life is only a scaffolding necessary for the rearing of the building of our spiritual growth. This scaffolding has in itself but a temporary purpose, after the fulfilment of which it is not good for anything and even becomes an obstacle.

Seeing before himself the immense, towering, and firmly clasped timbers, while the building barely rises above the foundation, a man is inclined to make the mistake of ascribing a greater significance to the scaffolding than to the building which is going up and for the sake of which this temporary scaffolding has been put up.

We must remind ourselves and one another that the only meaning and significance of the scaffolding is the possibility of rearing the building itself.

6

The material form in which the awakening of our consciousness of the true life finds us in this world rep-

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resents, as it were, the border which limits the free development of our spirit.

Matter is the limit of the spirit; but the true life is the destruction of this limit.

In this comprehension is contained the essence of the comprehension of truth itself, that essence which gives to man the consciousness of the eternal life.

Materialists take the limit for the true life.

7

Every one of us, having come to know the truth, finds himself in a certain position, bound by worldly ties, or even by the nooses of dead joys, of former connections with men. And a man who has come to know the truth first of all imagines that the chief thing which he ought to do consists in getting at once, at all cost, out of those conditions in which he found himself, and in putting himself under such conditions as to make it clear to people that he is living according to Christ's law; and then only must he live in these conditions, showing people an example of a true Christian life.

But this is not so.

The demand of reason does not consist in finding himself in this or that state, but in living without violating the love of God and of one's neighbours.

A Christian will always strive after a life that is free from sin, will always choose such a life, if, to attain it, he shall not be asked to do things which impair this love. But the trouble is, that a man is never so little connected with his own past sins and those of others that he is able, without violating the love of God and of his neighbours, at once to enter into such an external state.

Every Christian, amidst worldly people, finds himself in such conditions that, in order to approach the desired state, he must first loosen the fetters of his former sins,

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those fetters by which he is tied to people; and so the first and chief problem consists in opening these fetters in accordance with the love of God and of one's neighbours, and not to tighten them, and so cause pain to him with whom one is bound up.

A Christian's work is not in some certain state, but in the fulfilment of God's will. But fulfilling God's will consists in answering all the demands of life in the way in which this is demanded by the love of God and of men; and so it is impossible to determine the nearness or remoteness of oneself and of others from Christ's ideal, by judging from the state a man is in, or from those acts which he is committing.

A Christian's turning away from the worldly life will always be one and the same; it cannot change, and so the acts of a Christian will always incline toward getting away from evil vanity, from luxury, from the cruelty of a worldly life, and in coming to the lowest state, which is most despised in a worldly sense.

But the state in which a Christian will find himself will depend on the conditions in which he was overtaken by the recognition of the truth and on the degree of his sensitiveness to the sufferings of others.

His acts may take him to the gallows, to the prison, to a night-lodging house, — but they may take him also into a palace and to a ball.

What is important is not the state a man is in, but the acts which have brought him to this state; and God alone can be the judge of these acts.

You will say, "Therefore a man, in professing the Christian teaching, may, under the pretext of not wishing to offend his near friends, continue to live a sinful life, justifying himself by his professed love of God and of his neighbours."

"Yes, he may."

He may as much as a man, who has prepared for him-

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self a sinless state (or such as seems to him to be such), the state of the agriculturist, may live in it, only in order to boast of this state before other men. In either case the judgment is impossible.

In either case the peril is the same.

In the first the peril consists in this, that, continuing to live, for the sake of the love of men, in the worldly conditions of life, a man is tempted by these worldly conditions of life and uses them, not because he cannot help using them, but because of his weakness, — I have frequently experienced this myself.

For the second the peril is this, that, having at once placed himself under those conditions of life which are considered righteous, a man lives in these conditions, without trying to walk on toward the perfection of love, and priding himself on his state, hates and despises all those who are not in the same state with him, — I have experienced this, too, only not so often.

The path is narrow in both cases, and only he who walks on it and God know whether he is on that path. It is impossible for one to judge of another, both on account of the difference of their positions, and still more on account of the difference in the degree of the spiritual sensitiveness.

One man, by forsaking his wife, or mother, or father, by offending and angering them, almost commits no bad act by it, because he does not feel the pain he is causing; another, who has done the same act, has committed a mean act, because he fully appreciates the pain which he is causing.

We can judge of the wealth, the beauty, the strength of men, but of the degree of their morality we are, not exactly prohibited, but unable to judge. And this is a great good. If we were able to judge, we could not love certain people, and since we cannot judge, we have no obstacle against loving all.

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All we know is what is said in the sixth chapter of Matthew:

"The condition in which people praise a man is not more advantageous for him than that in which they curse him."

In the first case under our observation the desire for human praise may be mixed in with the work of God; in the second, if anything is done for God, it is done only for Him.

A man is walking off the road; he walks across fields and is suffering, and finally finds the road; he walks on it himself, and shows it also to other men. Is it possible that the men who have been put on the road, upon noticing that the man who indicated the road to them is again walking across fields, are able to imagine that the man who has shown them the road has had some misgivings as to preferring the road to trackless fields? Is it possible they themselves can have any misgivings as to this, that it is better to walk along the road, when they see that he who has led them out on the road is not walking on it?

Is it possible that those who have been brought out on the road will not go? And what of it, if he who brought them out is still walking across the fields? There must be some invisible cause for it, — a ravine or a brook.

8

Last night the plashing of the water in the basin awoke me. I called my wife, thinking that she was washing herself. She was asleep: it was a mouse that had fallen into the basin and was struggling to get out.

We have had conflicts before on account of mice, and these conflicts have caused me to reflect. It would happen that a mouse would get into a mouse-trap, which somebody else had set.

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I take it, to carry it out, and to let the mouse out in the yard.

My wife says, "You had better not touch it: I will take it out myself and will have it killed."

I leave it to her, knowing that the mouse will be killed.

But to-day, as I was lying and wanting to go to sleep, I heard this tiny creature struggle as it was drowning, and I understood that it was not right, and that I had done wrong, when I had permitted the mice to be killed, when I had had the chance to save them. I saw that I did not do it in order not to violate love, but in order to avoid a small unpleasantness.

This is bad in our situation: we permit not mice, but men to perish, doing other people a pleasure, only to avoid a small unpleasantness.

It is this that we should remember and not forget for a minute.

9

The rule, "Always tell the truth," cannot be put on a par with the other commandments of Christ.

This rule, as a rule, stands very much lower and, as a rule, cannot even be expressed. But as an absolute condition of serving God it is no longer a rule, but the very essence of the teaching, and stands even higher than the five commandments. "I am the life, the way, and the truth."

And so a Christian cannot depart from the truth. The truth is the *conditio sine qua non* of his life. And so, when we speak of truthfulness, as of a practical rule, there results a misunderstanding from it.

It is the same as though we should say, "You must always breathe." The moment this is said, instead of the confirmation that you cannot live without breathing, there

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may at once arise the questions, "but how when I am choking or when I am listening intently, — must I breathe then, or not?"

Truth, truthfulness, is the teaching itself, and so, he who lives by the teaching will strive toward the truth and will be afraid of every departure from it. But this rule cannot compel him to be truthful.

10

Diseases and sins, — these are the same as motion and heat: one passes into the other.

Diseases are for the most part consequences of sin, and to free ourselves from them, we must free ourselves from sin, — error. Living in error, we must know that we live in disease, which, if it has not yet appeared, will inevitably make its appearance.

What is also important is this, that every man, in subjecting himself to diseases, bears the responsibility for the errors of others, — for his ancestors and his contemporaries; and that everybody who lives in error introduces disease and suffering among others, — his contemporaries and his descendants. But every one who lives without disease is under obligation for it to others, and every one, in freeing himself from error, cures not himself alone (one cannot cure oneself alone) but also his descendants and contemporaries.

11

I wish to say something about the meaning of science, which destroys superstition, false concepts, — namely, about the meaning of this activity of science.

Science destroys false concepts, — that is true, but it is not possible on its path to get along without false concepts, without superstition. There will be no vault of heaven, there will be no devil, there will be no personal

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God; but, instead, there will be the imponderable, but elastic ether; there will be the forces of spiritism and many things more.

A man who recognizes the heavens to be a firm vault, who recognizes the devil and the miracles of the saints, and a man who recognizes the atoms and spiritism, in no way differ in their receptiveness, in their adaptability for the recognition of truth and for a moral activity. They differ, so to speak, according to their mental age. One is a grown man; the other is a child or youth. But as a youth may be beautiful, so also may a man; and it is as incorrect to assert that young people are better than the old as to assert that science (a greater degree of knowledge) makes men better, as also that it contributes to their deterioration. Science (a greater degree of knowledge) is inevitable, like age. It cannot be defended, nor attacked. No matter what you may do, it will come, like age.

There exists in man the ability of an inner effort toward the good, toward truth, which the believer calls grace. There exists the possibility of this effort, and this effort may be directed toward goodness and truth, but it cannot be directed toward science.

The scientific acquisitions take place, like everything else, including the striving after truth and goodness, according to the laws of necessity. And the great mistake of the direction of this small circle of men, called the intellectuals, is this, that, busying themselves with science, they imagine that they are doing exactly what is demanded of a man who is able at will to make efforts for the attainment of goodness and truth.

The occupations with the sciences are special occupations, which fill a man's leisure and which serve for the advantage of other men, — just such occupations as the making of tarts, or of lamps, or of anything you please. But our unfortunate youth ascribes to these occupations

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the meaning of a moral activity. This is where the trouble is.

The occupations themselves do not lighten the moral activity one hair's breadth. Amidst peasants who are sectarians there are many sensitive moral personalities, and their ignorance of science does not hurt them. And there are among the masses many personalities who are not sensitive, who are coarse, — and they will not go beyond Iberian relics, and so forth.

The same is true of the intellectual classes: some are not kept by the highest knowledge from seeing wherein lies man's true activity, while others (no matter how you may expand for them the sphere of knowledge) will stick fast in atoms and forces, as in the Iberian image and in the relics, and they think that in them is everything, and that there is nothing else to do but to know how to place a taper before the Virgin of the Iberian chapel and how to study matter.

But if the question is put like this, "Need men know what they know now?" the answer will be, "Of course, they need to know it, just as one has to be grown and cannot remain a child."

But it is impossible to preach science, which is precisely what is attempted among us, just as it is impossible to preach that a man should have a beard growing before the time for it has come.

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VI.

LIFE AND METAPHYSICS

1

In proportion as we begin to understand the vital, that is the true, teaching of Christ, the metaphysical questions recede farther and farther from us, and when the vital significance becomes absolutely clear, the possibility of any interest in them is completely removed, and so also the possibility of any disagreement in metaphysical questions.

There are so many direct, imperative, ever-present, and vastly important affairs for a disciple of Christ, that he has no time to busy himself with metaphysics.

As a good workman certainly does not know all the details of his master's life, while the lazy workman dilly-dallies in the kitchen and finds out all about it, — how many children the master has, and what he eats, and how he dresses, — and in the end none the less gets all mixed up and finds out nothing of importance, but only misses his work, — even such is the difference between metaphysicians and Christ's true disciples.

What is important is to recognize God as a master and to know what He demands of me, but what He Himself is and how He lives, I shall never find out, because I am not a match for Him.

I am a labourer, and He is the master.

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2

Who will deny that it is God who is doing everything good in me?

But the question whether He is external is dangerous.

I cannot say anything about it.

He is everything; I am not everything, hence He is in me. But I know Him only because there is in me something divine.

But this is a dangerous and, I am afraid, blasphemous metaphysics.

3

Lately a thought which braces me up has become clear to me.

The moral law, Christ's law, his five commandments, — this is the eternal law which will not pass, because it will be fulfilled.

It is as indispensable, inevitable a law as the law of gravity, the laws of chemical combinations, and other physical laws.

It must be assumed that those physical laws have wavered just as much, have not been common to all the phenomena, have been worked out; but all these laws have not changed so long as everything has not changed, and finally they became a necessity.

The same is true of the moral law: it is worked out by us.

We toss hither and thither, and after billions of false paths find the one true path, and this path is established.

And so we know through reason that this must be so, and we feel this with our whole being.

The time will come that this will be so, and this will be just as firm as all the other laws of Nature. Then there will be worked out new laws.

I am very much pleased with this thought, — it gives me great force and firmness.

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4

There is one means for doing something, and that is, to prepare the tools of work, to introduce order into it: feed the horse, harness it nicely, don't jerk it, but drive smoothly, and then it will take you a long distance.

The same is true of one's work:

(1) To feed, that is, to feed on faith, — religion, the thought of the common life and personal death.

(2) To find an application for one's activity.

(3) Not to be restive, not to be in haste, and not to stop.

This much in regard to the question of activity.

And not to do a thing there is one means, — elsewhere to let out the water which tears down the dam.

In life this water is strong desire, — and then work at the agreeable, incessant work.

5

If an ear skips the machine, it is an ear.

When it gets into the machine, it is a grain, then flour, then bread, then blood, then nerves, then thought, and as soon as it is thought, it is all, that is, no longer an ear, but that from which is rye, and bread, and the swine, and the tree, and everything, that is, God.

It gets into the brain, and from there it may find its way into God, into the source of everything.

In man, in his life, in the brain, in reason, is the source of everything. Not the source, but the part which unites, which blends with the beginning of all.

Every vital phenomenon, every impression, which a man receives may pass through man as through a conductor, and may reach his pith and there unite with its beginning.

Man's problem and fortune is to form of himself an

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endless, free, primary centre, and not a secondary, organic enslaved conductor.

This is not clear for others, but it is for me.

6

It is possible correctly to solve an equation with one unknown, only when by x we actually mean one absolutely unknown quantity, which is to be determined in the solution of the equation.

If a man, in solving this equation, should arbitrarily determine the quantity of the real number, he naturally would not be able after that freely and correctly to solve the equation, but would bend all his operations on the figures and all his considerations to one end, — to prove that x precisely equals the quantity which he has determined in advance.

The same is true with the questions of life. It is possible correctly to solve every vital question that arises, only in case a man really is conscientious in recognizing this question as open to him, and is sincerely prepared to receive any solution to which he may be brought by the free, unbiassed indications of his conscience and reason.

And yet, as frequently in such cases, a man, sometimes even without noticing it himself, has in advance determined in what sense the question has to be solved, and then only picks out in himself such motives and considerations as would exactly bring him to the predetermined solution of the question.

Such solutions of the equations with predetermined x's are met with at every step.

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VII.

DOUBT

1

How can one ask, "Can I? Can I serve men? Can I live?"

This is the one thing which each of us can do.

If love and the desire to serve men moves man, he can do everything, — he can give his life for others, — that is, he can reach the limits of infinite ministration.

But the question as to whether I can give this or that signifies only, "In so far as I err, doing this or that."

Now the error is due to this, that in place of the legitimate mover of life there has come to stand some kind of an abomination; that here and there the lie has roiled my love.

Who can, outside of myself, find out how much dirt, lie, and real force there is in my moving force?

I alone know this of myself, and everybody knows this only of himself.

If there is any doubt, there is dirt.

And if there is dirt, it has to be thrown out. And to the extent to which the dirt has been thrown out, every one of us is powerful to do everything in the service of men.

June, 1887.

2

We all know what we need, and we know where to look for explanations, if there is something we do not know.

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In your questions the answers are included. "You will learn from me, because I am meek and humble, everything is good and easy for me."

We believe that for an humble and meek man everything is easy and good.

We believe it, but we begin to live, and we feel that our yoke is not good or our burden light.

What does this mean?

One or the other: either it is not true that for the humble and meek man everything is good and everything light, or else we are not sufficiently meek and humble. Not that we do not wish to be such, but because behind us hangs the ballast of past years and the habit of error.

It is this that I answer in reply to the question: "Should we suffer and keep quiet, or suffer and seek a remedy?"

Suffer, if you have not learned to rejoice, and learn to rejoice.

This, in my opinion, answers all three questions.

November, 1887.

3

There cannot help but be an agreement with truth and its recognition, — it is in all men, even in those who call it names and go counter to it.

That we have all been and shall be in agreement, there is, thank God, no longer a moment of doubt, — what gives pleasure is when men stop struggling in vain against truth, and find happiness in it.

4

There are moments when a man stops believing in the life of the spirit.

This is not unbelief, but periods of belief in the life of the flesh.

Suddenly a man begins to fear death.

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This always happens when he is distracted by something, and he again begins to believe in this, that the carnal life is the life, just as in the theatre one can forget oneself and come to believe that what one sees on the stage is taking place in reality, and become frightened at what one sees on the stage.

The same happens in life.

Only after a man has come to understand that his life is not on the stage, but in the pit, that is, not in the personality, but outside it, it sometimes happens that, from old habit, he again falls into the temptation of the illusion, and he feels ill at ease.

But these minutes of the illusion cannot, however, convince me that what is taking place in front of me (with my carnal life) is taking place in reality.

During such periods of dejection of spirit one must treat oneself as a sick man, — one must not stir.

5

The seed recognizes its integument as its real ego, and is worried and weeps, because it will perish.

But it grew out of a seed, fell out of an ear, and again, perishing and throwing up its integument, produces an ear, which is full of seeds.

"The seed shall not come to life unless it perish."

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VIII.

DISSATISFACTION

1

DISSATISFACTION is a sign of people who are walking on the road and not standing still, as we should like to.

A joyous sensation!

September, 1886.

2

A bad ploughman (who is unreliable for the kingdom of God) is he who looks back, and, we may add, he who looks forward, and not at his furrow.

To think what I could do, if it were so and so, and I were there or there, or how much I have done, weakens me for life as much as to think in advance of what I can do, and of how important will be what I shall do.

It is necessary to throw out of our heads the comparison of our present life with any preceding, or with the subsequent life, for the simple reason that there is no subsequent and no preceding life, but only a concept of it; there is only the present life, and it alone is important and sacred.

To ask for a higher essence with fancies, and to subject this essence to fancies is a great mistake (sin).

October, 1886.

3

Dissatisfaction with oneself, the consciousness of the incompatibility of life with the demands of the heart, I

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know in my own case, and I ask you for this one thing, do not speak of it, do not think of it, do not mention it even to yourself.

It is the same as though a pilgrim who is going to Jerusalem should be constantly thinking of how much he has marched already, and of how much walking there is ahead of him.

These thoughts can only weaken his energy.

We must think of the nearest stop, if we must think of the future at all.

Of course, this has reference only to those who go the right way.

Even if it should happen that one of them should lose his way and find himself again in the old place, from which he had started, this ought by no means to discourage him. He will know the road better, and will still continue to walk.

The Chinese wisdom says, "Renovate thyself every day from the beginning, and again from the beginning."

I like this very much, and I try to do so, and for me it is sufficient to know that, by looking back, I see that I am advancing, and not retreating. This knowledge is sufficient for me, to make me live cheerfully, with the assurance that I am on the right road.

How much do I walk in a day? This is another question. I try to walk as much as possible, but it frequently happens that I walk less and lose time, rest, — I rest often, — and stand, when I might walk.

Don't feel bad about the lethargy, — it has to be, like sleep.

There must be, it seems to me, dissatisfaction with oneself, and not with others, and I frequently console myself with the thought that I am not yet entirely lost, because I am constantly dissatisfied with myself. But I know what I am dissatisfied with, — with my definite abominations, in the liberation from which nobody can

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help me, and the work over which forms my whole life. But I do not worry about the circle in which I live, about the external conditions of my life, because I know through experience that this or that circle, these or those conditions of life result from my greater or lesser nearness to Christ and truth.

I live as I live, not because the enlightenment found me in grievous, oppressive conditions (as I used to think), but because I am bad. In proportion as I am and shall be better, the circle and the external conditions will be better. If I were a saint, the circle and the external conditions would be ideal, I should be living as I present to myself the lives of Christ's disciples, that is, as a mendicant, a vagrant, a servant of all men, and I do not despair even now, because this is none the less in my power.

It is just as impossible to stand better, nearer to the truth in consequence of external conditions, as it is to sit astride a stick, take hold of it with both hands, and raise oneself.

The external conditions of life, the forms of life, union, all these are consequences of the internal perfection, approach to Christ.

Seek the kingdom of God, which is within you, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

4

Most stupid dejection! I feel bad because the seeds sown, not mine, but God's, are hidden in the ground and grow up in it, and do not come to the surface, as I, in my stupidity, wish that it should be, so that I may see that the seeds are intact.

5

It seems to me that a man must make it his first rule to be happy and satisfied; he must be ashamed, as of a

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bad act, of his dissatisfaction, and should know that if anything is not going right with a person, he has no time to talk about it, but must at once mend what presses or is not going right.

How are that form and those conditions to be found which are best?

If all the greatest sages of the world were called together, they, too, would be unable to find those forms even for one best known man.

There is one thing which I have noticed, namely this, that the longer a man lives, the more he complies with the demands made on him, the less he is interested in the arrangement of life, and the more disgusting is the arrangement itself.

6

All people are assailed by bad minutes, which for the most part have a physical cause.

Above all, it is necessary to avoid for the condition of general sadness and irritation substituting causes for this sadness and this irritation.

"I feel sad, I am irritated."

"Why? At what?"

When a man has reached the point when he sincerely answers himself, "At nothing, for no reason, I simply feel sad and irritated," the sadness and irritation will pass at once.

August, 1886.

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IX.

DISAGREEMENTS

1

Do you know how picture-blocks are put together?

One will make out the picture from one pair of blocks, another from another pair. Let him just put up the first pair, and he will put together the rest.

I know from experience and am able now to distinguish people who put the blocks together at haphazard from those who have sensibly put together two, and so will certainly find out the picture, — they will find it out, if not to-day, certainly to-morrow, and it will be all the time the same one and eternal picture.

And so I, reading your disagreements with me, am not even agitated, for I know in advance that we have one, inevitable, and eternal picture.

And so I agree with you in everything, not because I purposely want to agree, but because our disagreement is only due to this, that you bring together the blocks from one side, and I from another. But the blocks are the same.

But with those who have not yet begun to bring the blocks together and who assure us that they see this or that, I disagree in advance. And I feel pained in the company of those who say in advance that nothing will come of it, or can come of it; I feel like being angry with them, and I restrain myself.

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2

The disagreement of people is exceedingly painful, especially so because a man thinks of himself that he has not his own opinion, but only holds to the truth; and suddenly it turns out that the truth is not only not understood, but that it even offends people, and drives them away from him.

There is something wrong here, I am to blame for something, I have in some way offended truth.

This is terrible, and it torments me.

3

If there is a disagreement in words, we must, not add words, but avoid them, that is, avoid that from which the disagreement originates, and help one another as best we can.

We are all not only not pure Christians, but full of sin, and so we frequently do and say what we ought not. But at the same time we all wish, and cannot help wishing, and speak, and do what is necessary, because in this alone does our life consist.

If we fail, it is from weakness and former errors, and so we have nothing to prove to one another, but must only help one another.

This I ask of others, and this I wish others.

May, 1888.

4

He and they think that it is very wise to say, "I do not know this, this cannot be proved, I do not want this."

It is assumed that to say this is a sign of intellect and culture, whereas it is a sign of ignorance.

I do not know any planets, nor axes, around which the

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earth turns, nor any incomprehensible ecliptics; I do not want to take all this on trust, — I see the sun is moving, and the stars are somehow moving.

Indeed, it is very hard to prove the turning of the earth, and the path of the celestial luminaries, and the equinox, and many things in this sphere still remain obscure and, above all, incomprehensible. The advantage is this, that everything has here been reduced to unity.

The same is true in the moral and spiritual sphere. The question, "What to do?" has to be reduced to unity.

What shall we know? What hope for?

All humanity struggles to reduce these questions to unity.

And suddenly it appears to people that there is some merit in disuniting what has already been reduced to unity, and they pride themselves on this their activity.

They have carefully been taught ceremonies and religion, though it was known in advance that this will not lead to anything and would not stand the proof of their mental maturity. They have been taught a mass of sciences, which are in no way connected, and they all remain without unity, with disunited sciences, and they think that this is an acquisition.

5

Some are affected only by complete sincerity, and sincerity is attained only when a man lays open his soul and is guided in his display by his own motives only.

6

Jesus said at the end of his sermon (Matt. vii. 24–27):

"Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which

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built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

"And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it."

What were the words which he said, that if a man shall hear and do according to his words, he will thus build a house on the rock; and a man who hears and does not do so, will build a house on the sand, and the house will perish?

What are the words, of which he said, as he began to say them (Matt. v. 19), "Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven."

What are these words, and what are these commandments?

Everything a man needs to know and everything he needs to do is said in these words. And we, the Christians, say that we believe in him who has said these words, and that we believe in his words.

But why do we not hear his words and do according to his words?

In these words it says, "Every man who is angry with another man is guilty, and if he calls another man names, he is still more guilty."

Thus it says in Jesus' sermon, but let us look around at Christian people, and on all sides, in the city, in the country, we shall see that people do not stop being angry with one another; on all sides do we hear scolding and cursing. Not only strangers, but even relatives, scold

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and curse one another. Brother quarrels with brother, father with son, husband with wife. They scold and curse one another and invent the most stinging epithets, and boast of their scolding, as though they did not understand, or could not do, what Jesus said.

It is impossible not to understand him. It says simply and clearly, "Do not call each other names."

And there is no cunning and no difficulty in what Jesus said.

If there were anything cunning, well, we might find some excuse; but what can there be easier than not to call names?

We certainly do not call the authorities any names.

Not a single peasant ever scolds the rural judge to his face. Why does he scold his brother, son, wife?

Because he does not dare to scold the rural judge,—he is afraid of him.

How does he dare to scold his wife, son, brother? God has forbidden this.

Consequently he is less afraid of God than of the rural judge, or he does not believe in God.

It is said that a man cannot bring a gift before God if he is at war with his brother. It says that, before going into the temple, he must make his peace with his brother.

So it says, and all the churches are full of people, all pray to God, and is there among them one among a thousand who does not have at least ten, hundreds of brothers, with whom he has not made his peace?

They quarrel, hate one another, and make no peace, as though they did not understand what is said.

But it is impossible not to understand,—it says so plainly and so simply, "First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

And about the same thing it says even more clearly, in the same sermon, "But if ye forgive not men their

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trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses" (Matt. vi. 15).

It is impossible not to understand this. If we do not forgive our brother his trespasses, if we are not reconciled with him, God will not receive any prayer.

And what Jesus commands is not difficult.

It is not difficult for us to go to church, to dress ourselves up, place tapers, stand through divine service; it is not difficult every day to tear oneself away from work and kneel. Why, then, is it difficult, before doing so, to go to a brother and ask his forgiveness, and make peace with him?

Evidently we do not wish to do what God commands us to do.

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X.

PROSELYTISM

1

THE conversation of others is effective and complete only when it is the consequence (almost unconsciously) of one's own confirmation and, therefore, improvement.

2

I frequently reproach myself (in bad moments) for not having insisted on my opinion, but I have never been able to insist, not only in fact, but even in words.

The moment I saw that my acts or words caused suffering, I stopped, or, if I did not stop, I regretted them. I could not do otherwise, because my aim, as professed by me, is the good of others. If evil results, I am naturally to blame, and evidently I am doing something wrong.

More than that: I have convinced myself that the words, "No one comes to me except he whom the Father draws," are the most exact definition of reality.

How this regeneration, this resurrection to the true life, is accomplished is a mystery, which is taking place under our eyes, and it is impossible to comprehend its process.

It is God's mystery, — His relation with every man.

It is not right — it is a sin — to mix up in this affair.

No one is ever able to attract, to convert, another, and the desire to attract, to convert, another man, namely, a certain man or men, is the cause of terrible evils.

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It is the sacred business of our life to shine with the light which is in us, before people, before all people.

This is very difficult at first, but later gives greater power and rest.

Not my will shall be done, but His!

I feel like serving these men, and He wants His own, and I cannot interfere with His arrangement.

It is my business to seek His will and to fulfil it.

But His will is the love of all, of all those who are nearest to me, submission to Him, and humility before oneself.

3

I am very glad that in the last three years every vestige of proselytism, which had been very strong, has vanished.

I am so strongly convinced that that which for me is a truth, is a truth for all men, that the question as to when and as to what people will arrive at does not interest me.

Yesterday I ground some coffee, and now and then I watched to see when a particular bean which I had observed would come between the cogs.

Apparently this is an idle and even a dangerous occupation, because, while busying myself with the coffee-bean, I stopped grinding and moved the bean nearer to the mouth.

All will be ground up, if we continue to grind, and we cannot help grinding, because not we, but God carries on this grinding process through us and through the whole spiritual world.

4

We must do what we can under existing conditions, — but we must think and express our thoughts independently of existing conditions.

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This frequently confuses me for my own sake and for the sake of others.

How if we do not give the reins to our thought and expression, in view of existing conditions?

This is, indeed, the most sinful suicide!

We must do things independently of existing conditions.

There are many such very important thoughts of yours, and for this reason we eighteen hundred years after Christ live in such darkness that these existing conditions are taken by men for something which might arrest thought.

What I have sowed will come up, though not in my time.

We must sow, forgetting about the conditions.

We must do the internal and the external work: communicate our thoughts and express them.

The consciousness of the illegality of war and violence, and their incompatibility with Christianity, has so matured everywhere that a coarse advocacy of barbarism is needed, in order to support this deception.

5

I want and I think, I want and I believe, and I will work.

Not I shall see it, but others, — but I will do my work.

An excellent thought that the moral law is similar to the philosophical thought, — only it is *im Werden*. It is more than *im Werden*, — it is cognized.

Soon it will be wrong to put in prisons, men will not wage war, glut themselves, take away from the hungry, even as now it is not permitted to devour men or trade in them.

What happiness to be a worker in the clearly defined divine work!

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6

If you love God's good, love it, that is, live by it, you also see happiness and life in it. But you also see that the body hampers the true good, not your good, but it keeps you from seeing the good and its fruits.

Let us look at the fruits of the good, — and we shall stop doing the good. More than that: by looking, you spoil the good, you glory, you lose courage.

Only then will what you do be a true good, when you shall not exist, to spoil it.

Prepare more: sow, knowing that not you, the man, will reap.

One sows, another reaps. You, the man, are the sower, — you will not reap.

If you shall not only reap, but also weed, — you will ruin the wheat.

Sow and sow! And if you sow what is God's, there can be no doubt, — it will grow up.

What before appeared cruel, namely, that I am not allowed to see the fruits, — it is now clear to me, — is not only not cruel, but good and sensible.

How could I distinguish the true good, God's good, from what is not true, if I, the carnal man, could make use of its fruits?

Now it is clear: what you do, without seeing any reward, what you do lovingly, is certainly God's work.

Sow and sow, and God will make it grow and will reap what is His, not what you, the man, sow, but what within you sows.

7

I am sad, because my work is not growing as I wish.

This is the same as being sad because what has been sowed does not come up at once, because the kernel cannot be seen.

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It is true, there is no watering.

If there were watering, there would be works that are firm and clear, in the name of the teaching.

They are not so, because God does not wish.

8

In the teaching of the twelve apostles it says, "Arraign some, pray for others, and others again love better than thyself."

In this I see something like a guidance.

At least it so happens with me: at first I arraign, that is, express my views, and so become angry; then, in order not to continue the anger, I stop arraigning, I merely express my views directly, wishing (praying) that they may understand; but those who understand I sincerely love, without any effort, more than my own soul.

Here, it seems to me, is the second, the most important, the most difficult stage, which occurs more frequently than any other.

As soon as the disagreement, the mental distortion, is cleared away, in consequence of which it seems that reason is not obligatory for your interlocutor, — what is to be done?

In my opinion, we must pray, wish with all our soul, but not speak, not use that means which has already proved inefficient.

We must with all our hearts wish these people good.

What does this mean?

It means, to love them, love them in deed.

September, 1887.

9

We can and should know the truth and on its basis measure all human affairs, if, as always happens, the sub-

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ject of the writing has reference to human affairs. In the direct communion with men, in judging small, private acts which always are the result of more complex conditions of life, which are connected with the private life, it is an entirely different matter.

I am something different in those moments, the best moments of my life, when I, alone with God, strive with all the power of my soul to understand Him, when I have rejected in so far as I was able everything personal and live by my divine part alone.

I, when I write, and when I am in communion with men, submit to their effect upon me, when in me arise all the mean qualities of my personality, when I have no time to give an account to myself of who I am and of why I speak or do what I speak or do.

These are two beings which do not at all resemble each other as to their worth, — one stands on the highest rung of the ladder of the perfection which is accessible to me, the other — on the lowest.

I am not the least sorry because people are angry at me and scold me, for expressing the truth; but in my personal intercourse I feel that in the majority of cases I am myself bad, myself a contemptible vessel, which soils its contents.

When we write, we try to conceal ourselves, not because such a method is accepted, but because we know that what is sacred and true is not we, as a personality, but what this personality comprehends.

When we are read (if we are able to conceal ourselves), it is not we, but the truth, that is loved or hated, and it is not our fault.

But in our intercourse the personality of the interlocutor at once makes its appearance, and, no matter how careful we may be, he infects you; your personality comes to the surface and loses the possibility of correct judgment, correct valuation, and what generally happens is this, that I

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loving, want to transmit to another what I theoretically and practically know as the truth, which gives the good; the truth, which is so indubitable that sages and children even cannot help but agree in it, — and suddenly it turns out that my interlocutor is angry, has not only failed to understand me, but during the conversation with me has, in my very sight, thought out a still more insipid sophism (which conceals the good from us) than the one he had before, and goes away from me with this new insipidity, and with anger, directed not only against me, but also against the direction in which I wished to lead.

How can one remain indifferent to such a strange phenomenon?

In the Gospel it says, "Cast not a pearl — "

But this is cruel, and how understand, and how dare determine, who are the swine?

September, 1887.

10

When you see that a man whom you love is sinning, you cannot help but wish that he should repent; but I must remember with this, that under the best circumstances, that is, with the most unconditional sincerity, he can repent only within the limits of his conscience, and not within the limits of mine.

The demands of my conscience from me may be much higher than the demands of his conscience from him, and it would be quite senseless on my part mentally to foist on him the demands of my conscience.

Besides, in these cases it must not be forgotten that, no matter how guilty a man may be, no quarrels with him, nor arraignments, nor admonitions are in themselves able to make him repent, because a man can only repent himself, while another cannot repent him.

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11

Formerly I was agitated by quasi-retorts, but now they do not agitate me, nor even interest me in the least.

Let them prove, either on the basis of Christ's teaching, or on the basis of reason, that we must kill, sit in judgment, and punish, that we must believe in the church, and so forth. How can I dispute with them?

Do you know those mathematical quibbles, by means of which it is proved that a part is greater than the whole, or that two is equal to three? If I am busy, I cannot in the least be interested in the solution of such a quibble; but I can have no doubt as to a part being less than the whole, or two being equal to two.

Even so it is now.

I see that I have disputed, proved, unravelled sophisms, only because I myself was confused and did not see what is obvious.

Now the solution of quibbles does not interest me. Besides, I see the uselessness of this occupation, since there can be an endless number of such quibbles.

One has no time to attend to them.

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XI.

OWNERSHIP

1

OWNERSHIP is a fiction, — an imaginary something, which exists only for those who believe in Mammon, and so serve him.

The believer in Christ's teaching is freed from ownership, not by some act, not by the transfer of his property at once or by degrees into other people's hands (in not recognizing the significance of ownership for himself, he cannot recognize it in the case of others), but internally, through the recognition that it does not exist, and cannot exist, but mainly, that it is not indispensable for him or for others.

How will a true Christian act? He will live, complying in godly fashion with the demands of life, which will present themselves to him, being, naturally, guided by his ties with the past, but in no case will he build his activity on the relations of ownership.

Pupils want to continue studying in an industrial school, or a peasant, who has had his hut burned down, begs for money for another hut.

A Christian has nothing, and can have nothing, but they ask of him, because he is a proprietor.

What is to be done?

He must fulfil what they ask of him, if this is not contrary to Christ's commandments.

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If he is considered to be a proprietor and they ask him for something, he fulfils the prayer.

Thus I think, and thus I decide in my own case, but I do not at all insist that this is a solution for all men.

Of course, it is better to give than to receive and hoard (although even here it is hardly better, if vanity is added), but in general there can be nothing good in the giving of money.

It is something like the game of Old Maids.

2

I am still unable to explain to myself what it is.

Ownership, as it now is, is an evil.

Ownership in itself, as a joy at what I did and how and wherewith I did it, is a good.

And it became clear to me.

There was no spoon, but there was a billet of wood. I reasoned it out, took the trouble, and cut out a spoon. What doubt is there that it is mine, like the nest of this bird, — its nest, which it uses when and how it pleases?

But ownership which is protected by violence (by a policeman with a revolver) is an evil.

Make a spoon and eat with it, and that, too, so long as another person does not need it, — that is clear.

The question is difficult, because I have made a crutch for my lame fellow, and the drunkard takes it to break the door with it.

The drunkard has to be asked to give up the crutch, and it is unquestionable that, the more men there are, who will ask, the more certainly will the crutch remain with him who needs it.

3

We can count as little on any kind of work, which may support us in a certain manner, as on the right of

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the ownership of land or of capital, and even less, because he who counts on the right of ownership counts directly on violence and does not neglect it, while he who counts on constant work seems to deny violence.

But we are all so spoiled and weak that for every one of us there is a minimum of comforts of life, below which we cannot descend without suffering, and by which our ability to be useful is impaired, and yet it is impossible to make work secure.

Here enters the tragical element.

If I have not one hundred thousand in the bank, I shall not be angry, but if I have no work which provides me with the minimum, I shall consider all guilty.

A Christian cannot get away from living for Christ's sake.

There is but one legitimate life, — to receive alms, for Christ's sake, from him who gives, whoever it may be, and to give his labour to anybody, without casting his accounts, but only feeling his guilt, constantly wishing to give more than he takes, assuming life to consist in this, — this is the only legitimate form of life.

April, 1888.

4

Ownership with the right to defend it and with the duty of the government to secure and recognize it, is not only not a Christian, but an anti-Christian, invention.

For a Christian one thing is important, — not to live in such a way as to be served, but to serve others.

This rule, if it be recognized in its simplest sense, must be referred to the simplest and clearest and most obvious things and must be understood in this sense, that not others are to serve me at the table, but I am to serve others; the horse is not to be harnessed for me, but I am to harness it for others; clothes and boots are not to be made for me, nor soup, coffee to be prepared for me, wood

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chopped, stoves heated for me, but I am to do all this for others.

From the fact that a man cannot do everything himself and that there is a division of labour, it does not follow at all that I must do nothing, except mental labour, which is expressed in my physical idleness and the work with tongue and pen alone.

Such a division of labour, in which some people have to do work above their strength, all without exception, old men and children, stupid and talented people, while also without exception, every one of them, stupid and clever people, must busy themselves with playing the piano, or delivering lectures, or reading books, or sermons, — such a division of labour cannot be and has never been; it is slavery, the oppression of one class of people by another, that is, a most anti-Christian business.

And so the most spiritual-mental work for a Christian consists in not coöperating in this; in depriving himself of the possibility of exploiting the work of others, and in consciously placing himself in the position of those who serve others.

At one time I wrote about Peter the First, and I had a good explanation of Peter's character and all his rascalities in his having constantly been very busy, — he built boats, and turned wood, and travelled, wrote decrees, and so forth.

Idleness is the mother of all vices, — this is a truism, but that a feverish, hurried activity is a constant concomitant of dissatisfaction with oneself and, above all, with all people, — this all people do not know.

5

Every man can sin, and everybody is sinful, but the trouble is, when a man judges, he is pulling the wool over his own eyes.

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"If the light which is in you be darkness, what is the darkness?"

"Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

The question as to the relations to men has long ago been decided, not only in the abstract, but also in the practical sense.

"Woe unto the rich. A rich man cannot pass into the kingdom of God. Give to him who asks. Sell your possessions and distribute them," and so forth.

A Christian cannot distribute any property, and so he must have no surplus, and there is no question as to how to divide the surplus. If there is a surplus, I must, before being able to judge of the deserts of him with whom I am to divide, judge myself, and judge myself severely, for having a surplus, and recognize that I am sinful and guilty.

There can be no question for a Christian as to how he shall do good with his surplus, but there is only the question as to how to free himself from that sin which has evoked in him the desire to collect and preserve this surplus.

6

Act upon people with all the powers given you by God, and of these powers the chief is not property, but that degree of renunciation of the personal life which you have attained.

If you simply threw away your property, without giving anything to any one (of course, without tempting people, in order to get rid of it on purpose), and showed that you are not only just as joyous, quiet, good, and happy, without the property, as with it, but even more so, you would affect people much more powerfully, and would be doing them more good, than if you enticed them by the division of your surplus.

I do not say that we must not act upon others, help

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them; on the contrary, I consider life to be in this. But aid must be given with pure means, and not with impure means, with property.

But to be able to help, the main thing is, while we are ourselves not pure, — to purify ourselves.

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XII.

FAMILY RELATIONS

1

THERE is in all of us a strange feature in our relations between parents and children, and vice versa.

There is great love and there is not sufficient attention to their lives.

There is far from being the same serious comprehension of the life of a father, a daughter, that there is of that of a complete stranger, and I struggle for my own sake with this error, which I meet everywhere.

2

It is remarkable how exacting the men who themselves are opposed to Christ's teaching are to those who wish to live in conformity with this teaching.

It is enough only once in the presence of these people to express the idea that, strictly speaking, it would be necessary to act so and so in Christian fashion, for them later to be sure always to demand from the followers of the Christian teaching precisely such a behaviour, and no other. Without themselves sharing the Christian conception, they, none the less, make on a Christian the highest demands to which his consciousness is able to rise.

In general, imperfect and feeble men demand of others the manifestation of perfection, especially from those who

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are nearest to them, as though instinctively making demands on the convexity of others, which precisely correspond to their own concavities.

For a man who wishes to follow Christ's teaching, the constant intercourse with such spiritually feeble men is very useful, as a constant verification and reminder.

The demands which are made on him cover the whole surface of his life as though with a layer of sulphuric acid, which, penetrating into all the minutest indentations and chinks, burns out of them the last remainders of foreign substances.

One cannot imagine any better conditions for purifying oneself from one's blemishes.

3

It is evident that the university courses and the ruling science are a holiness for the believers. Put your hand on science, and there will rise sentiments which resemble those that would be evoked in an Orthodox at the profanation of images.

One is permitted to put his hands on ladies with locks and on all other kinds of ladies, but the class of young ladies who study is sacred. In offending this science, which is sacred to them, absolutely everything is forgotten.

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XIII.

VARIA

1

THE answer to this assertion is so simple:

"For the common good, courts, etc., are needed."

"Very well."

I am not called to establish this common welfare; even though I may think of the common welfare, I cannot think of it differently than Christ has taught me to think of it, that is, as of a condition of the kingdom of God.

Since I am not called to establish this welfare, my only duty in this respect will be to live in such a way as not to impair the common welfare; but I cannot live thus otherwise than by never and in no form doing any harm to others. But to condemn a man to prison is an evil for that man and for his relatives.

This is so clear and so simple to me, that I marvel how people can find an answer to it.

2

If we all, agreeing in the fundamental, the rational things, should also agree in the details, some one of us would have no reason for living, — he would have to die: we should be repeating each other and could not work out anything real for ourselves and for others.

Such an agreement would be a lie, as would be the

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agreement of all men as to what a horse represents to him who looks at it in front or behind: one would say that it has a long tail between its legs, while another would say that it has a short tail between its eyes. If we know what a horse is, we shall not deny that we see the same horse, that we see its various sides.

This is like the assertion that a melon which is cut lengthwise or across is not the same melon. If a whole is composed of all its parts, a full melon, no matter how it may be cut, is one and the same melon. All that is necessary is for it to be full and one whole.

The same thing may be cut from different sides, without impairing its entirety, — and if this is possible, it is only a cause for joy.

There are related minds of one type of character. And, no matter how a man may begin to cut (think), no matter from what side he may begin, he will find predecessors, who have done the same and who make his work easier.

October, 1887.

3

Before me is a sensible being, loving by nature, which can be happy only in the consciousness of this its loving, rational nature. I see that this being is unhappy, and I want to help it.

A horse has become entangled in the reins, — I want to disentangle it, but the horse will not let me.

Shall I pull at the reins, and get it worse entangled?

It is evident that I shall not do so.

A man does not let me, — he thinks that I want to do worse.

Shall I continue what he does not want, not because he does not want the good for himself, but because he does not believe that I want his good?

It is just as with the horse, when I pat it.

Reason is expressed in love. And so, where reason is

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dimmed, it cannot be reëstablished through itself, but only through its consequence, love.

It is impossible to verify reason by reason, but it is possible to do so by love, its consequence.

With dimmed mind a man does not believe in mind; as he has not the true mind, he does not know which is the true one, and which not. But even without knowing any proofs of reason, if a man sees that its consequence is love, he recognizes that what has produced this love is rational, and then only will his contorted reason be mended, and coincide with the true reason.

Every child and every naïve man considers that man wise who loves him, and those causes rational by which he is loved.

Only by the love of a rational man for him does another recognize the rational foundations of the love.

If I had such a love for those people to whom I communicate my rational foundations of life, a love like the one which a mother has for her child, no one would doubt the veracity of these foundations.

A rational consciousness of the truths which are revealed to us in our soul and, besides, by Christ, is a great, a very great good; but we are inclined to ascribe to this consciousness too great a significance. We rejoice too much at it, and we stop, as though we have reached everything we need.

It is indeed an enormous step, in comparison with that darkness in which we have lived; but still this is only a step, and even a tiny step, after which must follow the procession on that vast path which is opened up to us in the application of this consciousness to life and love. It does not at once take the place of our cruel, bestial, bilious life, with its habits and passions, by which we have been living, but is poured into our soul by drops. That love, which by its essence demands an endless growth of transport, fills our soul but slowly.

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My work over this is only beginning.

In this sense I rebuke myself for not being able to convince or vanquish people by means of that invincible love which is given us.

You walk about alone and think and, as it were, feel in yourself the conception of this force. It seems that I shall meet a man and shall at once drench and cover him with this invincible force which is being conceived in me; but I come to the affair, I meet the man, and instead of the indestructible sword, which I thought I was holding in my hand, it turns out to be a frail, brittle sprout, which I break at the first encounter, and throw away, and tread underfoot.

And again I grow and wait.

September, 1887.

4

You say: "Defend the truth against men who attack it."

But if it is the truth, what can the attacks of the lie do to it? The fact that it is being attacked is the best proof that it is the truth. And if you are persecuted, rejoice and be merry, — prophets of the lie thus have always persecuted, and always will persecute, the prophets of the truth.

There is a period (a degree of faith, of course), during which the persecutions make many men doubt the truth; then there comes such a certitude that there is manifested indifference to the persecution, and then the persecutions give pleasure, showing obviously the weakness of the lie, which is recognized by the lie itself.

"Jesus, son of David," shout the representatives of the lie, although he does not touch them, "go away from us, — why hast Thou come to torment us?"

And having shouted thus, they run away, not as fast as we should like them to, — but still they run away.

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5

I have read Médov's work on China. He is entirely devoted to the Chinese civilization, like every sensible, sincere man who knows Chinese life.

In nothing is the significance of ridicule seen better than in the case of China. When a man is unable to understand a thing, he ridicules it.

China, a country of 360 millions of inhabitants, the richest, most ancient, happy, peaceful nation, lives by certain principles. We have ridiculed these principles, and it seems to us that we have settled China.

6

Generally something mystical is seen in our view of life and death. But there is nothing of the kind.

I like my garden, I like to read a book, I like to pet my children. Dying, I am deprived of all this, and so I do not want to die, and I am afraid of death.

It may happen that my whole life is composed of such temporal, worldly desires and their gratification. If so, I cannot help but fear that my desires will come to an end. But if these desires and their gratification have been changed in me, giving way to other desires, — to fulfil God's will, to surrender myself to Him in the form in which I am now and in all the possible forms in which I may be, then, the more my desires have changed, the less death is, not only terrible to me, but the less even does it exist for me.

But if my desires will be completely changed, there is nothing but life, and there is no death.

To exchange the worldly, the temporal, for the eternal, this is the path of life, and we must walk on it.

Each of us knows how this is in his soul.

May, 1886.

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7

A writer, an artist, needs, besides his external talent, two other things, — the first, to know positively what ought to be; the second, so to believe in what ought to be as to be able to represent what ought to be as though it were, as though I lived amidst it.

With the incomplete (unprepared) artists there is one of the things, but not the other. One has the ability to see what ought to be, as though it were, but he does not know what ought to be. With another it is the other way.

The majority of untalented productions belong to the second kind; the majority of so-called artistic productions belongs to the first kind.

People feel that they must not write what is, and that this will not be art, but they do not know what ought to be, and they begin to write what was (historic art), or, instead of writing what ought to be, they write what pleases them or their circle.

March, 1887.

8

Life must be guided by three commanders (it submits to them involuntarily), but for the personal question there arises the question: To what demands and to what extent must a man, for his good, surrender himself when all demands are made at the same time?

He wants to eat, and so to go after the potatoes, to invent the best constructed tool for digging them out and to make the calculations and the drawing for it, and to go and wipe off the wet and freezing child and so take him into the house.

The whole of life consists of such trilemmas.

What is one to be guided by in them?

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God's will is manifested in three ways: to which of these manifestations is he to submit more especially?

It is not possible to determine this gradually, — it has to be decided at once.

The chief mover (the only one in my opinion) is the service of men. This service may be accomplished in two ways: through mental and through material work.

But the determination which at a given moment is preferable, more lawful, is again decided only by the highest mover, which is not love alone, but love and comprehension, that is, comprehension which has risen to love, or love which is enlightened by the comprehension.

October, 1887.

9

I have convinced myself that a man cannot be beneficent if he does not lead an absolutely good life, and much less if he leads a bad life. By making use of the conditions of a bad life, for the purpose of taming this bad life, you make excursions into the sphere of beneficence.

I have convinced myself that beneficence can satisfy itself and others only when it shall be an inevitable consequence of a good life, and that the demands of this good life are very far from those conditions in which I live.

I have convinced myself that the possibility of beneficence to people is the crown and precious reward of a good life, and that, in order to attain this aim, there is a long ladder, on the first rung of which I have not yet thought of stepping.

A man can do good to people only if others, and he himself, do not know that the good is being done, so that the right hand may not know what the left is doing, — as it says in the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, that

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the alms may leave thy hands, without thy knowing to whom thou art giving.

You can do good only when your whole life is a service of the good.

Beneficence cannot be an aim, — it is inevitably the consequence and fruit of a good life. What fruit can there be on a dry tree, which has no live roots, nor live bark, nor branches, nor buds, nor leaves, nor flowers?

We can stick on fruits, as apples and oranges are attached to the Christmas tree by means of ribbons, but the Christmas tree will not come to life through it, and will not bring forth oranges and apples.

Before thinking of the fruit, the tree has to be rooted, grafted, and grown large. But to root, graft, and grow the tree of the good, we have to think of many things and labour over many things, before we can rejoice at the fruits of the good, which we shall give to others.

It is possible to distribute strange fruits, hung up on a dry tree, but there is in that nothing which resembles the good.

10

A marvellous night. It was so clear to me that our life is the fulfilment of a duty imposed upon us. And everything is done so that the fulfilment may be joyous.

Everything is bathed in joy.

Sufferings, losses, death, — all this is good.

Sufferings produce happiness and joy, as labour produces rest, pain — the consciousness of health, the death of near friends — the consciousness of duty, because this is the one consolation.

One's own death is a calming.

But the reverse cannot be said. Rest does not produce fatigue, health — pain, the consciousness of duty — death.

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Everything is joy, so long as there is the consciousness of duty.

Man's life is to us a familiar wave, which is all clothed in splendour and joy.

11

It is frequently said (I used to say so) that the censorship, violence in general, attains the opposite results.

This is frequently said as a paradox; but this is the real truth, the obvious truth, just as indubitable as this, that by closing the shutter in the stove you help the combustion of the fuel.

If the censorship grieved us, this would prove that we are just as near-sighted as they.

They work for the same God, only we can believe that we are willing workers, while they are unwilling ones.

I remember, the other day I tried to count up those who shared our view, and I counted them all on my fingers; now I see that we must not count by men, but by different phenomena.

Now there, now here, amidst the darkness, sparks burn up.

I see them, and I rejoice at them.

12

It seems to me that the terror of death is physical, a physical ailment, like the toothache, rheumatism, and that we must act toward this condition precisely as toward physical suffering, without ascribing to it a hair's worth more significance.

Well, you have a toothache or a stomach-ache, or you are assailed by sadness and your heart is pained. Let it pain me, what is that to me? Either it will pain me and pass, or I shall indeed die from this pain. In either case there is nothing bad about it.

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It seems to me that it is possible not to be afraid of one's pain; when one knows it from experience, this means, to take away from it what is tormenting.

This is physical pain, and to vanquish it, to make it inoffensive, we must agree with it, and not think, as we do, of a struggle with it. Else we prepare ourselves for the struggle, and in our imagination we exaggerate, are intimidated by it.

Of course, the chief means of security is the habit of thought, the conception of the carnal death.

If we represent death to ourselves and evoke in our soul what destroys its terror (there is only the terror, and not death itself), what you evoke is more than sufficient to destroy all the carnal terrors of madness and of solitary confinement.

Twenty-five years of madness or of solitary confinement, in any case, only seem a prolongation of agony; but in reality there is no prolongation, because before the true life which is given us, an hour and a thousand years are one and the same.

13

If we remember and believe "Thy will be done," everything is easy, everything is good; but if we do not remember, do not believe, everything is difficult, everything is bad.

When I was a child, we had a simpleton, Grishka, for a gardener. In my childhood we used to go in the dark to hear him pray in the greenhouse. After the prayers and the verse about the righteous on the right hand, he began to converse with God:

"Thou art my master, my feeder, my doctor, my apothecary" (if he had been a woman, he would have said, "my midwife").

And no matter what doctors, apothecaries, and midwives there may be, He, His law, none the less remains

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the chief thing above us, and He will do as He pleases.

From this it does not follow that we must not make use of what has been done by man for the alleviation of his material life. We must make use of everything, but within the limits of reason, that is, of what is clear, indubitable.

It is unquestionably necessary, when waiting for one's wife to give birth to a child, to call in a man who is expert in childbirth; also, to make use of everything for the alleviation of the incipient sufferings; but in advance to invent means for the alleviation of sufferings which have not yet come, is doubtful, the more so since the means is not in common use.

I am absolutely against chloroform and laughing-gas. God gives the childbirth, God will also give the strength, but to add strength —

There is a view about medicine, which is also ascribed to me, that medicine is evil and that we must free ourselves from it and in no case make use of it.

This view is incorrect.

There is another view, which is, that a man does and suffers, not because this is proper for him, but only because the doctor did not come in time, or was mistaken in the diagnosis, or did not find the proper medicine, or because medicine has not yet invented the right thing, though it will do so in a trice.

This view is unfortunately very common: it is preached by the doctors. It is at the same time the most injurious.

From the first mistake the body suffers at times, but from the second the spirit suffers always.

My relation to medicine will always be like this: I will not seek in advance any help against menacing death and sufferings, because, if I shall do so, all my life will pass in it, and yet my aim will not be attained; but

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I will make use of those means for protecting myself against death and suffering which are applied by men who are specially occupied with this matter, and who involuntarily make their way into my life, but only in the limits of what is confirmed to me by the obviousness of its action, by experience, by its diffusion, and by its accessibility, that is, by those means the use of which does not impair my moral necessities.

Here there constantly arise dilemmas, and their solutions are in the heart of each man.

I am convincing myself more and more that the less a man divines, and the more he surrenders himself to circumstances and provocations, the more happy he is, and the more fruitful is his activity.

14

How often a man will make a clever statement, and this clever saying will make him ridiculous!

He wanted to get married, but this witticism resulted in his being rejected.

A jester in the church cried, "Fire!" and the result of this jest was seven dead persons.

Is the jester to blame? He wanted only to jest.

If a man, loading a gun, accidentally kills another, he will feel sorry and he will after that load his gun more carefully; but he will have no feelings of regret, no consciousness that he has acted wrongly.

If a jester, without considering the consequences, calls out "Fire!" in a Catholic church, and the frightened supplicants crush several people to death, the jester will feel more sorry still, and he will never jest so again, but he will have no repentance, no consciousness of a bad act.

But if a man, hating or despising another, makes fun of him, puts him in a ridiculous situation, pulls a chair away from under him, and the other, in falling, hurts his head,

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grows sick, and dies, there will, in addition to pain and compassion, appear also repentance, not because the man was killed, but because the motive of the act was contempt, hatred, malice toward a man. "By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned. For every idle word that people shall say, they will be made to answer."

What a profound truth this is!

At first it seems that this is far removed from practical life, something unnecessary, but it is something very near, very necessary for writers, publicists, and all of us, who are constantly committing similar sins.

15

You ask me about the Buddhistic conception of Karma.

This is what I thought lately.

In a dream we live almost as in waking. Pascal, I think, says that if we saw ourselves in a dream always in one position, and in waking in several, we should consider the dream to be reality, and reality a dream.

This is not quite correct.

Reality differs from a dream in that it is, above all else, more real, more true, so that I should say: if we did not know life to be more real than a dream, we should consider dreaming to be all life, and should never doubt but that it was real life.

Now, our whole life, from birth to death, with its dreams, is it not in its turn a dream which we take to be reality, — real life, — and in the reality of which we do not doubt, only because we do not know a more real life?

I do not so much think, as I am convinced, that this is so.

As dreams in this life are a condition during which we live by the impressions, feelings, thoughts of the preceding

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life and gather strength for the subsequent life, even so our whole present life is a condition during which we live by the karma of the preceding more real life, during which we gather strength, work out the karma for the subsequent, more real life, from which we have emerged.

As we have thousands of dreams in this life, so this our life is one of thousands of such lives, into which we enter from this more real, actual, true life, from which we emerge, entering into this life, and to which we return, when we die.

Our life is one of the dreams of that more real life, and so forth, ad infinitum, up to the one, last, real life, — the life of God.

The birth and appearance of the conceptions about the world is a falling asleep; and the sweetest dream, death, is an awakening.

Early death, — a man has been awakened, he has not had his full sleep.

Late death, — he has had his full sleep and was sleeping feebly, when he was awakened.

Suicide, — this is a nightmare, which is destroyed by recalling that you are asleep, and you make an effort, and you wake up.

A man who lives by this life alone, who does not anticipate any other, — this is a heavy sleep.

The heaviest sleep, without dreams, is a semi-animal condition.

To feel in sleep what is going on around you, to sleep lightly, to be ready at any moment to awaken, — this is to recognize, though dimly, that other life, from which you have come and to which you return.

In sleep a man is always an egoist and lives alone, without the participation of others, without any connection with others.

In that life which we call real there is more connection

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with others, there is something resembling the love of our neighbours.

But in the one from which we have emerged and whither we go, this connection is closer still: love is no longer anything wished for, but real.

In that other life, for which even this is a preparation, the connection and the love is even closer and greater. And in this dream we feel all that may be and will be there.

The foundation of everything is already in us and penetrates all dreams.

I believe in it, see it indubitably, know it, and, dying, shall be glad that I am awakening to that more real world of love.

December, 1891.

16

I have transferred myself in thought to your situation and have suffered with you for that guard, who loads his gun against people, and is ready to kill and at the same time understands Christ's teaching.

I feel this with particular vividness, because I have for two years without interruption tried to grasp this mystery and to comprehend its phenomena, and I have lived in them.

The other day, as I was on my way to Byegichévka, I fell in with a special train of soldiers with rods and full cartridges, who were travelling to pacify those starving people with whom we had lived the year before. They were all like your guard, with this difference only, that they understand what they are doing: this can be seen by their fugitive eyes and because they themselves acknowledge that it is a shame.

The kingdom of God is near, — at the door.

I cannot help but think so, and I shall live and die with this consciousness; the main thing is, that the time

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that I have left to live I want to live in such a way as to coöperate with this realization.

It is very likely that I am not doing what I ought to for this purpose, — maybe I am in error; but I know that only in a life which realizes the kingdom of God, in the search of the kingdom of God and of truth, does for me the whole meaning of life consist. I know that it is the same with you, and when I see, as now, that you, seeking the realization of the kingdom of God and of His truth, do not enter into struggle (there is no struggle for one who walks on the Christian path, — everything steps aside before him), but subject yourself to the whole force of temptation, I am agitated for you, I love you with a special, ecstatic love.

The temptations are from two sides: to weaken, to renounce (I am not afraid of this in your case), and to become proud of your strength. I know that you know this temptation better than I and look out for it, but I say what I think and what I feel for you.

The strength with which we conquer and will conquer is not ours, but the Father's, and the more we remove ourselves, the more real is this strength.

January, 1891.

17

All the time I was reading his letter I kept saying, "Amen."

What surprises me is how a man, who so profoundly and so soberly understands Christ's teaching, as he does, can expect anything from violence and its servants. This is a terrible deception! Something like the deception of money. It seems that the Tsar and money can do everything.

If a man, who has no clear conception as to what the good is, were told that neither the Tsar nor money can do any good, he would think it strange.

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"What? A man had no bread and he bought it for money and stilled his hunger. Or, — people were sitting in prison, and the Tsar commanded that they be let out, — is this not good?"

It is not, because, if there were no money, nor everything which is connected with it, a man could not help but have bread; and if there were no Tsar, nor that which is connected with him, nobody would be sitting in a prison.

How wonderful! If I had still any doubt as to it being possible by means of money to do good, I should have been fully convinced now, when I am buying corn for money and feeding several thousand people with it, that it is impossible with money to do anything but evil.

You will say, "Why, then, do you continue doing it?"

Because I cannot tear myself away, and because I do not experience anything but the most oppressive sensation, and so I think that I am not doing it for the gratification of my personality.

The burden is not in the labour, — the labour, on the contrary, is joyous and attractive, — nor in the occupation, for which I have no heart, but in the constant internal consciousness of shame before myself.

Please do not seek in these words of mine for any general meaning, — I write simply *au courant de la plume*, to a spiritually congenial man, who, I know, will understand me from hints, who will understand what I feel.

It makes me feel bad, or rather, awkward, when frequently men well disposed to me take me seriously, seeking and demanding a complete correspondence between my words and my acts.

"But how is it that you say one thing, and do another?"

I am no saint, and I have never given myself out for a saint; I am a man who am carried away and sometimes, or, more correctly, always, say, not fully what I think and

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feel, not because I do not want to say it, but because I cannot, frequently exaggerate, and simply err.

This is so as regards words. As regards acts it is even worse.

I am an absolutely weak man, with vicious habits, who wishes to serve the God of truth, but who keeps constantly getting off the road.

The moment I am looked upon as a man who cannot err, every mistake of mine appears either a lie or a bit of hypocrisy.

But if I am understood to be a weak man, the disagreement between my words and my acts will be a sign of weakness, and not of lying and hypocrisy. And then I shall appear as what I really am: bad, but sincerely, with my whole soul, always, and even now, wishing to be absolutely good, that is, a good servant of God.

February, 1892.

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LETTERS ON THE FAMINE

1892

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TRANSLATOR'S NOTE

THE "Letters on the Famine" appeared in Russia in the years 1891 and 1892, and later, in 1895, in Switzerland; in the latter edition many passages omitted or corrupted by the censor are given in full, but evidently other variants are due to a revision, no doubt by Tolstóy himself. The letters are here translated from the Swiss edition; but all noteworthy divergent readings in the Russian edition which are not obviously due to the censor are given, when short, in brackets in the text, otherwise at the foot of the page, and are in either case followed by the letter R. The Swiss edition is preceded by the following introtion:

"'The Letters on the Famine' were written by Lev Nikoláevich Tolstóy in Byegichévka, during the very heat of his activity in arranging free eating-houses for the starving.

"At first, this article in a brief extract, thanks to the conditions of the censorship, appeared in the *Weekly Books;* then it appeared in an English translation, and only later, in a translation from the English, in the columns of the *Moscow Gazette.*

"The question as to how this exploit of the *Moscow Gazette* happened remains unexplained, but the consequence of the appearance of the article 'On the Famine' was this, that the administration of the city of Moscow was for some reason very much provoked by it, and began to threaten to expel Lev Nikoláevich's family from Russia.

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"Under the influence of these threats, Countesses Sófya Andréevna and Tatyána Lvóvna begged their husband and father to give the administration the statement demanded of him, and upon this occasion Lev Nikoláevich wrote his wife the letter which is given below."

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TOLSTÓY'S LETTER TO HIS WIFE

I SEE from your tone that I am guilty of something and that I have to justify myself before somebody.

This tone must not be permitted.

I have for twelve years been writing what I think and what can please neither the government nor the ruling classes, and I have not been writing this accidentally, but consciously, and I not only do not intend to justify myself in this, but even hope that those who want me to justify myself will themselves try, if not to justify themselves, at least to clear themselves of what not I, but their whole life accuses them of.

In this particular case this is what is taking place: the government establishes an insipid, illegal censorship, which keeps people's thoughts from appearing in their real light, and so the involuntary result of it is that they appear abroad in a distorted form.

The government becomes agitated and, instead of honestly and openly investigating the matter, hides itself behind the censorship, at the same time pretends to be insulted, and takes the liberty of accusing others, and not itself.

Now what I have written in the article about the famine is a part of what I have been writing and saying in every manner possible for the last twelve years, and what I will say to my very death, and what everybody who is enlightened and honest in the whole world has been saying with me, what the heart of every uncorrupted

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man says, and what that Christianity says which those profess who are horrified.

It is possible to keep quiet. Or, if not to keep quiet, it is possible to accuse, not the *Moscow Gazette*, which is not in the least interesting, and not men, but those conditions of life, with which everything is possible, which is possible with us.

Observe also that my writings, in which my views are expressed, exist in thousands of copies in all kinds of languages, and suddenly, as the result of some mysterious letters which have appeared in an English newspaper, all have suddenly come to understand what kind of a bird I am!

This is simply ridiculous!

Only those ignorant people, of whom the most ignorant are those who constitute the court, can fail to know what I have been writing and thinking; only they can think that such views as mine can change in one day and become revolutionary.

All this is ridiculous, and it is degrading and offensive for me to discuss matters with such people.

I am afraid I shall be accused of pride, but that is unjust. It is not my pride, but those foundations by which I live that cannot bend to the demands of non-Christian men.

I do not defend myself and do not feel insulted for my own sake, but for those foundations by which I live.

I write the statement and sign it, because, as Grote justly writes, the truth must always be established, if that is necessary.

But those who tear portraits have had no business to possess them.

LEV TOLSTÓY.

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LETTERS ON THE FAMINE

I.

For the last two months there has not been a book, a periodical, a number of a newspaper, in which there were not any articles about the famine, describing the condition of the starving, who are making appeals for public or governmental assistance and who rebuke the government and society for their indifference, slowness, and apathy.

To judge from what is known through the newspapers and what I know directly about the activity of the administration and of the County Council of the Government of Túla, these reproaches are unjust. There is not only no slowness, no apathy, but it can rather be said that the activity of the administration, of the County Council, and of society has been carried to such a high degree of tension that it can only weaken, and not grow stronger. Everywhere a boiling, energetic activity is going on. In the highest administrative spheres there have been going on uninterrupted labours which have for their end the prevention of the expected calamity. Sums are assigned and given out for the distribution of assistance, for public works, and arrangements are made for the distribution of fuel. In the affected Governments supply committees and especial Government and county assemblies meet, means are devised for the collection of provisions, information is collected about the condition of the peasants, —

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through the County Council chiefs for the administration, through the members of the County Council for the County Council itself, — and means for affording assistance are discussed and devised. Rye has been distributed for seed and measures have been taken for saving seed-oats for the spring and, above all else, for supplying them during the winter. Besides, in the whole of Russia contributions are taken up in society circles, in connection with the churches, a certain percentage is deducted from official salaries, contributions are being collected by newspapers and periodicals, and private individuals and institutions contribute also.

In all of Russia have been opened divisions of the Red Cross, and the Governments which are not affected have been set aside, one or several to every Government affected, to collect within their boundaries contributions for the affected Governments.

If the results so far attained by this activity are less than what could have been expected, the cause does not lie in the insufficiency of the activity, but in that relation to the masses under which this activity takes place, and with which, I think, it is very difficult in the present calamity to assist the masses.

I will tell later what I mean by the relation to the masses.

Up to the present, two things might have been done: seed might have been distributed for sowing, and wood for fuel might have been cut in the Crown forests.

These two things have not in our locality been done very successfully. In our Government the peasants have everywhere sowed almost entirely their own seeds. What has been distributed has been either little or too late, while in some, indeed in many localities, seeds were needlessly distributed to people who had no use for them, so that in many counties the distributed seeds were sold and the proceeds spent in drink.

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Another thing which ought to have been attended to this autumn is the preparation of fuel. From the first of September, it was decreed that wood should be distributed from the Crown forests to those peasants who had suffered from the failure of crops. About September 20th, they made out the lists of townships belonging to certain forest districts, and the announcement was sent out by townships that it was permitted to collect fuel without any pay. The townships which were listed with certain forest districts are from forty to fifty versts distant from them, so that the hauling of brushwood in the fall, while there is yet green fodder to be had, presents no difficulties. And yet I know for certain that on October 14th, that is, for the period of almost a month, there had not been a single peasant in our suburban forest district, and similarly no wood had been distributed in the Krapívensk forest district. If we take into consideration that only in the fall, so long as green fodder may be had, it is possible for a peasant to travel a distance away for wood, and that it is only in the fall that the brushwood, which is not yet covered with snow, may be collected, and that now almost any day we may have a fall of snow, — it may be boldly said that this, the second thing, has been done unsuccessfully.

Thus had the matters of seed and fuel been attended to, but both these matters form but one-tenth of that business of provisioning which is before us; so that, judging from the imperfect manner in which that which has been done has been carried out, it is hard to expect that the enormous matter before us will be done better.

All we know from the newspapers, and all that is directly known to me about the outlook in the carrying out of this matter, does not promise anything better. As the administration, so the County Councils, so far know in relation to this matter of the provisioning of the masses absolutely nothing as to how they are going to do it. This

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indefiniteness is complicated, chiefly, by the discord which everywhere exists between the two main organs, the administration and the County Council.

Strange to say, the question as to whether there is a calamity which calls for activity, that is, as to whether there is a famine or not, and if there is, in what dimensions, is one which has not yet been decided between the administration and the County Councils. Everywhere the County Councils demand large sums, while the administration considers them exaggerated and superfluous, and cuts them down or completely disallows them. The administration complains that the County Councils are carried away by the general mood and, without entering into the merits of the case, without establishing the motives, write lackadaisical literary descriptions of the popular want and demand large sums, which the government cannot grant, and which, if granted, would produce more evil than good.

"It is necessary for the masses to know their need and themselves to curtail their expenses," say the representatives of the administration, "for now everything demanded by the County Councils, and everything said in the assemblies, is transmitted to the masses in a distorted form, and the peasants expect a kind of assistance which they cannot receive. This leads to the people's not going to the work offered them, and to their drinking more than ever."

"What kind of a famine is this," say the representatives of the administration, "when the people refuse to work, when the revenue from the sale of intoxicants for the autumn months of the present year is greater than in the past year, and when the fairs where peasant wares are sold are better than they have been for years? If we were to pay attention to the demands of the County Councils, we should have the same results from the distribution of supplies as from the distribution of seeds in certain counties, where those who did not need them received

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them, and thus drunkenness was encouraged." This the representatives of the administration say, and they — collect the taxes.

Thus the administration looks upon this matter, and quite justly so, if we consider the matter from a common point of view. But not less just is the view of the County Councils, when in reply to these arguments they give a description of the peasant property according to townships, from which it becomes clear that the harvest of this year is one-fourth or one-fifth of the average, and that the majority of the population have no means of support.

To cut out, prepare, and put on a patch, it is necessary to know the size of the hole.

It is as to the dimension of this hole that it seems impossible to come to an agreement. Some say that the hole is not large and that the patch may only enlarge it; others say that there is not enough material for a patch.

Who is right?

To what extent are both right?

As an answer to these questions may serve the description of what I saw and heard in the four counties of the Government of Túla, which have suffered from the failure of crops, and which I visited.

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II.

THE first county which I visited was Krapívensk County, which has suffered in its black soil district.

The first impression, which in an affirmative way answered the question as to whether the masses are this year labouring under especially hard conditions: the bread which is used by nearly everybody is made with orache, — one-third, and in some cases one-half orache, — is black [of inky blackness — *R.*], heavy, and bitter; this bread is eaten by everybody, by children, by pregnant women, by nursing women, and by sick people.

Another unquestionable proof of the peculiar state of affairs in the present year is the absence of fuel. Then, — it was still in September, — everybody complained of this want. I was told that the willow-trees in the threshing-floor yards were being cut down, and I saw that it was so; I was told that all the blocks, everything of wood, has been cut and chopped up. Many persons purchase wood in a proprietor's forest which is being cleared up, and in a grove in the neighbourhood, which is being taken off. They travel for their wood seven and even ten versts. The price for aspen wood, all cut, is ninety kopeks per shkálik, that is, per one-sixteenth of a cubic sázhen. A shkálik will last a week on a farm, so that about twenty-five roubles will be needed, if all the fuel is to be bought.

The calamity is indubitable: the bread is unwholesome, mixed with orache, and there is no firewood.

But you look at the people, at their appearance, — their faces are healthy, cheerful, satisfied. All are at work,

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nobody stays at home. One is threshing, another is hauling. The proprietors complain that the peasants do not want to work. When I was there, they were digging potatoes and threshing. On a church holiday they drank more than usual, and even on work-days I came across drunken persons. Besides, the orache bread itself, upon closer examination as to why and how it is used, receives a different meaning.

On the farm where I was first shown the orache bread, a threshing-machine with four horses was threshing in one of the side-yards, and there were sixty cocks of oats, giving nine measures each; that is, at present prices, there was there three hundred roubles' worth of oats. It is true, there was but little rye left, not more than nine chétverts, but, besides the rye, there were there something like forty chétverts of potatoes, and there was some buckwheat, and yet the whole family, consisting of twelve souls, ate orache bread. Thus it turned out that the bread with the orache was in this case not a sign of poverty, but the method of a saving peasant, to have them eat as little bread as possible, just as for the same purpose a saving peasant will never allow, even in prosperous years, warm or even soft bread to be eaten, but instead gives his people stale bread.

"Flour is dear, and it is hard to provide for all these urchins. People eat bread with orache, — and we are no gentlemen either."

The calamity as regards the fire-wood, too, does not appear so terrible, when the details of the situation are known. They have to buy wood for twenty-five roubles. "Where shall we get it this year?" another peasant said to me, complaining of the hopeless condition of the present year. And yet this peasant has two sons who are hired out, one at forty, the other at fifty roubles, and he has this year married one of them, although he has enough women in his house. Besides, the lack of fuel is redeemed by the

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fact that in the present year, the straw, though less than usual, is rich, with a good ear, forming excellent fodder. The reason they do not burn straw for fuel is not merely because there is little of it, but because in the present year it partly takes the place of meal food for the cattle.[1] Besides, the potatoes have grown here excellently. Thus, where on a farm with ten mouths there are twenty-five chétverts, figuring at a measure a day, the potatoes will last two hundred days, the whole winter. The main thing is the oats, which bring a high price. But not all have oats and potatoes. When I took the list of the whole village, it turned out that out of fifty-seven farms, twenty-nine were such as had no rye left, or only a few puds of it, from five to eight, and little oats, so that with the exchange of two chétverts for a chétvert of rye, they will not have enough food to last them until New Year. This is the state of twenty-nine farms; fifteen farms are in a very bad shape: these lack the chief support of the present year, — the oats, — since these farms were badly off two years ago, and last year did not sow any oats at all. Some of them are begging even now. All of them are without help, and some of them have a bad reputation; some are drunkards, others do not like to work, while others again are restless people; there are also among them thieves, who have been in jail. These farms are not suffering from the failure of this year's crops, but from the peculiar domestic conditions and the character of the farmers.

Such is one of the villages of Krapívensk County, and such approximately is the condition of the others. The percentage of the well-to-do, the average, the poor, is nearly the same: fifty per cent., more or less, of average

[1] This is so where there is at least some straw; but in many counties there is no straw. The state of the majority of farms under superficial observation presents itself like this: the failure of the rye is equalized by the good crop of oats, which bring a high price, and by the good crop of potatoes. — *R.*

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farmers, that is, such as will this year use up all their supplies by December; twenty per cent. [of well-to-do and thirty per cent. — *R.*] of very poor, who have nothing to eat now, or will have nothing in a month from now.

The condition of the peasants of Bogoróditsk County is worse. The crops, especially of rye, have been worse here. Here the percentage of the well-to-do, that is, of those who can get along with their own corn, is the same; but the percentage of the poor is greater still. Out of sixty farms there are seventeen average ones, and thirty-two absolutely poor, just as poor as the fifteen of the first village of Krapívensk County. And just as in Krapívensk County, the wretched state of these poor farms was not conditioned by the famine of this year alone, but by a whole series of long active external and internal conditions: the same helplessness, large families, drunkenness, weakness of character.

Here, in Bogoróditsk County, the question of fuel is still harder to solve, as there are fewer forests. But the general impression is again the same as in Krapívensk County. So far there is nothing peculiar to indicate a famine: the people are cheerful, ready to work, happy, healthy. The township scribe complained that the drunkenness during Assumption Day (a church holiday) was worse than ever.

The farther we proceed into Bogoróditsk County and the nearer to Efrémov County, the worse does the condition get. On the threshing-floor there is less and less corn and straw, and there are more and more poor homes. On the border of Efrémov and Bogoróditsk Counties the state is particularly bad, especially because, with the same unfavourable conditions as in Krapívensk and Bogoróditsk Counties, and with a still greater scarcity of forests, the potatoes have been a failure. On the best fields hardly anything but enough for seed was harvested. The bread is almost everywhere made with orache. The orache is here

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green and not at all mature. The white centre generally found in it is lacking entirely, and so it is not edible.

One has to know how to eat the orache bread. If a man eats it on an empty stomach, he has to vomit, and people go mad from kvas which is made of flour mixed with orache.

Here the poorest farms which have gone down in former years are now eating up their very last. But these are not yet the worst villages. There are worse ones in Efrémov [and Epiphany — *R.*] County. Here is an extract from my note-book about a village in Efrémov County. Out of seventy farms there are ten which still can "breathe." Of the others, the people of every second farm have just gone with their horses to beg alms. Those who are left eat bread with bran, which is sold to them from the storehouse of the County Council at sixty kopeks per pud. I went into one of the houses to see the bread with the bran. The peasant had received three measures for seed, when he had already done his sowing; he mixed the three measures with three measures of bran, ground this together, and got some good bread, — but it is the last. The woman told me that her girl had filled herself with orache bread, which purged her above and below, and she gave up baking with orache. The corner of the room is full of dry horse-dung, and the women collect the dung and chips.[1] The dirt of the house, the tattered condition of the clothes, in this village, is very great, but evidently this is a usual thing, because the same dirt and raggedness is to be found in the well-to-do houses. In the same village there is a settlement of landless soldier children. [There are ten such houses. — *R.*] The condition of the inhabitants of this settlement is especially pitiable. There are among them some with small families

[1] The women collect the dung in the pastures, and small twigs of a finger's length and thickness in the woods. — *R.*

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and some who are artisans, and they manage to get along somehow; but the condition of the majority is very bad. They are all mendicants.

At the extreme house of this settlement, where we stopped, a tattered, lean woman came out to us, and she began to tell us her condition. She has five children. [The eldest is a daughter, ten years of age. — *R.*] Two are sick, evidently with the influenza. One, a three-year-old child, is sick with the fever, and he was carried outside and is lying on the ground, in the pasture, about eight steps from the hut, and is covered with what there is left of a peasant coat. It will be cold and wet for him, when his fever has passed, but still this is better than for him to be in the room four arshíns square, with its dirt and dust and the four remaining children. This woman's husband has gone away to earn money and has not been heard of. She lives on what she can collect by begging, but the near-by people do not give much. She has to walk a long distance off, from twenty to thirty versts, but it is bad there, too, and she has to neglect her children. And so she does. She collects a lot of gifts and leaves these at home; when the alms give out, she starts out again. She was at home just then, — she had just come back the day before [and she had crusts left to last her until the next day — *R.*].

She is not alone in this condition, but there are some eight such houses.[1] They were in the same state the year before and two years before, and in such a state they are not alone, but there are millions of people all around us who are in the same state. In the same state are always all the families of feeble, drinking men, all the families

[1] She was in the same state last year also, and two years ago; she was even worse off three years ago, because two years ago she was burned out, and her eldest daughter was smaller, so that she had nobody to leave her children with. The only difference was, that people gave more alms, and the bread they gave was without orache. — *R.*

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of those who sit in prisons, frequently the families of soldiers.

Such a state is, however, more easily borne in good years. Even in years when there are good crops, the women, though threatened with being beaten or being sent to jail, have been stealthily going to the woods, to steal fuel, in order to warm their freezing children, and have collected from poor people pieces of bread with which to feed their neglected children, who are dying without food.

This has always been! We live amidst all this! In the present year this state is not worse, because there can be nothing worse than that a mother's children should die without help, only this year there is more of this evil.

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III.

THERE are many such villages in Bogoróditsk and in Efrémov Counties. But there are some that are even worse. And such are the villages of Epiphany and Dánkov Counties.

Here is one of them: for about six versts between two villages there is no settlement, no village. All there is there is proprietor's out-farms, lying off the main road. There is nothing but fields and fields, rich, black-earth fields, which are deeply ploughed up and beautifully seeded with rye. The potatoes have all been dug up; they are being dug up and ploughed over a second time. Here and there they are ploughing for summer crops. Fine-looking herds, belonging to the landed proprietors, are walking in the stubble. The winter crops are beautiful; the roads are properly ditched and bordered with cropped willows; in the ravines a forest has been started. Here and there are the fenced-in and well-guarded groves of the proprietors. On the out-farms along the road there is an abundance of straw, and the potatoes are being put away in cellars and basements. Everything is finished and well done; in everything is seen the labour of thousands of men, who with harrows, ploughs, scythes, and rakes have walked through all the furrows of these immeasurable, rich fields.

I arrive at the place of abode of these people. Between steep banks there is a large river, and on both sides of it there are settlements, — on this side, in Epiphany County, there are fewer of them; on the other, in Dán-

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kov County, there are more. On the other side there is a church with a tower and a cross sparkling in the sun; along the bank beyond the river small pleasant houses stretch out beautifully in the distance.

I walk up to the edge of the village on this side. The first hut is not a hut, but four gray stone walls, daubed with clay and roofed with boards on which there is a mass of potato-tops. There is no yard. This is the dwelling of the first family. Here, too, in front of this structure, there stands a cart, without wheels; and not back of the yard, where the threshing-floor generally is, but in front of the hut, there is a cleared place where oats have just been threshed and winnowed.

A lank peasant in bast shoes with his shovel and his hands throws the cleanly winnowed oats from the heap into a woven basket; a barefoot woman of about fifty years of age, in a dirty black shirt, which is torn at one side, carries these basketfuls and fills with them the cart without wheels, and keeps counting, A ragged, dishevelled girl of about seven years of age clings to the woman, interfering with her work. The peasant is the woman's friend, and he has come to help her winnow and put away the oats. The woman is a widow; her husband has been dead nearly two years, and her son is a soldier and attending the autumn exercises; her daughter-in-law is in the house with two small babies [one, a suckling babe, is in her arms; the other, of about two years of age, is crawling over the threshold and yelling, — he is dissatisfied with something — *R.*].

The only good crop this year has been the oats, which will all go into the cart, — there are in all perhaps four chétverts. From the sowing there is left a bag with orache (carefully put away in the loft), weighing about three puds. No millet, or buckwheat, or lentils, or potatoes were sown or planted. Bread is baked with orache, and it is so bad that it is impossible to eat it, and this

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very day the woman went to a village eight versts off to beg alms. There is a holiday in the village, and she collected about five pounds of "cake" without orache, which she showed me. [In a basket she has about four pounds of crust and of pieces of bread as big as the palm of the hand. — *R.*] This is all the property she has, and all the visible means of support.

Another hut is like hers, only it is better thatched, and there is a small yard. The rye crop was the same. The same kind of a bag with orache is standing in the vestibule, representing the granary with its supplies. They have not sown any oats on this farm, as they had not seeds in the spring; but they have three chétverts of potatoes and two measures of millet. As much rye as was left from the distribution for seeds, the woman baked into loaves, mixing in half orache, and they are now eating the last of them. All there is left is one and a half round loaves. The potatoes will last another month, and they say they do not know what will happen after that. The woman has four children and a husband. The husband is not at home, — he is building a stone hut with clay mortar for a neighbour two farms away.

A third farm is just like this one, and its condition is the same. While I was in this hut and was talking with the hostess, a woman came in, and she began to tell her neighbour that her husband had been beaten, that she did not expect him to live, and that he had received the holy sacrament. Evidently the neighbour knew all about it, and all this was told for my benefit. I offered to go and look at the sick man, in order to help him, if possible. The woman went away and soon came back to take me to her house. The sick man was lying in an adjoining hut. This hut was large [built of logs — *R.*], with a [stone — *R.*] straw loft and yard, but the poverty was the same. The proprietor [evidently — *R.*] had taken a fancy to building after a fire; everything which was there he

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had himself built; then he had grown feeble and become poor. In this hut two families, who have no farms of their own, are rooming. The head of one of these families is the beaten peasant. On the hanging beds, between the oven and the wall, lay the sick man, covered with mat bags; he was groaning pitifully. He was a stocky, healthy peasant of some forty years of age, with a bloodshot face and athletic muscles on his bared arm. I began to ask him questions, and he told me that two days before they had had a meeting, and that he and a friend of his had taken tickets (passports) to go down-country, and that upon that occasion he had told a peasant that it was not right for him to call names. In reply to this, the peasant knocked him off his feet and began to walk all over him, that is, beat him badly on his head and chest. It turned out that when they took their passports, they set up an eighth measure, and the elder, who had wasted fifty roubles of the communal money, being present, set up half a bucket, for having been allowed to defer his payments for three terms, — and the peasants got drunk.

I felt the sick man over and examined him. He was absolutely well, and he perspired dreadfully under the mat bags. There were no marks whatever, and apparently he was lying, and had received the holy communion only to provoke the authorities, among which he counted me, to inflict punishment on him with whom he had fought. When I told him that it was not right to go to court and that I thought that he was not dangerously knocked up and could get up, he remained dissatisfied, and the women who carefully followed my movements, and with whom the hut was filled, began impatiently to say that if it was so, "they" would kill them all.

The poverty of all three families who live here is the same. None of them has any rye. One had something like two puds of wheat, another had enough potatoes for two weeks or for a month. All had still some bread

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baked with orache from the rye given them for seed, but it will not last them long.

Such is the whole village of thirty farms, with the exception of two families which are well-to-do. There is no need of counting them all over, — it will all be the same.

This village half burned down last year, and they did not build it up again. Those first farms, the one where the woman was threshing oats, and the eight adjoining farms in a row, were settled there in order to comply with the rules for insurance. The majority of them are so poor that they even now are rooming with others. Even those who were not burned out are just as poor, though in general those who suffered from the fire are somewhat worse off. The condition of the village is such that twelve out of thirty farms have no horses.

The people are nearly all of them at home: some are calking their huts; others are transposing things, and others again are sitting and doing nothing. Everything is threshed, the potatoes are dug. The village is in a wretched condition, but this failure of crops presents itself as a small calamity in comparison with that chronic general calamity to which these men are apparently subject. What has brought them to this state is fires, quarrels, drunkenness.

Besides the general causes of calamities, nearly every family has its own private, internal cause, which is much more important than the exceptional cause of this year's failure of crops.

The previous elder has this trouble, that he has, under fear of court proceedings, to pay fifty roubles in three instalments, and he is selling all his oats to meet this debt. The present elder, a good joiner, is in trouble, because they have appointed him elder and so have deprived him of the possibility of hiring out. He receives a salary of fifteen roubles, and he says that he could

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easily earn sixty roubles and so would have had no thought of the failure of crops. The trouble with a third peasant is this, that he has for a long time been in debt, and now has to pay, and so is compelled to sell three walls of a wooden hut, keeping the fourth for fuel. He has no building to live in and so is pointing up with clay a tiny stone cell, in which to live with his wife and children. The trouble with a fourth man is this, that he quarrelled with his mother, who was living with him, and she separated from him and broke up her hut and went to live with another son of hers, taking her portion with her, and so he has nothing to live on and no place to stay in. The trouble with a fifth man is this, that he took some oats to town, where he went on a spree and spent everything he got for his oats.

Before leaving the village, I stopped near a peasant who had just brought potato-tops from the field and was putting them down along the wall of the hut.

"Where do these come from?"

"We buy them from the proprietor."

"What? What do you pay for them?"

"A desyatína to be attended to in the summer."

That is, for the right to collect the potato-tops from a desyatína of potatoes, which have been dug up, a peasant promises to plough up, sow in, mow down, bind, and carry away corn from a desyatína, which, according to the usual cheap prices for such detailed work, is worth at least eight roubles, while according to the established price in that locality the potato-tops are worth from four to five roubles.

The peasant was talkative; I stopped near his cart, and soon about six peasants gathered around us, and we started a conversation. Some women stood at a distance and listened. Children, munching inky black, pasty bread with orache, whirled about us, watching me and listening to the conversation. I repeated several inquiries, wishing

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to verify the elder's statements. Everything proved to be true. The number of peasants without horses proved even larger than the elder had said. They told of their whole poverty, not so much with dissatisfaction, as with a constant irony indefinitely directed upon somebody and something.

"Why are you in such bad shape, and why are you poorer than anybody else?" I asked.

Several voices began to answer, — so definite was the answer.

"What are we to do? Last summer half the village was licked clean as by a cow's tongue, — it burned down. And then the failure of the crops. It was bad enough last year, but this year it is a clear failure. What use would there be even in a good crop, when there is no land? What land? Just good enough for kvas!"

"Well, and how about earnings?" I asked.

"What earnings? Where are they? He" (the proprietor) "has roped us in for eleven versts around. It is all his land; go where you please, — there is but one price to the land. We have to pay five roubles for tops, and they will not last for a month."

"Well, how are you going to live?"

"The best way we can. We shall sell what we have, and then as God will aid us. There is nothing more to sell. Maybe we shall sell the horse-chips, — I have a whole corner of them. When you make a fire with them, it just chokes you. Pshaw! They have been writing us up, they have written us up ten times," said the elder, "but nothing has so far come of it. Evidently the writers are no good. Come, let grandfather" (he meant me) "write us up. He will do it in a mighty way. See what a pen he has," and so forth.

The peasants laugh; evidently they know something, but are not going to tell. What is this, anyway? Do they not understand their situation, or do they so much

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expect outside help that they do not wish to make any efforts?

I may be mistaken, but it looks like it.

Just then I recalled two old peasants of Efrémov County, who in a slightly intoxicated condition were returning from the township office, whither they had gone to find out when their sons would be demanded for the autumn practice, and who, in reply to my question how their crops had been and how they lived, answered me, although they were from the very worst locality, that, thanks to God and to the Tsar, their father, they had received seed-corn, and now would receive for their provisions thirty pounds to each person until Lent, and after Lent would get as much as a pud and a half each.

That the people of this Efrémov village will not be able to live through the winter without starving, or at least dying from diseases, due to the famine and to bad food, if they do not do something, is as certain as that a beehive without honey, being left in the open, will die out toward spring.

So here is the question: will they do something? So far it looks as if they would not. Only one of them has sold everything and is going to Moscow. The others seem to be waiting for something.

[The others do not seem to understand their situation. Do they really not understand their condition, or are they waiting to be helped from without, or are they like children who have fallen through an ice-hole or have lost their way, and who in the first moment do not understand their condition and laugh at its unfamiliarity? Maybe both. But what is certain is, that these men are in such a state that they will hardly make efforts to help themselves. — *R.*]

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IV.

Well, is there a famine, or not?

And if there is [to what extent? — *R.*], to what extent are they to receive assistance?

All the columns in which the property of the peasants is described do not answer, and cannot answer, these questions. This the peasants themselves, it is true, do not know. Much depends on the mood in which they will be. The administration and the County Council present to themselves the problem of feeding the starving people just like a similar problem of feeding a given quantity of cattle. For so many steers so many puds of hay, straw, mash are wanted for two hundred days of winter. This quantity of food once being provided, the steers are put in the stalls, and we may be sure that they will winter well.

With men the calculation is quite different. In the first place, for a steer or any other animal the maximum and minimum of the indispensable food are not very far from one another. When the cattle have eaten up a certain quantity of food, they stop eating and have no need of anything else, and if they do not get the necessary quantity, they soon grow sick and die. But for a man the distance between the minimum and the maximum of what he needs, not only in the form of food, but also of other necessities, is enormous, — it may even be said, infinite: a man may live on shewbreads, as do the fasters, or on a handful of rice, as do the Chinese and the Hindoos; or he may not eat for forty days, as Doctor Tanner did, and yet remain well, or he may swallow a

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quantity of food and drink, which is enormous as far as cost and nutrition is concerned, and besides the food needs also many other things, which may grow to infinity and again contract to the lowest limit.

In the second place, a steer cannot provide food for himself, while a man does, and the man whom we undertake to feed is the chief provider of food, the very man who feeds us and who under the most onerous conditions provides what we undertake to feed him on.

To feed a peasant is the same as it would be if, in the spring of the year, when the grass has sprouted, we should keep the cattle in the stalls, and ourselves pick the grass for them, that is, deprive them of that enormous power of collection which is in them, and thus ruin them.

Something similar would happen with a peasant, if we fed him in the same manner, and he believed it.

The peasant budget does not balance properly, — there is a deficit, — he has nothing to live on, — we must feed him.

Yes, cast the accounts of any average peasant, not in a famine year, when everywhere about us there is only enough corn to last until New Year, and you will see that, according to the crop reports, he has nothing to live on in an average year, and that the deficit is such that he must get rid of his cattle and himself must eat but once a day.

Such is the budget of an average peasant, — to say nothing of the poor peasant, — and yet he has not only not got rid of his cattle, but has also married off his son and his daughter, has celebrated a holiday, and has spent about five roubles on tobacco. Who has not seen the fires which make a clean sweep of everything? One would think that the sufferers from the fire would have to perish. Behold, one has been helped by a relative, an uncle; another has received assistance; a third has hired out to work; a fourth has gone out to beg alms; they

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strain all their energies, and behold, in two years they have come back to their old state.

And the settlers, who go away with their families, who for years support themselves by work, until they settle in some one spot?

For some time I busied myself with the question of the past settlement of the Government of Samára, and the fact which I and all natives of Samára can testify to is this, that the majority of the settlers, who travelled by certain routes with the aid of the government, perished and fell into poverty, and the majority of fugitives, who met with obstacles only on the part of the government, arrived safely in the new settlements and grew rich.

And the landless peasants, manor labourers [and soldiers' children — *R.*]? They have all supported themselves even in years when corn was more expensive than at present.

People say that there is no work. But there are also other people, who keep saying all the time that they offer work, and that there are no labourers. And the people who say so are just as right, or just as wrong, as those who say that there is no work. I know positively that landed proprietors offer work and cannot find any labourers; that for the work which is laid out by the forestry department there have so far appeared no labourers, as is also true in case of other work, as the newspapers have written about it. For a poor worker there is never any work, for a good worker there is always work. For a tattered man, who has spent his clothes in drink and who walks from farm to farm and from fair to fair there may be such a thing as no work; but for a good labourer who is known and who is looking for other work while still at work, there is always some work.

It is true, in the present year there is less work than usual, and so a larger number of poor labourers will be left without work; still, a man's having or not having

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work does not depend on external causes alone, but on the energy of the labourer, on whether he is looking fit for work [whether he values his work — *R.*] and whether he is working well.

I do not say all this in order to prove that poor labourers and their families should not be aided, but only in order to show how impossible it is to figure out the budget of a peasant farm, the income of which may be stretched to from three to thirty and more roubles per month, according to the energy of the industry and the execution of the work, while the expenses may be narrowed down to two pounds of bread with bran to each man, or may expand to drunkenness, which may in one year ruin the wealthiest farm.

The disagreement as to whether there is any famine, or not, and to what extent it exists, is due to this. To this is also due the difficulty of giving assistance.[1]

To determine the degree of the need, so as to guide all the County Councils in the distribution of assistance, there have been made detailed farm lists according to counties as to the number of mouths, labourers, allotments, the quantity of all kinds of corn planted, and the harvest, the number of cattle, the average crop, and many more things. The lists have been made with an extraordinary display of columns and of details. But he who knows the every-day life of the peasants knows that these lists say very little.

To imagine that a peasant farm spends only as much as it eats up, and earns only what the peasant gets from his allotment, is a great mistake. In the majority of cases what he gets from the allotment forms but a minor part of what he spends. The chief wealth of the peasant

[1] Instead of this paragraph the Russian edition reads: "The disagreement as to whether there is any famine, or not, and to what extent, is due to this, that the property budget is taken as a foundation for determining the peasant's condition, whereas the chief articles of his budget are not determined by his property, but by his labour."

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consists in what he and his home-folk earn, whether he earns it on his rented land, or working for the landed proprietor, or living with strangers, or in some industry. The peasant and his home-folk are always all at work. The condition of physical idleness, so common to us, is a calamity for the peasants. If a peasant has not enough work for all the members of his family [when he himself and his home-folk eat without working — *R.*], he considers that a calamity is imminent [something like the escape of liquor from a leaky barrel — *R.*], and he generally uses every effort to look for work [in order to prevent this calamity — *R.*]. In the peasant family all its members work and earn money from childhood to old age. A twelve-year-old boy already herds cattle, or works with the horses; a little girl spins [or knits stockings or mittens — *R.*], and from the spinning there is linen left which can be sold and gives an income. The peasant is out earning either far away, or at home, or as a day-labourer, or he contracts for labour at the proprietor's, or himself rents some land. The old man weaves bast shoes: all these furnish a regular income. But there are also exclusive earnings: a boy leads about a blind man; a girl is nursing in the family of a well-to-do peasant; a boy is an apprentice; the peasant is making bricks or baskets; the woman is a midwife or a medicine woman; a blind brother begs alms; another, who can read, reads the psalter for the dead; the old man crushes tobacco; a widow secretly traffics in liquor. Besides, one has a son who is a coachman, a conductor (a rural officer); another has a daughter who is a chambermaid or a nurse; another has an uncle who is a monk, a clerk, — and all these relatives aid and support the farm.

Out of such items, which are not entered in the columns, is the income of a peasant family formed, and the items of expenditures are even more varied and by no means limited to the food: [Crown, and — *R.*] County

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Council taxes, the furnishing of recruits, tools, blacksmith work, ploughshares, links, wheels, axes, forks, harness, wheelwright's work, buildings, the oven, garments, footgear for oneself and for the children, holidays, preparation for communion for oneself and family, a wedding, a christening, curing, presents for children, tobacco, pots, dishes, salt, tar, kerosene, pilgrimages, — and every man has, besides, his own peculiarities of character, his own foibles, virtues, vices [which all cost money — *R.*].

On the poorest farm, consisting of five or six persons, from fifty to seventy roubles will thus be spent and earned [in a year — *R.*]; on a well-to-do farm, from seventy to three hundred; on an average farm from one hundred to 120 roubles. Any farmer may with little effort make it 160 instead of one hundred roubles, and with a weakening of his energy, fifty instead of one hundred; with care and order, he may change the one hundred expenses to sixty, and with carelessness and weakness make it two hundred roubles expenses instead of one hundred.

How, then, can the peasant's budget under these conditions be figured out, and how can the question be solved as to whether he is in any need and to what extent, and if he is, how can it be determined who is to be assisted, and to what extent?

In the County Councils there have been established curators, persons whose business it is to attend to the distribution of assistance according to townships. In one of the County Councils they have even established councils under the curator's supervision, consisting of priests, elders, church elders, and two specially appointed persons, who are to decide how much is to be given to every man. But even these councils, no matter how much they resemble ministries, will in no way help the business of the distribution, because according to the lists and according to what is now known of the peasant families, it is absolutely impossible to determine what will become of them.

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In order correctly to determine the degree of a peasant's wants, we do not need lists, but must call in a prophet, who will foretell what peasant and his family will be alive and well, who will live in peace with his family and will work and find work. There are no such prophets, and it is impossible to find it out. It is impossible to find out the needy, and so it is not only difficult, but directly impossible to distribute the free assistance.

People who have little thought of the relations of the rich to the poor generally assume that all that is necessary is for the rich to give to the poor, or that they should be compelled to give part of their wealth, and all would be well. But this is a great mistake. The whole thing is in the distribution. If there is a poor man, it is always because the distribution effected by the laws in regard to the acquisition of property, the labour, and the relation of the classes is irregular; and so, to correct this irregular distribution, another has to be established. But to take from the rich and give to the poor does not mean to make a new distribution, but only to introduce a great confusion into the old distribution.

How nice and how simple it would be to solve the questions of luxury and of poverty by this simple means, which is, to take from the rich and give to the poor!

This would be so nice and so simple!

I myself at one time thought that this was so.

But, not unhappily, but happily, it is not so.

One would think that it is but a small inconvenience, and yet it is impossible to get around it, it is impossible to make a new division.

Try to distribute money to the city poor, — indeed it has been tried, and what is the result?

About seven years ago, six thousand roubles were in Moscow, by the will of a deceased merchant, distributed to the poor, who received two roubles each. There came together such a crowd that two were crushed to death,

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and most of the money fell into the hands of healthy, tough people, while the feeble did not get anything.

With a free distribution, the worst passions are roused and flame up; a crowd of greedy people comes to the front, and those who are most agile, strong, and unscrupulous get possession of the article which is being distributed. People generally think that so long as there is something to distribute, it will be an easy matter to make the proper distribution. It is true, it is generally assumed that there will be misuses and deceptions, but that all that is necessary is to be careful, to take the trouble to investigate, and then it will be possible to segregate the needy and to give only to those who are truly in need.

But this is an error! It is impossible to do so. It is impossible to give free assistance to the needy, because there are no external signs by which the needy person may be told, while the very distribution calls to life such a greed, such jealousy, such deception, that even those signs that may have existed are destroyed.

The administration and the County Councils make endeavours to find out those who are truly in need; but all peasants, even such as are in no need at all, upon learning that something will be distributed free, try to simulate, or even actually to become needy, in order to obtain assistance without labour.

But not in this alone is there an inconvenience in the distribution of free or loan aids (this makes no difference, because the peasants consider the loans to be the same as gratis, for they know that they will never be able to return them); the inconvenience is also in this, that the hope of receiving these free gifts weakens the self-reliance of the masses.

[All know that it is good and praiseworthy to acquire through labour, and bad and disgraceful to acquire without labour. Suddenly there appears a new method of acquiring without labour, which has in itself nothing prejudicial. It

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is evident what confusion is produced in their concepts by the appearance of this new method of acquisition. — *R.*]

But how shall we wait when everybody is starving? In a village where there is no corn until November, and where, either from laziness or from error, — whatever the cause may be, — the peasants say that there is no work, and do not work, within a week there will unquestionably be a real famine for the women, the old, the very young, and even, no doubt, for the lazy and the self-deceived who are still alive. And, then, how is it to be given? To whom?

If it is to be given to those only who are in need, how are the truly needy to be distinguished from those who are not really in need?

Even if it be possible to distinguish those who are really in need, this will take in, for the most part, all careless farmers, drunkards, and loafers; why is a premium to be put on laziness and drunkenness?

If all are to receive equal shares, as the peasants everywhere demand, saying with reason that if they are to be liable for all members, they ought at least to receive equal shares, so that they may have something to be responsible for; if all are to receive equal shares, all will have too little: for the well-to-do it will be an unnecessary addition, and for the poor an insufficient addition to save them from ruin.

But if all are to receive so much that, by receiving equal shares, the poor may get enough to provide themselves with, there would be needed such large sums [nearly a billion — *R.*] that it would be impossible to find them.

But the chief thing is, that the more aid is offered, the more is the energy of the people weakened, and the more the energy of the people is weakened, the more their needs are increased.

And yet it is impossible not to offer any aid!

In this *cercle vicieux* toss about the gentlemen of the

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government and of the County Councils. It is this that leads to all that disorderly mass of measures which are taken against the famine of which we do not know whether it exists or not, — a disorderly mass, because we have undertaken a business which we cannot carry out.

The business which we have undertaken consists for us in nothing more or less than an attempt to feed the masses, — for us, gentlemen, to feed the masses, that is, we have taken it upon ourselves to feed the feeders, — those who have been feeding us.

We have become so confused and steeped in lie, that we have entirely forgotten who we are.

We, the gentlemen, want to feed the masses.

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V.

WHAT a wonderful thing! A suckling babe wants to feed his nurse; the parasite takes it upon himself to feed the plant on which it feeds; we, the higher classes, who all of us live by *them*, who cannot take a step without *them*, we shall feed *them*.

It is well that *they* believe us! If they, God forfend, should believe that somebody is going to feed *them*, and should stop feeding themselves and us, *they* would perish, and we with them.

Children were given a horse, a real, live horse, and they drove out with it and had their fun. They drove and drove, down-hill and up-hill. The good horse was covered with sweat and out of breath, but it continued to pull them and to obey them; and the children shouted and boasted to one another as to who could lead and drive and make the horse gallop best. And it seemed to them — it always does — that, when the horse was galloping, they were galloping themselves, and they boasted of their race.

The children had their fun for a long time, without thinking of the horse, and forgetful of the fact that it lived, worked hard, and suffered, and if they noticed that it stopped, they smacked their whip in a more lively fashion and urged on the horse, and shouted.

But there is an end to everything, and there came also an end to the strength of the good horse, and, in spite of the whip, it began to stop. It was only then that the children remembered that the horse was a live animal, and that horses are fed and given drink; but the children

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did not want to stop, and they began to devise how they could feed the horse while it was running. One of them fetched a handful of hay from under the seat and, jumping down from the carriage, ran alongside the horse and offered it the hay. But it was not easy to feed the horse while it was running, and so he jumped back into the carriage and the children began to devise another means. They obtained a long stick and tied the hay to the end of it, and began to offer it to the horse on the run, while they were themselves seated on the coachman's box. Besides, two of the children, observing that the horse was tottering, began to support it; they held its back with their hands, to keep it from falling to the right or to the left. The children devised many things, except what ought to have come first into their heads, — which was, that they should get down from the horse and stop driving it, and, if they really had compassion on it, unhitch it and give it its freedom.

Is it not precisely as the children did with the horse which was pulling them, that the people of the rich classes have been doing with the labouring people, when they grow weak and may refuse to pull?

They devise everything possible, except the one thing which begs for recognition, — to get off the horse which they pity, stop travelling with it and driving it.

The masses are starving, and we, the higher classes, are very much worried by this and want to help them. And for this purpose we have meetings, choose committees, collect money, and send it to the masses, but do not for a minute stop driving them.

And what is it that makes them poor and starving?

Is it really so hard to understand this?

Is it really necessary to calumniate them, as some unscrupulously do, saying that the masses are poor because they are lazy and drunkards? or to deceive ourselves, as others do, saying that the masses are poor because they

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have not yet had time to adopt our culture, and that we shall begin with to-morrow, without concealing anything, to transmit to them all our wisdom, and then they will stop being poor; and so we have no cause for being ashamed because we are living on their backs, — we are doing it all for their good.

Is it indeed necessary to search for this *midi à quatorze heures*, when it is so clear and so simple, especially for the masses themselves, on whose backs we are sitting and whom we are driving? Children may imagine that it is not the horse that is pulling them, but that they are themselves moving on by means of the waving of the whip, but we, the grown persons, if we are not insane, ought to understand, it seems, whence the famine of the masses comes.

The masses are hungry because we are too well fed.

How can the masses help being hungry, since under the conditions under which they are living, that is, with those taxes, with that want of land, with that abandonment and savagery in which they are kept, they are compelled to produce all that terrible labour, the results of which are swallowed up by the capitals, the cities, and the country centres of the rich?

All these palaces, theatres, museums, all those paraphernalia, all that wealth, — all this is worked out by the very starving people, who do all these things which are unnecessary to them only because they make a living by it, that is, always with this enforced labour save themselves from a famine death, which is always hanging over them.

Such has always been their condition.

The present year has merely shown, in consequence of the famine, that the string is too tightly drawn.

The masses are always kept by us half-starved. This is our means for compelling them to work for us.

But this present year their starving condition has

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proved too great. Nothing new or unexpected has happened, and it seems to us that it is possible to know why the masses are hungry.

The society endeavours to aid the masses in the calamity are similar to the endeavours at establishing the Red Cross in war-time. The energy of some in war is directed toward committing murder, and this activity is considered normal, and to counteract it they establish another activity, — that of curing these people who are being killed.

All this is very nice, so long as the activity of the war and also the activity of the exhaustion of the masses, of their oppression, are considered to be normal; but as soon as we begin to assert that we are sorry for the people who are killed in a war and for starving people, would it not be simpler not to kill the people and not to establish means for curing them? Would it not be simpler to stop doing all that which ruins the well-being of the masses, than, continuing to ruin them, to make it appear that we are worried about their well-being?

This lie is always startling, but at the present time it is detestable.

We assure ourselves and others that we are very much worried by the famine, that we are disturbed by the condition of the Russian people, that we are prepared for any sacrifices, and yet by our lives we show that all this is nothing but words and that we are lying, because this lie has become a conventional lie, common to all men. And nobody shows up another for fear of being shown up himself.

If we collate everything which has been written in the newspapers about the present condition of the Russian people, we shall approximately get this: forty millions of Russians are starving, and there is hardly any possibility of helping them. If we assume that all the corn which there is will be given to the starving, which it is impossible to assume, — there will still be lacking one-fourth of

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what is necessary for the feeding of all the starving. There is little chance that we shall be able to buy and bring from abroad the corn needed, so that it should reach us at an accessible price, and so one-fourth of forty millions are in danger of death from starvation.

Death from starvation, according to the information of the newspapers and according to rumours, has already begun. Cases have happened where mothers have brought their children to the township offices and have cast them away there, saying that they had nothing to feed them on.

They tell of a mother who killed herself with her children; they tell of another who hanged herself, so as not to see her dying children. They give the description of three children who died from starvation. In many places people are falling sick and swelling from hunger, and now, during the warm autumn weather, the famine typhus is becoming epidemic. What will happen in winter, when it will be cold in those places where they generally use straw for fuel, and where there is none this present year and wood cannot be procured any nearer than one hundred or one hundred and fifty versts?

We all read about this, or if we do not read we inevitably hear of it, out of decency shrug our shoulders, sigh, make small money contributions, and say, "Yes, it is terrible!" and we continue our habitual lives.

Even though there are men and establishments which contribute money, and though there are others who serve in the administration and in the County Councils, who are busy providing for the needy, buying up corn, selling it at a low price, making lists of the farms, etc., yet, in spite of the money contributions which a few make, and in spite of the cares taken by the officials in respect to the furnishing of the supplies, our society, that is, all men, both those who contribute and those who do not, those who serve and those who do not, remain, in spite of the mutual accusations of indifference, absolutely calm and

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indifferent to what is supposedly a terrible calamity, which is now taking place and is imminent, and which no one denies.

I say that society remains entirely indifferent to the imminent calamity, not because it so seems to me and because I want to say so, but because there is a well-known and unquestionable sign of real sympathy, which now is lacking in the whole of Russian society.

We only know that a man is not indifferent and truly sympathizes with what has taken place or is about to take place, only when this news changes his life; when he stops doing that which he has been doing, eating as he ate, sleeping as he slept, living as he lived. Much more does this sign of indifference or of sympathy show in reference to an event which has not yet taken place, but is only menacing.

When a man at dinner receives news that a man is drowning in the river near his house, and he, continuing to eat, gives his commands about furnishing a rope which is necessary in order to save the drowning person, it makes no difference what he may say about his sympathy for the drowning person, we shall not believe him, and we shall know that he is indifferent to the event which is taking place. Such an indifference now exists in our society in respect to the calamity which the newspapers describe and predict. People go on dining, and show their sympathy by not being sorry for the time which they have lost in giving orders about the rope, nor even for the rope itself. The life of the men of our society continues in its usual current: there are the same concerts and theatres, — if there are no balls, this is due only to the example of the emperor, — the same dinners, costumes, races, horses, carriages, hunts, expositions, flowers, novels, and so forth. Life has not changed in the least and has not been adapted to the existing calamity, but, on the contrary, the famine has been adapted to the

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common current of life, the famine *fait les frais de la conversation* in drawing-rooms, fills the columns of newspapers and forms an interesting subject of correspondences, serves as an excuse for the arrangement of bazaars, theatres, concerts, volumes of collections. Life has not only not changed, in order to serve the famine, but the famine has become an indispensable part of life; the famine has come to occupy the place of a modern, fashionable subject of interest, a place which has always to be filled. Nor can it be different; the famine does not touch us, but, as we imagine, men who are entire strangers to us, who are united with us only by the abstract conception that they and we are Russians.

Voltaire says that if it were possible by touching a button in Paris to kill a mandarin in China, few Parisians would deprive themselves of this pleasure.

Why not tell the truth? If it were possible by pressing a button in Moscow or St. Petersburg to kill a peasant in Mamadýshi or Tsarevokokshάysk, so that no one could find it out, I do not think there would be found many men who would keep from pressing the button, if this could afford them the least pleasure.

Between a man of our wealthy circle, — a gentleman with a starched shirt, an official, a landed proprietor, a business man, an officer, a scholar, an artist, — and a peasant, if we were to tell the truth, there is as little connection as between a Parisian and a mandarin.

It is impossible to conceal what we all know! We do not say all this, but it is simply because with us there has established itself among the cultured people a custom of professing love for the peasant, the lesser brother, for the sake of propriety; but we all know that between us, gentlemen, and the peasants there is an abyss.

There are masters and slaves. The first are respected, the second are despised, and between the two there is no connection. They are two entirely different categories of

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men, two different castes. Gentlemen never marry peasant women and never give their daughters in marriage to peasants and labourers; gentlemen never treat peasants as their acquaintances, do not eat with them, and do not even sit with them; gentlemen say "thou" to labourers, and labourers say "you" to gentlemen. Gentlemen are admitted to clean places and are let in to the front in churches; the others are not let in and "get it in the neck;" the latter are whipped, and the first are not.

They are two different castes.

Though the transition from the lower to the higher is possible, yet, so long as the transition has not taken place, there exists a most distinct division, and between a gentleman and a peasant there is as little connection as between a Parisian and a Chinaman; so that to allow a peasant to die is the same as allowing the hen to die that lays the golden eggs.

And I do not say this because I have just taken it into my head to say a lot of unpleasant things to the rich Russians among whom I belong, but because it is so. As a proof and confirmation of this serves the whole Russian life, everything which incessantly is taking place in the whole of Russia.

All wealthy Russians incessantly press the button, not even for the pleasure of an interesting experiment, but for the most insignificant of purposes. To say nothing of the generations of factory hands, who perish from their senseless, painful, corrupting work in the factories for the gratification of the rich, all the agricultural population, or an immense proportion of it, having no land from which to make a living, is compelled to undergo a terrible strain of work, which destroys their physical and their spiritual forces, only that the gentlemen may be able to increase their luxury. The whole population is made drunk and is exploited by the commercialists for this purpose. The population degenerates, the children die before their time,

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only that the wealthy gentlemen and merchants may be able to live their distinct lordly lives, with their palaces, dinners, concerts, horses, carriages, lectures, and so forth.

Do not, now, the people, as they say, die like flies from hunger, the proprietors, the merchants, and, in general, the wealthy, sit with supplies of corn, waiting for still higher rises in the prices? Do the officials stop receiving their salaries, which are collected from the starving? Do not all the intelligent classes continue to live in the cities for their own superior purposes, if we are to take their word for it, — devouring there, in the cities, those means for the support of life which are taken there for them, and the lack of which causes the masses to die?

All the instincts of every one of the gentlemen, the learned, the official, the artistic, the domestic, are such as have nothing in common with the life of the people. The masses do not understand the gentlemen, and the gentlemen, though imagining that they understand the masses, do not understand them, because their interests are not only not identical with those of the gentlemen, but are always diametrically opposed to them.

We need the masses only as a tool, and the gentlemen make use of this tool, not from hard-heartedness, but because their life is so circumstanced that they cannot help making use of it, and their advantages (no matter how much one may say the opposite to console oneself) are always diametrically opposed to the advantages of the masses.

"The more salary and pension I am given," says the official, "that is, the more is taken from the masses, the better it is for me."

"The higher the price is at which corn and all the necessary articles will be sold to the masses and the harder it will be for them, the better it will be for me," say the merchant and the landowner.

"The cheaper the labour will be, that is, the poorer the

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masses will be, the better it is for us," say all the people of the wealthy classes.

Where can there be any sympathy among us for the masses?

Between us and the masses there is no other connection than an inimical one, that of the master and the slave. The better it is for me, the worse it is for him. The better it is for him, the worse it is for me. And under these conditions we have suddenly begun to assure ourselves and others that we are very anxious to bring them out from that condition of poverty, in which we ourselves have placed them, and which is necessary for us.

It is this conventional lie, which by all men is taken for the truth, that forms the cause of the strange confusion of ideas in the people of our circle who discuss the present wretched condition of the masses.

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VI.

If a man of society really wants to serve the masses, the first thing he has to do is clearly to understand his relation to them. So long as nothing is undertaken, the lie, remaining a lie, is not particularly harmful; but when, as at present, men want to serve the masses, the first and chief thing which is necessary is to reject the lie, clearly to understand our relation to them. Having come to understand our relation to the masses, which consists in this, that we live by them, that their poverty is due to our wealth, and their famine to our satiety; if we sincerely want to serve the masses, we shall first of all stop doing what causes their ruin.

If we truly pity the horse which we are driving, we shall first of all get down and walk.

First of all, let us try to *rendre gorge*, to return to the masses what we have all the time been taking from them; let us stop taking from them what we have been taking, and then let us change our lives, let us demolish the caste line, which separates us from the masses, and let us go to them, not only as to equals, but as to our better brothers, toward whom we have for a long time been guilty, — let us go to them with repentance, meekness, and love.

"I do not know whether the masses, the whole people, will find enough food or not," will say every man who takes this point of view, "and I cannot know: to-morrow there may be a pest or an invasion, from which the masses will die without a famine, or to-morrow there will be discovered a new nutritive substance which will feed all,

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or, what is simplest of all, I shall die to-morrow, and so shall not learn anything about whether the masses will find enough food or not. But the main thing is, that nobody is appointing me to the business of feeding forty millions of people, who are living within certain boundaries, and I can obviously not attain the external end of feeding certain people and freeing them from misfortune, — I can do but one thing, and that is, use my strength in the best manner possible for the purpose of contributing to the welfare of my brothers, considering all without exception my brothers.

And, wonderful to say, a man need but turn away from the problem of solving the external questions and set before himself the one true internal question, which is proper for a man, "How can I in this year of hard trials pass my life in the best manner possible?" in order that these questions may receive an answer.

The common governmental activity, which does not change its relation to the masses, sets before itself an enormous aim, which it does not attain.

The personal activity sets before itself an internal aim, and it attains even the one which it has not set before itself.

The common governmental activity busies itself with the external aim of feeding and maintaining the welfare of forty millions of people, and, as we have seen, it meets on its path insurmountable obstacles.

(1) There is absolutely no possibility of determining the degree of the imminent want among the population, which maintains itself and is capable in this maintenance of manifesting the greatest energy or the most absolute apathy.

(2) If we admit that this determination is possible in accordance with the information collected by the government's agents, the amount of the sums demanded is so great that there is no probability that it will be obtained.

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(3) If we admit that these means will be found, the free distribution of the same to the population will weaken the energy and self-reliance of the masses, which form the chief means for supporting them.

Even if we admit that the distribution will take place in such a way that it will not weaken the self-reliance of the masses, there is no possibility of correctly distributing the aid, and those who are not in want will get the portions of those who are, and the needy will after all, in many cases, remain without aid and will perish.

The personal activity, which sets before itself the internal aim, will remove all these obstacles. For this activity there is no question as to the number of those who are in need. For this activity there have always been and always are those who need, and the question consists only in this, how much of my strength I can give to the needy.

It is this activity, which in the present famine year, in one locality (I have seen this more than once), makes a peasant woman, the hostess, at the words, "For Christ's sake," which she hears at the window, shrink and frown, and yet take down from the shelf the last newly started loaf, and cut off a tiny piece, of the size of half a palm, and, making the sign of the cross, hand it to the beggar. And it removes all the obstacles which have impeded the governmental activity with its external aim.

For this activity there does not exist the first obstacle, — the determination of the degree of the want of those who are in need: "They beg Christ for the sake of Mávra's orphans." She knows that they cannot get it anywhere, and she gives them the alms.

There also does not exist the second obstacle, — the enormous number of the needy: the hostess who gives the alms does not need to figure out how many millions of starving there are in Russia, or what the price of corn is in America, at what price it will reach our ports and our elevator, and how much it will be possible to take

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under warrant. For her there exists but one question: How to insert the knife into the loaf, whether so as to cut off a thick slice or not. But whether the slice which she gives is thick or thin, she knows indubitably that, if everybody will break off from his own, there will be enough for everybody, no matter how many there may be.

Still less does the third obstacle exist for the peasant woman. She is not afraid that the offer of this tiny slice will weaken the energy of Mávra's children, that it will encourage them in idleness and beggary, because she knows that these children understand how dear the slice which she is cutting off is to her.

Nor does the fourth obstacle exist. The peasant woman need have no care whether there is any truth as to the need of those who are now standing at the window, and whether there are not other needy persons who ought to get that slice. She is sorry for Mávra's orphans, and she gives them the alms, knowing that if all will do likewise, nobody will starve, not only the present year in Russia, but everywhere, at all times.

It is this activity, which has only the internal aim, that has saved, and that will now save, men.

It is this activity that ought to be practised by those who wish during this present, hard time to serve others.

[This activity saves people, because it is that smallest of all the grains, which grows into a very large tree. What one man, two, ten men can do, living in the village among the starving and aiding them, is so insignificant; but here is what I saw during one of my journeys. Lads were walking from Moscow, where they had been working. One of them had grown sick and had fallen behind his companions. He sat and lay for some five hours on the edge of the road, and dozens of peasants passed by him. A peasant was driving home to dinner with potatoes, and he talked to the lad and, upon finding out that

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he was sick, took pity on him and carried him with him to the village. "Who is this? Whom did Akím bring along?" Akím told them that the lad was sick, that he was thin because he had not eaten for two days,— that he ought to be pitied. And one woman brought him some potatoes, another — a cake, a third — some milk. "Oh, dear man, he is so starved! How can one help pitying him? One's own child!" And the same lad, past whom, in spite of his miserable appearance, dozens of men had passed without giving him any thought, became an object of pity and dear to all, because one had taken pity on him. The activity of love is important for the very reason that it is infectious. The external activity, which is expressed in a free distribution, according to regulations and lists, provokes the very worst of sentiments, greed, envy, hypocrisy, condemnation; the personal activity, on the contrary, evokes the best sentiment, love, and the desire of sacrifice. "I have worked and laboured, and I get nothing, while a lazybones and drunkard is rewarded. Who told him to spend everything in drink? A thief suffers justly," say the well-to-do and the average peasants, who receive no assistance. With not less malice the poor peasant says of the rich peasant, who demands an equal share, "It is through them that we are poor. They suck us dry, and they want to get our share, too; they are sleek enough as it is," and so forth. Such sentiments are evoked by the distribution of the free aid. But, on the contrary, let a man see another divide his last possessions, to labour in behalf of the poor, and he feels like doing the same In this does the force of the activity of love consist. Its force consists in this, that it is infectious, and so long as it is infectious, there is no limit to its diffusion.

As one candle lights another, and thousands are lighted from one, so one heart lights up another, and thousands are lighted from it. Millions of roubles will do less than

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even a small diminution of greed and the increase of love in the mass of men. Let but love increase, — and the miracle will take place which was performed during the distribution of the five loaves. All will have enough to eat, and there will be left some. — *R.*]

This activity demands first of all the cessation of the caste relation to the masses, which is contrary to love, and the cessation of their exploitation, and demands a direct relation with them, a change, a simplification of life, — it demands a life with them, with those masses whom we wish to serve.

This activity presents itself to me like this: a man of the wealthy classes, who in the present calamitous year wants to do his share in the common calamity, first of all arrives in one of the localities which have suffered, and begins to live there, spending in Mamadýshi, Lukyánov, Efrémov Counties, in a famine village, those usual tens of thousands or hundreds of roubles, which he is in the habit of spending annually, and devoting his leisure, which in the city he used for amusements, to such an activity in favour of the starving people as will be according to his strength.

The mere fact that he will live there and spend what he usually spends will bring material assistance to the masses; and the fact that he will live amidst the masses, not even with any sense of self-sacrifice, but only without any selfish motives, will be of material aid to him and to the masses. It is evident that a man who has come to a famine locality for the purpose of being useful to the masses, will not limit himself to living for his pleasure alone amidst this starving population. I imagine such a person, man or woman, or a family with average means, let us say with one thousand roubles per year, as having settled in the famine district.

This person, or family, rents, or receives a dwelling from the proprietor, who is a friend, or chooses, or hires a

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A beggar.

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good hut: he has it papered, fixes the floors, provides himself with wood and supplies, buys himself a horse and fodder, and gets settled. All this means bread for the masses; but the relations of this family to the masses cannot be limited to this. Beggars with wallets will come to the kitchen. Alms must be given. The cook complains that too much bread is given out. It becomes necessary to refuse chunks, or to bake more loaves. More loaves are baked, and more people begin to come. From a family which is out of bread and has nothing to eat they have come to ask for some, and it becomes necessary to send some there. It turns out that the cook cannot manage it all, and that the oven is too small. It becomes necessary to hire a hut for the loaves, and to get another woman to do the baking. This costs money. There is no money. The person that has settled here has friends, or acquaintances, who know that he or she has gone to live in a famine district. He or she receives from them money which is to be used in assisting people. In the hired hut bread is distributed, but there come for it people who are not in absolute want of it, and they take the bread and sell it, — there begins a deception. To prevent the temptation of using the distributed bread for personal advantage, such people as come are given something to eat, instead of receiving bread. They prepare soup, beets, oat or starch broth, lentils, peas, — an eating-house is established.

[It seems to me that the eating-houses, places where those who come are fed, are naturally the form of assistance which will arise from the relations of the rich to the starving, and will be of the greatest use. This form more than any other calls forth the direct aid of him who brings assistance, more than anything else brings him in contact with the masses, less than any other is subject to misuse, and makes it possible with the least means to feed the greatest number of men.

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In Dánkov and Epiphany Counties such eating-houses were opened in September. The people have named them "orphan homes," and, it seems, the name itself prevents any misuse of these establishments. An able-bodied peasant, who has the least chance of providing himself with food, will not himself go to these eating-houses to eat the orphans' food, for, so far as I have observed, he considers this a disgrace. Here is a letter which I have received from my friend, a member of the County Council, and a constant resident in the country, in relation to the activity of these orphan homes:

"Six orphan homes have been opened not more than ten days, and there already are two hundred people who are receiving food in them. The superintendent of the eating-houses is compelled, with the advice of the village elder, to admit eaters only after examination, — the number of the needy is so great. It turns out that the peasants do not feed by families, but that those who are in want themselves offer their candidates, who are nearly all of them old women and children. Thus, for example, the father of six children, in the village of Páshkovo, asked me to admit two of them, and then, two days later, brought a third child. The elder said, 'It gives one a special pleasure to see how the younger children have taken to the beet stew.' The same elder told me that sometimes the mothers themselves bring the children. 'They are lying, when they say that it is to give them courage, for they will look about and eat themselves.' As you hear these words of the elder, you understand that it is not a lie, and that it is not possible to invent such words. Has the famine really not yet begun? We, of course, know that the wolf is at the door; but the trouble is that the wolf breaks into so many families simultaneously that I am afraid we shall not have supplies enough. A calculation has shown that we use for each mouth one pound of bread and one pound of potatoes each day, and in addition

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to this we need fuel and a number of trifles, onions, salt, beets, and so forth. We are most troubled by the fuel; it is the most expensive of all the materials. The peasants have arranged to haul by rotation, and thus bring in the supplies. The organization demands a good administrator, and the finding of the supplies is a troublesome matter; but the orphan homes themselves need no supervision in the disbursement of the supplies: the hostess herself has been so much accustomed all her life to look after small matters, and the guests themselves watch the business of their eating-house so much, that the least neglect would immediately become known and then would be removed of its own accord. I have had two new cellars dug, and three hundred chétverts of potatoes have already been put into them, but this is too little, as the need grows from day to day. It seems that the aid has struck the nail on the head. A man has been placed in charge of six eating-houses, but it is time to widen the circle of the activity of the eating-houses, and the time has not yet passed.

"I feel how joyous the work will be in the eating-houses; one does feel pleasure when watering plants in a drought: what joy, then, must it be every day to feed the starving little children!"

I think that this form is convenient and possible, but I repeat that this form does not exclude other forms. The persons who live in the villages will have occasion to aid with money, and with grain, and with flour, and with bread, and with a horse, and simply with food.

All that is necessary is that there should be men. But these men exist, they surely do. I have visited four counties, and in each there are already men who are ready for this activity, and who in some counties have already begun it. — *R.*]

However sure I am in advance, having learned this from bitter experience, that my idea will be misinterpreted, that people will purposely make it appear that

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they do not understand it, and will take one part and will say that in it lies the whole idea, I will none the less express my idea in full, without curtailing it, and without giving it in a softened form, so as to become unrecognizable, but in its full significance, and with the greatest clearness of expression that I am able to give to it.

My idea is this, that what saves men from calamities of every kind, among them famine, is nothing but love. But love is never limited to words, — it is always expressed in acts.

Now the acts of love in relation to the starving consist in giving one's own piece of bread to the hungry, as this was said, not even by Christ, but by his predecessor John, that is, it consists in sacrifice.

And so I think that the greater the sacrifice, the more love will there be, and the more fruitful will the acts be, — the more will people profit by it. And so I think that the best and most fruitful thing that can be done by those who understand the necessity of changing their lives now, in order to assist the needy, consists in settling now, in the present year, immediately, amidst the starving, living with them, eating with them, sleeping with them, dividing with them.

Although I am used to the misinterpretation of my ideas, it none the less pains me to think that this idea, too, will be misinterpreted, and that it will be deprived of the value which it might have, and so I beg leave to say just now how I understand what I have spoken of above.

I know in advance that people will say, "Tolstóy asserts that every person who wants to assist the starving ought to go at once and settle in a cold hut, live with lice, eat bread with orache, and die in two months or two weeks, and that everybody who does not do so offers no assistance."

I do not say so.

I say that to do so, to live and die with those who will die in two months or two weeks, would be very nice and

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beautiful, — just as beautiful as Damien's life and death among the lepers. But I do not say that everybody should and could do so, and that he who does not do so is doing nothing. I say that the nearer a man will act like that, the better it will be for him and for others, and that every person who will come to the starving in the villages, and so will in some measure approach the ideal, will be doing well.

There are two limits: one is to give one's life for one's friends; the other is, to live without changing the conditions of one's life. All men find themselves between these two limits: some are on the level with Christ's disciples, who left everything and followed Him; the others are on a level with the rich young man, who immediately turned around and went away when he was told of the change of life.

Between these two limits are found all kinds of Zacchæuses, who have only partially changed their lives. But, in order to be a Zacchæus, it is necessary all the time to strive after the first limit.

All men who understand that the means for helping the present famine-stricken people consists in the removal of the partition which separates us from the masses, and who in consequence of this have changed their life, will inevitably, according to their moral and physical forces, take up their positions between these two limits.

Some will settle in a village and will arrange their lives in a way more or less close to the first manner of life: they will live and eat with the starving, departing from this according to their weakness; others will live and eat separately, but will manage kitchens and eating-houses, will serve the hungry at their dinner, will furnish them with food, and will give food to be taken home for the sick and the children; others again will only superintend the eating-houses, and will visit and watch the eating-houses; others — I can imagine — will live in a hungry

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village, spending their incomes there and alleviating as much of the need as they hear of; others, living in the city, where the most varied moral necessities may retain them, will change their mode of life by curtailing their own expenses and aiding those who will live in the villages to widen their activity.

Such, I imagine, will be the activity of the men who have come to understand their sin of separation from the masses and who wish to repent of it and to redeem it in the present year of wretchedness, which calls for redemption.

There can be none but a living help for men.

Such is the law. To wish to do good without sacrifice is the same as wishing to move a body without a loss of force.

The external governmental activity in behalf of the famine-stricken is an activity without sacrifice, hence its lack of success until the present, and, in my opinion and in the opinion of the actors themselves, the impossibility of success, to say nothing of the fact that the obstacles to this activity are found, as we have seen, in the impossibility of determining the degree of the people's need, the weakening of the energy of the people themselves, and the impossibility of such a distribution that the aid shall reach the most needy.

The inconvenience of this activity consists in this, that people look upon the government aid as upon their lawful possession, to which they have a right, as upon an increase of income, and the jealousy of acquisition flames up when they receive the aid. All those who receive assistance see only persons who distribute money which is not their own, and who receive salaries for doing so, and such a distribution only develops in them greed for the greatest acquisition.

If the people in the famine district — all kinds of people, those who stand on the lowest round of poverty,

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and the rich men who live in the county seats, and all people between the two, — proprietors, both large and small, officials, merchants, innkeepers, millers, well-to-do and average peasants — see, as they see now, all people busy and very eagerly busy acquiring and increasing their means of subsistence, — proprietors and merchants who deal in high-priced corn, wood, potato-tops, who make use of everything in order to increase their incomes, and who side by side with it continue their usual round of life, with their hunts, city visits, and celebrations, they are, every one of them, infected by the same egotistical life and try out of everything they can, among the rest out of the assistance offered to men, to get hold of as much as possible and to give as little aid as possible.

The egotistical life and the chase after advantages is infectious. But just as infectious, and even more so, is the unegotistical activity of love, — the activity of sacrifice.

Every centre of men who live only in order to aid the starving and who have changed their lives for this purpose will be the centre of an infection of goodness. Looking at these people, the rich man who lives in the county seat, and the proprietor, and the merchant, will give more, and so, above all, will the average man, of whom there are thousands, and who will cut off a larger slice for Christ's sake. There are millions of these people, and millions of the roubles of a rich man will do less than an ever so small diminution of greed and an increase of love in men. And so soon as there shall be an infection of sacrifice, there will happen what was accomplished at the distribution of the five loaves.

All will have enough to eat, and there will be left some.

But, in order that this may happen, that love may make its appearance, it is indispensable that the activity should not arise from the desire, while remaining in our former

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relations to the masses, to maintain in them the working force which we need, but from the consciousness of guilt toward the masses, of the impression exerted against them, and of the separation from them, — from repentance and humility.

Not on the proud consciousness of our indispensableness to the masses, but on humility can grow up the activity which can save the masses.

1892.

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ARTICLES AND REPORTS ON THE FAMINE

1891–1893

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ARTICLES AND REPORTS ON THE FAMINE

THE TERRIBLE QUESTION

Is there enough corn in Russia to feed all until the next harvest? Some say there is, and others say that there is not, but nobody knows this of a certainty. But this ought to be known, and known for certain, now, before the beginning of winter, — it is just as necessary as it is necessary for men to know, when they set out on a voyage, whether there is enough fresh water and food on the boat.

It is terrible to think of what will happen to the crew and the passengers of the boat, when it turns out in the middle of the ocean that all the supplies are used up. Still more terrible is it to think of what will happen to us, if we are to believe those who assert that we shall have enough corn for all the starving, and it turns out in the spring that those who asserted so were mistaken.

It is terrible to think of the consequences of such an error. The consequences of this error will simply be dreadful: the death of starving millions and the worst of all calamities, — the bestialization and maddening of men. It is all very well to inform the St. Petersburgians by the firing of cannon alone that the water is rising, because it is impossible to do anything else. Nobody

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knows, nor can know, the extent of the water's rise, — whether it will stop at what it was last year, or whether it will reach the high-water mark of the year 1824, or will rise even higher.

The famine of the present year, besides being an incomparably greater calamity than an inundation, is incomparably more universal (it threatens all of Russia), — it is a calamity, the degree of which not only can and must be foreseen, but can and must be foreseen and prevented.

"Oh, come now! There will be enough corn in Russia, more than enough of all kinds of grain for everybody," say and write some people, and others, who love peace, are inclined to believe this. But it is impossible to believe what is said at haphazard, as a result of guesses in respect to a subject of such terrible importance.

If it is said that in a bathhouse of doubtful security, to which people go once a week, on Saturday, the beams will do for awhile yet and that it is not necessary to put in others, we may risk it and leave the bathhouse without any alterations; but when it is said boldly of a doubtful ceiling in a theatre, where thousands sit every evening, that there is a possibility that it will not cave in to-night, it is impossible to believe and to be calm. The menacing danger is too great. But the danger which is threatening Russia, when it is going to be impossible to get the bread necessary for the support of men at any price, this danger is so terrible that the imagination refuses to present to itself what would happen if it were really so; and so not only must we not be satisfied with bold, soothing assertions that there will be enough corn in Russia, but it would even be senseless and criminal to be so.

But does such a danger exist? Is there any probability that there will not be enough corn? The following considerations may serve as answers to this question. In the first place, the famine district comprises one-third of Russia, that very third which has always fed a part

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of the other two-thirds. Kalúga, Tver, Moscow, all the non-black soil and northern Governments, even the non-black soil counties of those Governments which have not suffered from the famine, never subsist on their own corn, but always buy it from those who now must themselves subsist on corn which is got elsewhere.

For this reason, if we count, say, ten puds to each person, well, let us say, of only twenty millions (when they figure them as high as forty millions) of inhabitants of the starving counties, — two hundred million puds of corn which are needed, — this does not by a good deal represent the amount of the corn necessary for feeding Russia. To this number must be added everything which is needed for those who in former years subsisted on the corn of the famine-stricken localities, which will very likely give another such figure.

The failure of the crops in the most fruitful localities effects something similar to what takes place in the shifting of a lever's point of support: not only is the force of the shorter end diminished, but the force of the longer end is increased so many times.

One-third of Russia is in the grasp of the failure of crops, — the most fruitful part, which has been feeding the other two-thirds, and so it is very likely that there will not be enough corn to go around.

This is one consideration. The second consideration is this, that the neighbouring countries are affected by a similar failure of crops and that, therefore, a great quantity of corn has already been exported and now continues to be exported; at least this is true of wheat.

The third consideration is this, that, quite contrary to what happened in the famine year, 1840, there are, and there can be, in this year no stores of old corn.

With Russia happened something similar to what happened according to the Bible story in Egypt, only with this difference, that in Russia there was no predicting

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Joseph, and there were no executive persons like Joseph; but there have been threshing-machines, railways, banks, and a great demand for money on the part of the Governments and of private individuals. In all the preceding years, — more than seven preceding years, — there was much corn, the prices were low, but the need of money grew and grew, as it regularly grows among us, and the convenience of selling, the threshing-machines, the railways, and the purchasing agents have encouraged selling and have been the cause of corn's being all sold out in the fall. If in the last years, when the corn fell particularly in price, a few sellers have kept back some corn, waiting for better prices, this holding back was such a hard matter that the moment the prices rose in the spring of the present year and reached as high as fifty to sixty kopeks per pud, the corn was all sold out, and nothing was left of the supplies of the preceding years. In the year 1840 it was not only the landed proprietors and the merchants who had supplies left, but everywhere the peasants had stores of old corn, from three to five years old. Now this custom has become obsolete, and nowhere can anything like it be found. In this does the third consideration consist as to the insufficiency of the corn-supply for the present year.

But there is something more than a mere probability: there are signs, — quite definite ones at that, — that this want exists.

One of such signs is the phenomenon, which is daily repeated with ever growing frequency, that there is no corn for sale in the depths of the famine districts; so, for example, in Dánkov County, where I now am, there is no rye to be had at any price. The peasants cannot find any meal. Yesterday I saw two peasants of Dánkov County, who have travelled all around the district with which they are familiar, in a radius of twenty versts, visiting all the mills and stores, in order to buy for money two puds of

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meal, but they were unable to procure it. One of them obtained it after urgent prayers from a storehouse of another county; the other borrowed it.

This phenomenon is not exclusive, but one which is constantly and everywhere repeated. The millers come to beg you for Christ's sake to let them have meal from the storehouse of the County Council, because they have no meal, and because they cannot get it anywhere. It is possible to purchase it from the merchants, in the cities, near the railways, but only in large quantities, at least half a car-load or a car-load at a time; but there is no way of getting it at retail. The large merchants, those who have a supply, do not sell at all, but are waiting; the small merchants, the dealers, buy it up and sell it out again at an insignificant profit to the large purchasers. A small trade is carried on only in the fairs, during fair time, and if the purchaser is too late he can get none there, either. This sign, it seems to me, shows quite clearly that there is not as much corn to be had as is needed. This is also in part shown by the prices, although in the present year there have so far been causes which do not permit the prices to be a correct indication of a correspondence between demand and supply. The prices are lower than they ought to be, and they are artificially kept at this height, in the first place, by the prohibition against exporting the corn; in the second place, by the activity of the County Councils, by the sale of rye and meal at reduced prices (I speak of the price of rye, assuming that the prices of the other foodstuffs, of bran, potatoes, millet, oats, more or less correspond to the price of rye).

The prohibition against exporting has confused the prices, that is, has had this effect, that the prices can no longer be a correct indication of the amount of the supply of the article. Just as the height of the water's rise in the dammed river cannot be an indication of its real level,

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so the present price of rye cannot correctly indicate the relation of demand to supply. The prohibition against exporting other grain has had the same effect. The prices now existing are not well-established prices, and are in any case only temporarily lowered prices in consequence of the prohibition against exporting. This is one cause why the prices are lower than what they ought to be. Another cause is the activity of the County Councils.

The County Councils have everywhere bought up a small portion, rarely more than one-fourth, of the corn which, according to their own calculation, they need for supplying all the food, and they sell the corn bought up by them at a lower price, This activity of the County Councils knocks down the price, for, if there did not exist this sale from the County Council storehouses, the sale would take place by private sellers, who, in accordance with the increased demand, would raise the prices. The present price, I think, is much lower than what it would be if we did not have the activity of the County Councils. And this price will at once very rapidly rise as soon as the County Councils have to buy up the other three-fourths of the corn needed by them.

We could say that the price would not rise if the County Councils should now buy up all the necessary amount, and rye remained for sale at this price. But judging from what is now the case, there is no probability of its being so. Judging from what is now the case, that is, when the price is one rouble seventy kopeks, while the County Councils have not bought up even one-fourth of the corn needed, and while rye is not supplied everywhere or at retail, there is, on the contrary, a probability that when the County Councils shall have purchased all the necessary amount, the price will suddenly rise to such a height that it will be shown that there is not enough corn in Russia. The price has in our locality already reached such a height as it has never reached before,

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being as much as one rouble seventy kopeks, and it continues to rise regularly.

All these signs indicate that there is a great probability that Russia has not the necessary amount of corn within its boundaries. But besides these signs, there is also another phenomenon which ought to cause us to take all the measures which are in our power for the prevention of the calamity that is menacing us. This phenomenon is the panic which has taken possession of society, that is, the indefinite dim fear of the expected calamity, — a fear by which people are infected from one another, a fear which deprives people of the ability to act in accordance with reason. This panic is expressed in the prohibition against exporting, at first the rye, and later other kinds of grain, from which for some reason wheat is excluded, and in the measures taken, on the one hand, in assigning large sums of money for the starving, and, on the other, in the collection of the taxes by the local powers from those who can pay, as though the extraction of the money from the village is not a direct intensification of the want in the village. (The poor man's planting is mortgaged to the well-to-do peasant; he would be willing to wait, but the taxes are exacted from him, and so he calls on the poor man and ruins him.)

This panic is also startlingly noticeable in the disagreements which are bursting forth among the various local departments. There is repeated what always happens during a panic fear, — some pull in one direction, others in another.

This panic is expressed in the mood and the activity of the masses. I shall quote one example: the masses are all tending toward outside earnings.

In this present year the masses travel to St. Petersburg, to Moscow, to find a living there. At a time when all the work has stopped for the winter, when the living expenses are three times as dear as usual and every

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master dismisses as many superfluous men as he can, at a time when there is everywhere a mass of working men out of work, — men who have never had anything to do in the cities go there to find work. Is it not obvious to anybody that under such conditions there is more chance for the owner of a lottery ticket to win twenty thousand, than for a peasant who has arrived in Moscow from the country to find a place, and that the whole journey, no matter how inexpensive, with the expenses connected with it, and here and there with a spree, is only an additional burden, which will lie heavy on the starving? One would think that this is obvious, — and yet all of them go to the city and back again, and again to the city. Is not this a symptom of the complete madness, which takes possession of the crowd during every panic?

All these symptoms and, above all else, the phenomenon of the panic, are very significant, and so we cannot help but be afraid of them. We cannot say, as people generally say of an enemy, before they have tried their strength with him, "We shall undo him with our caps." The enemy, the terrible enemy, is standing here, before us, and it cannot be said that we are not afraid of him, because we know that he exists and, more still, we know that we are afraid of him.

And if we are afraid of him, we must first of all find out his strength. We cannot remain in the ignorance in which we now are.

Let us assume that Russian society, those men who live outside the pale of the starving localities, will understand their material and spiritual solidarity with the suffering masses, and will make true, serious sacrifices for the purpose of aiding the needy. Let us assume that the activity of those people who now live amidst the famine-stricken, working for them to the best of their ability, will continue doing so until the end, and that the number

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of these men will be increased; let us assume that the masses themselves are not losing courage and will struggle against want even as they are struggling now, with all positive and negative means, that is, by controlling themselves and increasing their energy and their inventiveness for finding the necessary means for existence, — let us assume that all this has been done and is being done a month, two, three, six months, and suddenly the price rises and continues to rise, as it has risen from forty-five kopeks to one rouble seventy kopeks, by degrees from one fair to another, and in a few weeks reaches as high as two and three roubles per pud, and it turns out that there is no corn, and that all the sacrifices made by those who have given money and by those who have lived and worked among the needy were a useless waste of means and of forces, and, above all else, that the whole energy of the masses is lost in vain, and no matter how much they, that is, a part of them, may have struggled, they none the less had to starve, while we ought to have known and prevented it all.

We cannot, we cannot, we must not remain in such an uncertainty; we, the educated and learned men, must not remain in this uncertainty. A peasant whom I saw yesterday did nearly everything which he could. He provided himself with money and went out to find some meal. He went to see Mikhaíl Vanílevich; he went to the mill; he went to Chernáva — there is nowhere any meal. Having visited all the places where there might have been some meal, he knows that he has done everything in his power, and if after that he could nowhere obtain any meal and the famine overcame him and his family, he would know that he has done everything in his power, and his conscience would be at peace.

But if in our case it turns out that there is not enough corn and that our labours, too, will perish, and, perhaps, we together with the masses, our conscience will not be

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at peace. We might have found out how much corn we should need, and we might have provided ourselves with it.

If our education and learning is of any avail to us, what greater good can it do than avert such a universal calamity as is the present one?

To figure out how much corn is needed for the support of those who have none in this present year, and how much corn there is in Russia, and if there is not enough of it to go around, to order the necessary corn from abroad, — all that is our direct duty, which is as natural as what the peasant did yesterday, when he travelled in a district for twenty versts around. And our conscience will be at peace only when we shall have visited all the surrounding country and shall have done everything we can. For him the surrounding country is Dánkov, Klekótki, for us it is India, America, Australia. We not only know that these countries exist, but are also in friendly intercourse with their inhabitants.

And how is what we need and what corn we have to be figured out? Is this really so difficult? We, who know how to figure out how many different kinds of bugs there are in the world, how many microbes there are in a given area, how many millions of versts it is to the stars, and how many pounds of iron and of oxygen there are in each star, — shall we not be able to figure out how much people must eat in order not to starve, and how much has been harvested by these men, by whose aid we have always found our sustenance? We, who with such a luxury of details have up to the present been collecting such a mass of, so far as I know, absolutely useless statistical data concerning the rate relation between births and marriages, deaths, and so forth, shall we suddenly be unable to collect the actually necessary information, which is needed most urgently? This is impossible.

It is possible to collect this information, not approxi-

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mate, guesswork information, like that precise information we get concerning the population by a one day's registration.

We need the information as to how much corn above the amount usually used for the support of all the Russians will be needed for the inhabitants of the famine districts, and how much corn there is in Russia. And we do not want approximate, wholesale, guesswork answers; the matter is too important to be done at haphazard, like building an arch, for which we do not know whether we have stone enough to close it.

This information may be obtained by the government and by the County Councils, wherever they exist; still more correctly it may be obtained by a private society, formed for the purpose. There does not exist any county in which could not be found, not merely one, but several men able and glad to help in this matter. This matter does not present itself to me as difficult. In a week an active man can without much labour travel over one-fourth or one-fifth of a county, especially if he lives in it, and within a possible error of ten or fifteen per cent. define the amount of corn needed for support, and the amount of corn for sale, above what is needed. I, at least, undertake personally to furnish such information in a week's time for one-fourth of the county in which I live. The same, I am told, can be done by the majority of those who live in the villages and with whom I have spoken about the matter. I assume that it is possible and not difficult to organize a central place, where the information may be collected and grouped, and which may send its members for this purpose to places where no volunteers have appeared. There may be mistakes; there may be concealments by the owners of corn; the moving of corn freight may produce mistakes; but the errors of the calculation, I think, will be small, and the information received in this manner would be suffi-

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ciently exact to answer the main, troublesome question which, if not expressed, is felt by all, whether there is sufficient corn in Russia, or not.

If, let us say, it should appear that in the present year, after the deduction of what is generally used by the army and for the distilleries, the surplus of corn, above what is needed for the support of the nation, is as much as one hundred or fifty millions of puds, assuming that part of these one hundred millions may be held back by the sellers, part may perish, may be burned, part may form a mistake of calculation, we could peacefully and with assurance continue to live and to work. If there should not be any surplus at all and it should appear that there is in Russia as much corn as is needed, the situation would be doubtful and dangerous, but still it would be possible, without ordering any corn from abroad and only by lessening the use of the corn, as, for example, for the distilleries, and by working substitutes into foodstuffs, to continue to live and to work. But if it should appear that there is a deficit of one hundred or even fifty millions of puds of corn, the situation would be terrible. What would happen would be what happens when a fire breaks out and envelops a building. If we found it out now, it would be as when a fire breaks out and there is still time to put it out. If we found it out when the last ten thousand puds were being used up, it would be as when a fire has already enveloped the whole building and little hope is left of getting out of it alive.

If we should now learn that there is a deficit of corn, be it fifty, or one hundred, or two hundred millions of puds of corn, — all this would not be terrible. We should buy this corn now in America and should manage to settle for it by means of state, public, or national funds.

People who work ought to know that their work has a meaning and does not pass in vain.

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Without this consciousness the hands will remain idle. And in order to know it, for the work with which the great majority of the Russians are now occupied, we must know now, at once, in two or three weeks, whether we have enough corn for the present year, and if not, where we can get it and what we need.

Byegichévka, November 1, 1891.

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ON THE METHODS OF AIDING THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE SUFFERED FROM THE FAILURE OF CROPS

THE aid to the people who have suffered from the failure of crops may have two purposes, — that of supporting the peasant agriculture and of freeing people from the danger of falling sick and even dying as the result of insufficient and unwholesome food.

Is this aim attained by the aid which is now offered in the shape of the distribution of from twenty to thirty pounds of flour per month to every mouth, counting in the labourers, or not? I think it is not. And I think so from the following considerations: All peasant families of the whole of agricultural Russia may be classified according to three types: (1) a wealthy farm, from eight to twelve souls, an average of ten to each family; from three to five labourers, an average of four. From three to five horses, an average of four. And from three to nine desyatínas of land, an average of six. Such a peasant is a rich man. Such a peasant not only supports his whole family, but frequently hires one or two labourers, buys up land from poor peasants, and lends them corn and seeds. All this may be done under conditions which are disadvantageous to the poor peasants, but the result is this, that where there are in the country ten per cent. of such rich people the land does not lie idle, and in case of need the poor man has still a means for providing himself with corn, seeds, and even money.

The second type is the average peasant, who with great difficulty makes both ends meet with his two lots and with

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one or two labourers and one or two horses. This farm lives almost on its own corn. What is lacking is earned by the member of the family who lives apart.

The third type is a poor man with a family of from three to five souls, with one labourer, frequently without a horse. He never has enough of his own bread; he must every year invent means for getting out of trouble and is always within a hair's breadth of beggary, and at the least mishap goes a-begging.

The aid which is offered in the form of flour to the population of the famine places is distributed according to the existing property lists of the peasant families. According to these lists it is calculated how much aid each is to receive; and this aid is offered only to the poorest, that is, to the families of the third type.

No aid is proposed to the farms of the first type, — to the rich and the average peasant, who have yet a few chétverts of oats left, two horses, a cow, some sheep. But if we enter into the condition, not only of the average, but even of the rich peasant, we cannot help but see that for the support of the peasant agriculture these farmers need the greatest aid.

Let us assume that a rich peasant has some rye left; he has twenty or more chétverts of oats, five horses, two cows, and eighteen sheep, and so no aid is provided for him, because he still has all these things. But figure up his income and his expenditures, and you will see that he is in just as much need as the poor peasant. To support his establishment with the rented land, he has to sow about ten chétverts. The fact that he will have left forty, fifty, or sixty roubles' worth of corn is nothing in comparison with what he needs for his family of twelve souls. For his twelve souls he needs fifteen puds at one rouble fifty kopeks — twenty-two roubles fifty kopeks per month, 225 roubles for ten months. He needs, besides, forty, fifty, seventy roubles with which to pay the

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rental for his land, and he needs money for his taxes. The members of his family, who are hired out, receive this year less money than before, on account of the higher price of corn, or are discharged altogether. He needs about 350 roubles, but he will not get together two hundred roubles, and so there is but one thing left for him to do, and that is, not to hire any land, to sell the seed-oats, to sell some of his horses, for which he cannot get any decent price, that is, to descend to the level of an average peasant, or even lower, because the family of the average peasant is smaller.

But even the average peasant, so long as he has some oats and one or two horses left, does not receive any aid, or he receives so little that he must sell his land to the exclusive rich men, eat up his seed-oats, and sell his horse for food. Thus, with such a distribution of the aid as now exists, the rich peasant must inevitably descend to the level of the average peasant, and the average peasant to that of the poor peasant. From the conditions of the present year, nearly all must descend to this level.

The distribution of flour, failing to attain the end of supporting the peasant agriculture, also fails to attain the second end, — the prevention of famine diseases. The distribution of flour according to souls does not attain this from the following causes:

In the first place, because with such a distribution of flour it is always possible for the recipient to succumb to temptation and to spend in drinks what he has received, a thing which, though infrequently, has happened in some cases; in the second place, because, falling into the hands of the poor, this aid saves them from famine only in case the family has some other means of its own. The maximum portion is thirty pounds to each man. And if thirty pounds of flour, with potatoes, and some admixture in the flour for the baking of bread, may support a man for the period of a month, these thirty pounds,

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in connection with complete poverty, when there is no money with which to buy orache to mix in with the bread, are eaten up in the form of pure bread in the period of from fifteen to twenty days, and the people, remaining in a starving condition for ten days, may grow sick or even die from lack of food. In the third place, the distribution of flour to poor families, even such as still have means of their own, does not attain the end of preventing famine diseases, because in a family, in which the strong people easily endure poor food, the feeble, the old, and the young grow sick from insufficient and unwholesome food.

In all localities which are affected by the failure of crops, all — the well-to-do and the poor families alike — eat poor bread which is made with orache. (Strange to say, now the poorest, in the majority of cases, in receiving bread from the County Councils, eat pure bread, while in the wealthy families nearly all eat it with orache, with the abominable immature orache of the present year.)[1]

And it constantly happens that the strong members of a rich family endure the orache bread, while the feeble, the old, the sick, simply run down from its effects and die.

Thus, there arrives a sick woman from a wealthy farm, carrying in her hands a chunk of black orache flat cake, which forms her chief food, and begging to be admitted to the kitchen, for no other reason than that she is sick, and that, too, only for the period of her sickness.

Another example: I go to a peasant who receives no aid and is considered rich. There are only two of them,

[1] The use of orache in the present year as food can be explained only by tradition, by the fact that people used to eat it before, — and there is a proverb, which says, "Not worse than porridge is bread with orache," — and that it grew up in the rye-field and was threshed out with the rye. It seems to me that if there existed no tradition, and if it did not grow in the rye-field, it is more likely that oat straw or filings would be mixed in with the bread than this injurious substance. And yet it is everywhere mixed in with the bread. — *Author's Note.*

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he and his wife, and they have no children. I find them at dinner: potato broth and orache bread. In the fermenting-trough is fresh bread, with a still greater admixture of orache. Husband and wife are cheerful and happy; but on the oven there is an old woman, who is sick from the orache bread, and she says that it is better to eat but once a day, provided one has good bread, for it is impossible to stomach this.

Or a third example: there comes a woman from a wealthy farm, begging to have her thirteen-year-old daughter admitted to the public kitchen, because she is not fed at home. This daughter was born out of wedlock, and so she is not loved and does not receive enough to eat. There are many such examples, and so the distribution of flour as an aid does not secure the old, the feeble, and the disliked members of the family against diseases and starvation, in consequence of insufficient and unwholesome food.

However painful it may be to say so, the activity of the members of the County Council, which consists in the distribution of corn, in spite of the remarkable energy and even self-sacrifice of the majority of them, does not attain either the end of supporting the peasant agriculture, or of preventing the possibility of famine diseases.

But if what is being done now is not good, what is good? What ought to be done?

According to my opinion two things are needed: for the counteraction to complete annihilation, if not for the support of the peasant agriculture, we need to provide work for the whole population capable of working, and to establish free kitchens for the young, the old, the feeble, and the sick in all the villages of the famine-stricken localities.

The provision for labour must be such that this labour shall be accessible, familiar, and habitual to the population, and not such as the people have never busied them-

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selves with or have not even seen, or such that the members of the families who formerly did not go away will now have to leave their home, which is for them frequently impossible for domestic and other reasons (such as the lack of clothing). The work must be such that, with the exception of all the work outside their houses, to which all those workers who are accustomed to it and able to go out to earn money will go, the home work may be performed by the rest of the population of the famine-stricken localities, — men, women, able-bodied old men, and half-grown children.

The calamity of this year consists not only in the lack of corn, but also in a not lesser lack of earnings, and simply of work, — in the enforced idleness of several millions of the population. If the corn needed for the support of the population is on hand, that is, can be transported to a place where it is wanted for a reasonable price, the famine-stricken people may be able to work for this corn, provided they have the possibility of working, the material for work, and a market for it. But if they do not have this possibility, hundreds of millions will irretrievably be lost in the distribution of aids, but the calamity will none the less not be removed. But the question is not merely one of material loss: the idleness of the whole population which receives free food has a terrible, corrupting effect.

Work outside their houses may be variously arranged, for the winter, and, still more, for the summer, and may God grant that this kind of work may at once be established and be of the widest possible dimensions. But, besides these larger labours outside the house, the affording the people a chance, without leaving their homes and their customary conditions, to work at their customary work, even though at a very low price, is a matter of imperative necessity and enormous importance.

In the villages of the localities where there was a failure

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of crops there has been no crop of hemp or of flax; the sheep are nearly all sold, and the women have no weaving and no spinning to do. The women, old and young, and the girls, who are usually busy, are sitting without any work. More than this: the peasants, remaining at home and having no money with which to buy bast, also sit without their customary winter work, — the weaving of bast shoes. The children, too, loaf about without work, because the schools are for the most part closed. The people, having before themselves only the oppressive conceptions of the ever-increasing need, and deprived of the usual and more than ever indispensable means for diversion and oblivion, — of work, — are sitting for days at a time with folded hands, discussing all kinds of rumours and suppositions in regard to the aid which is being offered or which will be offered, and chiefly in regard to their need. "They feel lonesome and tired and so are ailing more than ever," is what a clever old man said to me.

To say nothing of the economic significance of work for the present year, its moral significance is enormous. Work, any kind of work which could keep busy all the people who are idle this year, forms a most imperative necessity.

So long as these extensive labours have not yet been established (labours for which there have been all kinds of extremely clever projects, which, as we hear, are being established now, and which will be immensely useful, if only in their establishment the habits and comforts of the population will be taken into consideration), if only in all the famine-stricken villages all the remaining people might be given a chance to work at their customary work, — the men, say, to weave their bast shoes, if nothing more, and the women to spin and weave, — and they are given a chance to sell everything which is produced by this labour, this would be, if not a support of the peasant agriculture, at least a check in its ruin. If it be admitted

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that their linen can be disposed of at as little as eight kopeks per arshín (and it can be disposed of in enormous quantities), and if the bast shoes, which can be kept for years, are bought up at ten kopeks per pair, the earnings of every man will be at the lowest five kopeks, that is, one rouble fifty kopeks per month. If we, with this, assume that in every family there are no more than one-fourth of their members who cannot work, it will turn out that for each person in a family there will be earned 450¼ kopeks, that is, one rouble twelve kopeks; that is, considerably more than what now, with so much effort and so many discussions and quarrels, provoking universal indignation, is given by the County Council.

Such would be the calculation, if they worked at the cheapest and unquestionably the most accessible work, which is best known by the country population.

Greater means would be obtained than what is now received from the free or loan distribution, there would not be that insoluble difficulty of the distribution, and, above all else, of the dissatisfaction which is caused by this distribution.

In order to attain this, it would be necessary merely to spend insignificant sums for the purchase of material for work, — flax and bast, — and to secure the disposition of these products.

Many people, though still to a very small extent, are now busying themselves with the arrangement of such work, — providing weaving material for the women and a sale for their woven products. We, too, have begun this matter, but so far have not received the flax, wool, and bast which we have ordered. Our proposition to the peasants to busy themselves with work — with the production of linen and of bast shoes for sale — has everywhere been met with delight. "If we could but earn three kopeks a day, we should be doing better than sitting without work," we were told.

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It is self-evident that all this refers only to the five winter months; in the remaining four summer months, up to the new crop, the work could be much more productive.

To attain the end, if not of supporting the peasant agriculture, at least of checking its fall, there is, in my opinion, but one means, — the arrangement of work.

But to attain the second end, — to save men from falling sick in consequence of bad food and an insufficiency of it, the only unquestionable means is the establishment in every village of a free kitchen, in which any man who is hungry may get enough to eat.

The establishment of such eating-houses was begun by us more than a month ago, and has so far been conducted with a success which surpasses our expectations. The eating-houses were arranged as follows:

During my journey to Epiphany County, in the end of September, I met my old friend, I. I. Raévski, to whom I communicated my intention of establishing eating-houses in the famine localities. He invited me to settle with him and, without rejecting any other form of aid, not only approved of my plan of establishing eating-houses, but even undertook to aid me in this matter and, with his characteristic love for the people, and determination and simplicity of manner, immediately, even before our coming down to his place, began this matter and opened six such eating-houses about him. The method which he employed consisted in this, that in the poorest villages he proposed to the widows or the poorest inhabitants to feed those who would come to them, and for this purpose distributed to them the necessary provisions. The elder, with others empowered to do so, made lists of the children and the old men who were to receive food in the eating-houses, and the eating-houses were opened. These, though established by none other than the elders themselves and one of Raévski's clerks, went very well and lasted about a month. But at the time of our moving to his place, which

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coincided with the first distribution of aid from the government, five eating-houses were closed, because the people who used to go there were beginning to get their monthly allowance, and so did not seem to need the double assistance. Very soon, however, in spite of the distribution of aid, the need increased to such an extent that the necessity was felt for the opening of the closed eating-houses and the establishment of new ones. During the four weeks which we passed here we opened thirty eating-houses. At first we opened them in accordance with information collected by us as regards the most necessitous villages, but now for more than a week we have on all sides been requested to open new eating-houses, which request we are no longer able to satisfy.

The business of opening eating-houses consists in the following, — at least, we have acted in this way: Having heard of a village in particular need, we arrive there, go to the elder, and, declaring our intention, invite some of the older men and ask them about the property conditions of the farms from one end of the village to the other. The elder, his wife, the old men, and a few others, who have come to the hut from curiosity, describe to us the condition of the farms.

"Well, beginning at the left: Maksím Aptókhin. What about him?"

"He is in bad shape; he has children; there are seven, all told. He has not had any corn for a long time. That's why the old woman and a boy ought to go."

We note down: From Maksím Aptókhin — two. Next — Fédor Abrámov.

"They are in bad shape, too. Still, they manage to feed themselves."

But the elder's wife chimes in, saying that he, too, is in bad shape, and that we ought to take a boy. Next comes an old man, a soldier of the time of Nicholas.

"He is just starving."

Demyán Saprónov.

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"They manage to live."

And thus the whole village is discussed. We can see with what justice and with what absence of class feeling the peasants decide on those who are in need from the circumstance that, in spite of the fact that many peasants were not admitted in the first village, in Tatíshchevo, Rykhótsk Township, where we opened an eating-house, the peasants without the least hesitation named the pope's widow with her children and the sexton's wife among the number of the unquestionably poor who ought to be accepted in the eating-house. Thus all the farms passed in review are, according to the indications of the elder and the neighbours, generally divided into three classes: into those who are unquestionably in bad shape, of whom some persons ought to go to the eating-house, those who are unquestionably all right, — those who can take care of themselves, — and those about whom there is some doubt. This doubt is generally settled by the number of men who attend the eating-house. It is hard for a peasant to feed more than forty, and so, if the number attending the eating-house is less than forty, the doubtful ones are accepted, and if more, it becomes necessary to refuse them. Generally a few persons, who unquestionably ought to be fed in the eating-houses, are left out, and in proportion as this is brought to our notice, changes and additions are made. But if in a village there turns up a very large number of doubtfully needy persons, a second, and sometimes a third, eating-house is opened there.

In general, both in our eating-houses, and in those of our neighbour, Mrs. N. F., who is carrying on the matter independently of us, the number of people fed in an eating-house always forms one-third of all persons in the village.

There are very many volunteers, in nearly all the farms, who are willing to keep the eating-house, that is, to bake the bread, to cook the meals, and to serve the eaters, for the right to receive their food and fuel gratis. All

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people are to such an extent anxious to keep these eating-houses that in the first two villages where we opened eating-houses, the elders, both of them rich peasants, proposed to open the eating-houses in their huts; but since the keeper of the eating-house is completely provided with food and fuel, we generally choose the very poorest, so long as they are in the centre of the village, and can easily be reached from both ends. We pay no attention to the room itself, since in the smallest hut of but six arshíns square thirty to forty persons can easily be served with meals.

The next business is to apportion provisions for every eating-house. This is done as follows: In one place, which is in the centre of the eating-houses, a storehouse of all necessary provisions is established. As such a storehouse at first Raévski's farmhouse served; but with the expansion of the business there were established, or rather chosen, three other storehouses in the estates of well-to-do landed proprietors, where there are granaries and some provisions for sale.

As soon as the dwelling for the eating-house is chosen, and the persons who are to come to it are marked down, a day is set on which the keepers of the eating-house by turns come or send a wagon after the provisions. As, on account of the great number of eating-houses, it is now troublesome to give out provisions every day, two days in the week have been set, Tuesday and Friday, when provisions are given out.

In the storehouse the keeper of an eating-house gets a little book of the following form:

RECEIPT BOOK OF EATING-HOUSE NO. .....

Day and Month	Where opened	Flour	Bran	Potat.	Cabb.	Beets	Cracked Oats	Fuel	Salt	Number of Eaters
Nov. 8	Lukér-ya Kotóv	4 p.	2 p.	6 p.	30 h.	2 p.	1 p.	10 p.	10 lb.	

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The provisions are received according to this book, and everything is noted down.

Besides the provisions, teams come on a stated day from the villages in which there are eating-houses, to receive their fuel: at first it was turf, but now, since there is no more turf, it is wood. On the same day that the provisions are taken home, the loaves are baked, and two days later the eating-houses are opened. The question as to the dishes for cooking, the bowls, the spoons, the tables, is decided by the keepers of the eating-houses themselves. Every keeper uses his own dishes. What he lacks he borrows from those who eat at his house. Everybody brings his own spoon.

The first eating-house was opened at the house of a blind old man with a wife and orphaned grandchildren. When I, on the first day of the opening of this eating-house, arrived at eleven o'clock at the blind man's house, the woman had everything ready. The loaves were out of the oven and lay on the table and on the benches. In the heated oven, which was closed with a shutter, stood cabbage soup, potatoes, and stewed beets.

In the room were, besides the proprietors, two female neighbours and a homeless old woman, who had begged to be permitted to stay in the house, so as to have something to feed on and warm herself. There were no people there as yet. It turned out that they had been waiting for us, and so had not yet sent out the announcement. A boy and a peasant took it upon themselves to make the announcement. I asked the hostess how they would seat themselves.

"I will arrange it as is proper, have no fear," said the hostess.

This hostess is a stocky woman of fifty years of age, with a timid and restless, but bright expression. Before the opening of the eating-house she used to go out begging, thus supporting herself and her family. Her enemies say

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of her that she is a drunkard. But, in spite of these accusations, she makes a favourable impression by her relations to the orphans, her husband's grandchildren, and to her worn-out, barely alive, blind old husband, who is lying on the bench-beds. The mother of these orphans died the year before; the father abandoned the children and went to Moscow, and there went to the dogs. The children — a boy and a girl — are very pretty, especially the boy, who is eight years old; in spite of their poverty, they are well-dressed, and they keep close to their grandmother and are exacting to her, as spoiled children are.

"Everything will be as it ought to be," says the hostess, "and I will get a table. And those who find no place, will eat later."

Out of four puds of flour, she informs me, she made nine loaves, and she has, besides, brewed some kvas. "But the turf has worn me out," she says. "It does not burn. I had to pull some straw down from my shed. I had to open cracks in the shed, for the turf would not burn."

As I have no other business here, I go beyond the ravine, to the eating-house of another village, fearing lest they should be waiting there, too, for me. And, indeed, so they were. Here it was again the same: the same odour of hot bread; the same round loaves on the tables and benches, and the same iron and clay pots in the oven and the curious people in the house. Here again volunteers run away to carry abroad the announcement. After talking awhile with the hostess, who, like the first, complains that the turf does not burn and that she has had to chop up a trough to be able to bake the bread, I return to the first eating-house, thinking that there might spring up some misunderstandings or difficulties, which it would be necessary to remove. I arrive at the blind man's house. The hut is full of people and is alive with a repressed motion, like an open beehive in summer-time.

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Vapour escapes through the door. There is an odour of bread and of cabbage soup, and the sound of lapping is heard. The room is very small and dark; there are two tiny windows, which, at that, are on both sides covered high outside with manure. The floor is of earth and very uneven. It is so dark, especially from the mass of people in it, who with their backs conceal the windows, that at first it is impossible to make anything out. But, in spite of the inconveniences and crowding, the eating is going on in the greatest order. Along the front wall, on the left of the door, there are two tables, around which on all sides the people who are dining sit in orderly fashion. In the background of the room, — from the outer wall to the oven, are the hanging beds, on which the emaciated blind old man no longer lies, but sits up, embracing his lank legs with his hands, and listening to the conversation and to the sound of eating. On the right, in the unoccupied corner, before the mouth of the oven, stand the host, the hostess, and helpers, who have volunteered their services. They all watch the needs of the diners, and serve them.

At the table in the front corner, under the images, is a soldier of the days of Nicholas; then comes a village old man, then an old woman, then some children. At the second table, nearer to the oven, with the back to the partition, is the miserable-looking wife of a pope, and about her are her children, boys and girls, and her grown-up daughter. On each table is a bowl with cabbage soup, and the diners sip it, eating at the same time their fragrant bread. The bowls with the cabbage soup are emptied.

"Eat, eat," the hostess says cheerfully and hospitably, handing them chunks of bread over their heads. "I'll fill them up again. To-day we have only cabbage soup, and potatoes, — the beets are not done. You will have them for supper."

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An old woman, barely alive, who is standing at the oven, begs me to send her some bread to her house; she has dragged herself up with difficulty, but she cannot come every day; her boy is eating here, so he will bring it to her. The hostess cuts off a piece of bread for her. The old woman puts it cautiously away in her bosom and thanks her for it, but does not leave. The sexton's wife, a lively woman, who is standing at the oven and helping the hostess, chattily and briskly thanks me for her little girl, who is eating here, sitting at the wall, and asks me timidly whether she, the sexton's wife herself, may not be allowed to eat here.

"I have not tasted pure bread for a long time, and that tastes to us as sweet as honey."

Having received permission, the sexton's wife makes the sign of the cross and climbs over a plank which is thrown from one bench to another. A boy next to her on one side, and an old woman on the other, make place for the sexton's wife, and she seats herself. After the first course of cabbage soup the potatoes are served. From the salt-cellar every person pours out a little pile of salt on the table in front of him, and dips the peeled potatoes in it. All this — the service at the table, the taking of the food, the seating of the people — is accomplished without haste and with decency and decorum, and, at the same time, in such a habitual manner as though what is taking place has always taken place and could not be done otherwise. It is something like a natural phenomenon. Having finished the potatoes and cautiously removed the remaining pieces of bread, the soldier of the days of Nicholas is the first to get up and climb out from behind the table, and all arise with him, turn to the images, and pray, then express their thanks and leave. Those who have been waiting for their turn without haste take their places, and the hostess again cuts bread and fills the bowls with cabbage soup.

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Precisely the same happened in the second eating-house; the only special thing was that there were very many people there, almost forty of them, and the room was even darker and smaller than the first. But here was the same decorum of the guests, the same calm and joyous, somewhat proud relation of the hostess to her work. Here the host served, helping his mother, and matters went faster still. The same took place in all the other eating-houses which we had established, with the same decorum and naturalness. In some the zealous hostesses prepared three and even four courses: beet stew, cabbage soup, broth, potatoes.

The matter of the eating-houses is carried on as simply as many other peasant affairs, in which all the most complicated details are left to the peasants themselves. In the hauling, for example, for which peasants are hired, no employer ever bothers himself about mats, or pegs, or bast hampers, or buckets, or many other things which are indispensable for the hauling. It is assumed that all this will be arranged by the peasants themselves; and, indeed, all this is always and everywhere arranged uniformly, sensibly, and simply by the peasants themselves, without demanding any participation or attention from the employer. Just so they do things in the eating-houses.

All the details of the matter are attended to by the keepers of the eating-houses themselves, and this is done so definitely and so circumstantially that all that is left for the founder to do is to attend to general matters in regard to the eating-houses. There are four such important matters which are left for the founder of the eating-house to do: (1) to deliver the provisions to the centre, from which it can be distributed in all directions; (2) to attend to this, that the provisions shall not be wasted; (3) to attend to this, that the most needy persons shall not somehow be overlooked, or that instead such persons shall not receive free food as can get along without it; and

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(4) to test and apply in the eating-houses new and little used foodstuffs, such as peas, lentils, millet, oats, barley, all kinds of bread, etc.

Quite a lot of trouble was caused us by providing for the people who were receiving a monthly allowance. Some of the members of the family, who were receiving an insufficient quantity, were admitted; others gave their monthly allowance to the eating-house, so as to be allowed to eat in it. In this matter we are guided by the following considerations: with the equal distribution of twenty pounds to each person, as is the case in our locality, we accept them preëminently from the large families; with the insufficient distribution, such as is twenty pounds per month, there are the more unprovided people, the greater the family is.

The theory of the eating-houses is, therefore, the following: to open from ten to twenty eating-houses, which should feed from three to eight hundred men, provisions must be collected in the centre of this locality. Such a centre may always be in a well-to-do proprietor's estate.

The provisions for such a number, let us say five hundred people, will consist (if the eating-houses are to be kept until the new harvest), figuring one pound of a mixture of meal and bran to each of the five hundred persons for three hundred days, of 150,000 pounds or 3,750 puds, or 2,500 puds of rye and twelve hundred puds of bran; the same number of pounds of potatoes, twelve sázhens of wood, one thousand puds of beets, twenty-five puds of salt, two thousand heads of cabbage, and eight hundred puds of oats. (The cost of all this, to judge from present prices, will be 5,800 roubles, that is, with the increase of the expense for oat broth, one rouble sixteen kopeks per man.) Having established such a storehouse, it is possible to proceed in a circumference of seven to eight versts to open as many as twenty eating-houses, which will provision themselves from this storehouse. First

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of all it is necessary to open eating-houses in the poorest villages. The place for the eating-house should be chosen with one of the poorest peasants. The dishes and everything necessary for the preparation of the food and for the table should be left to the discretion of the keepers of the eating-house themselves. The list of the persons admitted to the eating-house should be made with the assistance of the elder and, if possible, of the well-to-do peasants, who do not send their families to the eating-house. The supervision of the eating-houses, if there are very many of them, should be left to the peasants themselves. Naturally, however, the greater the interest which the persons opening the eating-houses will show in this matter, the closer will their relations be with the keepers, and the guests of the eating-houses, — the better will the whole business proceed, the less waste and dissatisfaction will there be, and the better the food. And, above all else, the more cheerful will the mood of the people be. But it may boldly be said that, even with the most distant supervision, with being all left to themselves, the eating-houses will satisfy a demand and, in consequence of the supervision exercised by the interested peasants themselves, the useless waste of provisions will in no case be greater than ten per cent., if we may call it useless waste at all when people carry off some bread, or give it to those who have none. Such is the theory of the establishment of the eating-houses, and any person who wants to apply it will see how easily and how naturally this business is carried on.

The advantages and the disadvantages of the eating-houses are as follows:

The disadvantage of the eating-houses is, in the first place, this, that the provisioning in them costs a little more than the personal distribution of flour. If thirty pounds of flour are given as an assistance to every eater, the same thirty pounds of flour are used up in the eating-

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houses, and, in addition, what is used for cooking, potatoes, beets, salt, fuel, and now oats. This disadvantage, to say nothing of the fact that the eating-houses provide better for the people than does the distribution of flour, is redeemed by the introduction of new, cheap, and wholesome foodstuffs, such as lentils, peas in various forms, oat-broth, beets, Indian meal porridge, sunflower and hemp-seed meal, whereby the quantity of the bread used up can be diminished and the food itself improved.

Another disadvantage is this, that the eating-houses keep from starvation only a few feeble members of the family, and not the young and adult people who do not frequent the eating-houses, considering this debasing to themselves. Thus, in determining those persons who are privileged to feeding in the eating-houses, the peasants always exclude the grown lads and girls, as they consider this disgraceful for them. This disadvantage is redeemed by the fact that the very shame which they feel in using the eating-houses prevents the possibility of misusing them. There comes, for example, a peasant demanding an increase of his monthly allowance, and asserting that he has not eaten for two days. He is asked to attend the eating-house. He blushes and refuses, while another peasant of the same age, who was left without any means and could find no work, comes to the eating-house. Or another example: a woman complains of her condition and begs for assistance. It is proposed to her that she should send her daughter. But her daughter is already a prospective bride, and the woman refuses to send her. And yet the daughter of the pope, who is a prospective bride, and whom I have mentioned before, comes to the eating-house.

The third disadvantage, the greatest of them all, is this, that a few feeble persons, old and young, and children without clothes, cannot attend, especially in bad weather. This inconvenience is removed by allowing those who

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attend from the same farm, or their neighbours, to carry the food to them.

I know no other disadvantages and inconveniences.

Now the advantages of the eating-houses are as follows:

The food is incomparably better and more varied than what is prepared in the families. It is possible to make use of cheaper and more wholesome foodstuffs. The food is purchased at a lower price. There is a saving in fuel for the baking of bread. The poorest families, those where the eating-houses are established, are completely provided for. There is excluded the possibility of an inequality in the distribution of food which is frequently met with in families in respect to the members of it who are disliked; the old and the children receive the food which corresponds to their age. The eating-houses, instead of irritating and causing envy, evoke good sentiments. Misuse, that is, the receiving of assistance by persons who are least in need of it, may be less than with any other method of assistance. The limits of the misuse which may arise in the use of the eating-houses are set by the dimensions of the stomachs. A man may receive as much flour as he wishes, but nobody can eat more than a very limited amount. And above all else, the chief advantage of the eating-houses, for which alone they can and ought to be established everywhere, is this, that in the village in which there is an eating-house, a man cannot get sick or die from a lack of food, or from its poor quality; there cannot be what unfortunately is constantly repeated, — an old, feeble man, a sickly child, receiving poor and insufficient food now and then, falls off, grows sick, and dies, — if not directly from hunger, at least from the want of good food. And this is most important.

The other day, wishing to avoid all those examinations which had to be undertaken in the eating-houses formerly opened, as to who should be admitted and who not, we in a newly opened eating-house made use of a meeting of

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the peasants to decide some of their affairs, by leaving it to them to determine who should attend the eating-houses. The first opinion, as expressed by many, was this, that it was impossible for them to do so, as there would be disputes and quarrels, and they would never be able to agree. Then the opinion was expressed that one person from each farm should be admitted. But this opinion was soon rejected. There were farms from which nobody needed to be admitted, and there were others where there was not one feeble person, but many. And so they agreed to accept our proposition, — to rely on people's honesty. "Meals will be prepared for forty persons, and whoever will come is welcome, and when all is eaten up, you must not think ill of us." This opinion was approved of. One man said that a healthy, strong man would himself be ashamed to come and eat up an orphan's portion. To this, however, a dissatisfied voice replied: "I should gladly refuse to come, but I cannot help it, for lately I have not eaten for two days."

This forms the chief advantage of the eating-houses. Whoever it may be, — whether he be listed in the village commune or not, a servant of the manor, a cantonist, a soldier, whether of the days of Nicholas or of Alexander, the wife of a pope, a burgher, a member of the gentry, an old or a young man, healthy, lazy, or industrious, a drunkard or sober, — so long as he is a man who has had nothing to eat for two days, — will receive the communal food. This is the chief advantage of the eating-houses. Where they exist, nobody will die of starvation and no one can be driven to work while he is hungry.

Everything you please except hunger may be a motive for more or less work. Animals may be trained by means of hunger and may be compelled to do things which are contrary to their nature, but it is time to understand that it is a shame to compel people by means of hunger to do, not what they wish, but what we want them to do.

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But is the establishment of eating-houses everywhere possible? Is it a common measure, which may be applied anywhere and on a large scale? At first it seems that it is not possible, that it is but a private, local, accidental measure which can be applied only in certain spots, where people specially adapted to this business may be found. I myself thought so at first, when I imagined that it would be necessary to rent a hall for the eating-house, hire a cook, buy dishes, think out and determine what kind of food, when, and for how many persons to prepare; but the method of eating-houses which, thanks to I. I. Raévski, has now been established removes all these difficulties and makes this measure most accessible, simple, and popular.

With our feeble powers and without any special effort, we opened in four weeks and set a-going in twenty villages thirty eating-houses, in which about fifteen hundred persons are fed. But our neighbour, Mrs. N. F., herself in the course of one month opened and has conducted on the same principle sixteen eating-houses, in which not less than seven hundred persons are fed.

The opening of the eating-houses and their supervision present no difficulties, and their maintenance costs but a little more than the distribution of the flour, if it is supplied to the extent of thirty pounds per month. (Though we have not made any exact calculations, we assume that the support of each person in the eating-houses will in no case surpass one rouble fifty kopeks per month.)

This measure (the establishment of the eating-houses), which does not provoke any ill feelings in the masses, but, on the contrary, completely satisfies them, attains the chief end which now stands before society, which is, to secure people against the possibility of a death from famine, and so ought everywhere to be accepted. If it is possible for the County Council, — for the orators and the

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administration, — to figure out the wants of the peasants and, providing flour, to give it to those who are in need, it will cost these people incomparably less labour to establish storehouses for the provisioning of the eating-houses, and the eating-houses themselves.

The other day we received a visit from an inhabitant of Kalúga, who brought the following proposition for our locality: a few landed proprietors and peasants of the Government of Kalúga, who have an abundance of fodder for cattle, sympathizing with the condition of the peasants of our locality, who are obliged at a great sacrifice to part with their horses, which they will not be able to buy back again in the spring for nearly ten times the price, have proposed to winter ten wagon-loads, that is, eighty horses from our locality. With the horses are to go some chosen men from those villages from which the horses will be taken; after taking them to their destination, they are to return home. In the spring chosen persons are to go for the horses and bring them back.

On the day following this proposition, there were found in the two villages where the announcement was made enough persons who were willing to send off these eighty horses, all of them young and good animals. Since then peasants have come every day, begging us to take their horses.

There can be no stronger and more definite answer to the question whether there is any famine, and of what dimensions. The want must be very great for the peasants to be willing so easily to part with their horses and to trust them to strangers. Besides, the offer and its acceptance are strikingly touching and instructive to me. The Kalúga peasants, who are not wealthy, are taking upon themselves considerable expense and labour and care for their brother peasants, whom they do not know and have never seen, and the peasants of our locality, who evidently comprehend the motives of their Kalúga

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brothers and apparently feel that in case of need they would do the same, without the least hesitation entrust to a few people almost their last possessions, — their good, young horses, for which, even at present prices, they could get as much as five, ten, fifteen roubles.

If but one-hundredth part of such living, brotherly consciousness, of such union of men in the name of the God of love, existed in all men, — how easily, nay, not how easily, but how joyously we should be bearing this famine, and all possible material calamities!

Byegichévka, Dánkov County,
November 26, 1891.

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AMONG THE SUFFERING

REPORT UP TO APRIL 12, 1892

Our activity from the time of the last report consisted in the following:

Our first and chief business consisted in the establishment and management of eating-houses.

The eating-houses, of which, at the time of our former report, there were seventy-two, continue to multiply, and now they exist in four counties, Epiphany, Efrémov, Dánkov, and Skópin, in all 187. This multiplication has taken place in the following manner: from the villages adjoining those in which we have eating-houses, there come to us, now individual peasants, now representatives of the Commune with the elder, to ask us to open eating-houses among them. One of us goes to the particular village from which the petitioners have come, and, making the round of the farms, writes out a list of the property of the poorer inhabitants. At times, though very rarely, it turns out that a village from which deputies have come does not belong to the poorest and that there is as yet no urgent need of assistance; but in the majority of the cases the one who has made the round of the village has found, as is always the case upon close observation of peasant needs, that the condition of the poorest families is so bad that assistance is indispensable; and this assistance has been given by means of establishing eating-houses, to which the weakest members of the poorest families were admitted. In this manner the eating-

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houses have grown up, and still continue to grow up, in those directions where the need is greater and less provided for, namely, in the direction of Efrémov County and especially of Skópin County, where the assistance is particularly scanty. There are in all 187 eating-houses, of which 130 are those where the guests receive cooked food and bread, and thirty-seven those where they receive only cooked food. This division into eating-houses with bread and without bread took place in March, because from that time on the County Councils began in the poorest villages of Dánkov County, where our eating-houses existed, to loan thirty pounds per man, and in Epiphany County more than thirty, so that in these counties the poorer population was either entirely provided with bread and needed only cooked food, — potatoes, cabbage, and other things, which, if the poorer peasants had had them, were entirely exhausted by March. For these poorer inhabitants were opened the eating-houses without bread, to which the guests come with their own bread. Having become accustomed to receive bread, too, in the eating-houses, the peasants were at first dissatisfied with this change, and announced that the advantage derived from these eating-houses did not pay for the trouble in bringing the wood by rotation from the groves and that they did not wish to make use of the eating-houses. But this dissatisfaction did not last long. Only the well-to-do refused to come, and they, too, very soon began to ask to be admitted to the eating-houses.

The amount allowed in these eating-houses without bread for each ten men per week was as follows: rye meal for kvas, five pounds; wheat meal for broth, two pounds; pea, oats, or maize meal for broth, ten pounds; peas, ten pounds; millet for porridge or broth, ten pounds; potatoes, two measures; beets, one measure; sauerkraut, one-half bucket; hemp oil, one-half pound; salt, four pounds; onions, one pound. Besides, in the

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winter, one and one-half pounds of kerosene and sixty puds of wood were used up every week.

With this distribution every man gets two pounds of vegetables, that is, of potatoes, cabbage, and beets, per day, and one-half pound of meal food, that is, of millet, peas, and rye meal, which gives in a cooked form more than four pounds per day for each man.

These eating-houses are especially interesting in that they have given an object-lesson as to the faultiness of the conviction, which has taken firm root among the majority of the peasants themselves, that rye bread is the most appetizing, most wholesome, and at the same time the cheapest form of food. These eating-houses have shown beyond a doubt that peas, millet, maize, potatoes, beets, cabbage, oats, and pea broth satisfy the hunger more easily and form a more wholesome and cheaper food than bread. The people who came to the eating-houses without bread brought with them very small pieces of bread, and sometimes came entirely without any bread, and yet passed the winter with their hunger well satisfied and with good health, eating each day about two kopeks' worth of cooked food and two or three kopeks' worth of bread, whereas, eating nothing but bread, they used up at least seven and one-half kopeks' worth of food.

Here is the menu for the week, made up by one of our co-workers. Monday: cabbage soup, porridge; Tuesday: potato soup, pea broth, and the same for supper; Wednesday: pea soup, boiled potatoes, and, for supper, peas with kvas; Thursday: cabbage soup, pea broth, and the same for supper; Friday: potato soup, millet broth, and the same for supper; Saturday: cabbage soup, boiled potatoes, and, for supper, potatoes with kvas; Sunday: potato soup, porridge, and, for supper, peas with kvas.

The author of this menu was guided by those products which he had at his disposal at the given time. With beets, from which was prepared during the whole winter

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the favourite beet stew, and with the oats broth, this menu can be varied still more without making the food more expensive.

Our eating-houses are distributed, according to localities, as follows (follows the list of eating-houses by counties and villages).

In all the eating-houses of these four counties 9,093 persons at present receive food.

Such was one business of ours, — the most important one.

Another business for the last winter months consisted in furnishing wood to the population in distress. This distress has become more and more marked as the months advanced, and beginning with the middle of winter, especially when the supplies were more or less secured, it became the most important business. In our locality, where there is no fuel, no turf, and there could be no thought of using straw as fuel, this distress became very great with the beginning of winter. Very frequently, not only children, but even adults, could be found, not on the oven, but inside the oven, which had had a fire started in it the day before and which still retained a little heat, and on many farms they tore down the fences, kilns, sheds, and even vestibules, using for fuel the straw, the wickerwork, and shavings.

Thanks to the liberal gifts of wood from various persons, we were able, besides what we needed for the eating-houses, to distribute more than three hundred sázhens to the people.

Our method of distribution was as follows: to the more well-to-do peasants, we sold wood at our price (counting five kopeks per pud as an average price for wood purchased in the groves and in Smolénsk); to the average peasants, we gave the wood on half shares at the station Klekótki, about thirty versts off, so that they took one-half and hauled the other half for us. To the poor peasants, who

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had horses, we gave the wood gratis, on condition that they should haul it themselves from the station. To the very poorest peasants, without any horses, we gave the wood on the spot, at home, — the wood which those brought who brought it to us on shares.

Our third business was the feeding of the peasant horses. Besides the eighty horses, which in the beginning of winter were sent to the Government of Kalúga, twenty were taken to be boarded by Prince D. O. O., ten by Merchant S., and forty were placed on the farm of Mr. E., where they were fed on two car-loads of hay, contributed by P. A. U., and on old straw, given by the owner, and on other fodder which was purchased.

Before the beginning of spring, in February, two structures were put up on farms for the feeding of the peasant horses, — one on Mr. S.'s farm, the other on Mr. M.'s farm in Efrémov County. For the feeding of the horses, there were bought ten thousand puds of straw, two car-loads of pressed seeds, and three hundred puds of millet meal were provided for mash. By these means 276 horses were fed for the period of the last two months.

Our fourth business consisted in the distribution of flax and bast for work, and gratis to those who were in need of foot-gear and of cloth. One car-load of flax at 660 roubles was distributed to the needy gratis, and other eighty puds, and one hundred puds contributed, were distributed on half shares. The linen which is due us as our share has so far not reached us, so that we have been unable to satisfy the demands of Mrs. N., who sent us 120 roubles for the linen, and Mrs. K. M., who also offered to buy the peasant cloth, in order to furnish earnings to the peasant women.

Of the bast we have received as a contribution one car-load from P. A. U., one hundred puds from L., and one thousand bunches were bought for 219 roubles. Part of this bast has been sold at a low price, and part has been

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distributed gratis to the most needy, while another part has been given on half shares for the weaving of bast shoes.

The bast shoes which are brought in are partly distributed, and partly will be. This business, the furnishing of material for earnings, was the least successful one for us. This business is so trifling, it is so inconvenient for us, who in relation to the peasants stand in a position of distributers of contributions, to take up the position of work-givers who demand strict account of the use of the material, that this matter has been a complete failure, calling forth nothing but unrealized expectations, envy, and evil sentiments. The best would have been, and we do this now, to sell these articles at the lowest prices to those who can purchase them, and to give them gratis to those who cannot buy them, — to the poorest.

Our fifth business, which began in February, consisted in the establishment of eating-houses for the smallest children, from a few months old, suckling babes, to those who are three years old. We established these eating-houses as follows: having described all the farms where there are children of that age, and where there is no milk, we chose a woman who had a cow that had come in, and offered her a remuneration of fifteen puds of wood and four puds of pressed seeds (which in price is equal to three roubles), if she would make a millet porridge with milk for ten babies of from one and one-half to three years old, and buckwheat porridge for suckling babes. For a babe of from one and one-half to three years old, two pounds of millet per week are furnished, and for suckling babes, one pound of buckwheat groats.

In the large villages these eating-houses are arranged as follows: milk is bought at forty kopeks per bucket. For suckling babes of less than a year, one pound per week is supplied; for children of from one to three years, two pounds. The youngest children receive one glass of milk

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per day, the older, two glasses. Those who have no cows receive milk and millet in the form of porridge; those who have a cow, receive the porridge, in return for which they give milk.

The mothers sometimes come themselves for the porridge, which they carry home; at times they bring their babes with them and feed them on the spot. As a rule, in establishing these homes, the mothers, and so far as that goes, all peasants, propose, in the place of an eating-house in the hut of a certain peasant woman, that the millet and the groats be given out to them, asserting that they can get the milk anywhere from some good people. But we think that, to secure the health of the little children, precisely such an arrangement is necessary. Upon receiving five to ten pounds of millet or groats, every peasant woman, no matter how good a mother she may be, looks upon the millet and the groats as upon provision which belongs to the whole house, and makes use of it to the best of her knowledge and her needs, or as her husband may order, so that frequently the millet or the groats do not reach the children. But if she every day receives a portion of prepared milk gruel for her child, she will certainly feed it out to the child.

We have now some eighty such homes, and every day new ones are established. These homes, which at first called forth doubts, have now become a habitual phenomenon, and nearly every day women come with their children from the villages in which there are not yet such homes, begging us to establish them. These homes cost about sixty kopeks per month for every child.

Since it is absolutely impossible, in the complex and constantly changing matter with which we are occupied, to figure out exactly how much money we shall need in order to carry on everything undertaken by us until the next harvest, and we, therefore, do not begin anything which we cannot carry out to the end, we shall, in all

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probability, have unexpended money left from the late contributions and from the sums expended in the form of loans, which are to be refunded in the fall. The best placement of such moneys, I think, will be the continuation of such homes for children for the next year. But if, as I am convinced, money and men will be found for it, why should they not be continued for ever? The general establishment of such homes, I assume, could greatly diminish the percentage of child mortality. Such was our fifth business.

The sixth business, which is beginning now, and which, in all probability, will be ended in one way or another when this report shall have appeared in print, consists in the distribution to the needy peasants of oats, potatoes, hemp, millet for sowing. The distribution of such seeds is particularly needed in our locality, because, besides the sowing of the summer fields, it has unexpectedly become necessary to make a new sowing of a considerable part of the rye, which in some localities has been spoiled nearly one-third. These seeds are distributed by us to the most needy peasants, whose land will inevitably remain unsowed if they do not receive seeds; but the seeds are not given to them gratis, but on condition that they will return them in grain from the new crops, independently of the present prices and of those prices which they may bring. The money received from these articles may be used for the establishment of homes for babes for the next winter.

The purchase of horses and their distribution forms our seventh business. Besides the immense number of those who have no horses, who never have a horse, which in some villages is as high as one-third, there are in the present year some peasants who have sold their horses and have spent the proceeds in food, and who now will inevitably fall into absolute poverty or slavery, if they are not provided with horses. We buy horses for such

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peasants. This spring we have bought sixteen such horses, and it is necessary to buy one hundred more horses in the localities occupied by our eating-houses. We purchase these horses at the rate of about twenty-five roubles per horse, under the following conditions: the man who receives a horse puts himself under obligation to work the allotments of two souls for the poorer peasants who have no horses, for widows and orphans.

Our eighth business was the sale of rye, meal, and baked bread at cheap prices. This business, — the sale of baked bread, — which was continued to a small extent in the winter, was renewed with the arrival of spring. We have established bakeries for the sale of cheap bread at sixty kopeks per pud.

Besides these definite divisions, for which the money contributed has been used, small sums have been used by us in direct assistance to the needy for needs which cannot be put off, such as funerals, payment of debts, support of small schools, purchase of books, building, and so forth; there were very few such expenditures, as may be seen from the financial report.

Such has been our business in general outline for the past six months. Our chief business for this time has been the feeding of the distressed by means of eating-houses. During the winter months this form of aid, in spite of the misuse which occurred with it, in the main completely attained its end, which was, to provide for all the poorer and weaker population, for the children, old people, the sick, the convalescent, and thus save them from starvation and poor food. But with the approach of spring there present themselves certain considerations which demand a change in the existing order of the arrangement and management of the eating-houses.

With the approach of spring there presents itself, in the first place, the new condition that many who come to the eating-houses will be at work or attending to the

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horses, and will be unable to attend the eating-houses during dinner and supper time; in the second place, in the summer, when the heat from the ovens in the eating-houses is intense, conflagrations may easily occur. We shall in its proper time give an account of how our activity will be changed in consequence of this, if we shall have a chance to do so.

We add a short general account of the contributions received by us, and of the use to which they have been put. We shall give and print later a complete account, if we have time for it.

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ACCOUNT OF THE MONEY CONTRIBUTED FROM APRIL 12 TO JULY 27, 1892

DURING the summer our business consisted in the following: (1) in the maintenance of the formerly existing eating-houses and the establishment of new ones; (2) in the establishment of homes for suckling babes and children of two years of age; (3) in the distribution of seeds for the summer sowing; (4) in the purchase of horses; and (5) in the establishment of bakeries and the sale of baked bread. Our first business, the eating-houses, lasted from April 12th to July 20th, almost in the same form as in the preceding months, with this difference only, that, fearing fires from overheating, we stopped the baking of bread in the eating-houses. Where we were able to do so, we distributed baked bread, and where it was not possible to prepare a sufficient quantity of bread we distributed flour to the individuals. In many villages a few of our colabourers proposed to distribute the food for cooking to the individuals. At first this change was accepted with joy, but very soon the peasants in the great majority of the villages themselves wished to return to the old order.

The need of eating-houses was more felt in the summer, during the long day and tense labour, than in winter. Very frequently the women in many villages asked that, instead of having their dinner, to which they were entitled, their husbands or fathers, who came home late from work, might be accepted for supper.

The number of the eating-houses at that time was considerably increased.

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There were in all 246 eating-houses, and in them were fed, at some times more than at others, between ten and thirteen thousand men.

The second business — the establishment of homes (thus the kitchens for the cooking of the gruel for the children were incorrectly called) — was continued on the old bases and became very popular. For some of the homes in the villages, where there were few cows (and in our district there were villages in which sixty per cent. of the farms had no cows), we bought cows on condition that those who received the cows should supply the milk for the children who were put on their lists. Wherever it was possible, the milk was bought.

There were in all two to three thousand children who were fed in 124 homes.

The third business, which consisted in the distribution of summer seeds, — oats, potatoes, millet, hemp, — we did as follows: upon arriving in a village where there were petitioners, we invited three or four well-to-do farmers, who were not in need, and read to them a list of persons in need of seeds, and by the indication of these honest men we determined the necessary quantity for every petitioner; sometimes we diminished, sometimes we increased it, and sometimes entirely scratched out some of them, and in their place put down others, who were not marked down on the list.

The fourth business, the distribution of horses to those who had regular farms, but whose horses had been sold for food or had been lost by some unfortunate accident, was particularly troublesome, because the aid for one person was too great and so provoked envy, recriminations, and dissatisfaction on the part of those whom we had to refuse. We determined on this kind of aid, as in the case of the seeds, by the indication of the honest men of the villages from which there appeared petitioners.

In these two matters we saw with peculiar clearness

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what a difference there was between an activity which had for its purpose the feeding of a hungry man, and which was attained by the eating-houses, and an activity which has for its aim the aiding of the peasant farms, into which we were drawn by the distribution of oats, millet, hemp, potatoes, and horses.

Having undertaken in a certain locality to save men from the danger of suffering, growing ill, and perishing from the lack of food, we fully attained this end by establishing eating-houses in that locality. If there could occur misuses in connection with this, that is, if there were men who would have been able to provide food for themselves at home, and yet attended the eating-houses, these misuses were limited to the consumption of from two to five kopeks' worth of food per day. But having made it our aim to assist the peasant farms, we immediately encountered, in the first place, an insuperable difficulty in determining who was to be helped, and to what extent, and with what: in the second place, the enormity of the want, to meet which one hundred times the means we had at our disposal would not have been sufficient, and in the third place, the possibility of the greatest misuses, which always accompany a free or even a loan distribution.

Neither of these matters, in spite of the great efforts made by us to carry them out, left in us the consciousness of our having been of any actual use to the peasants of our locality.

Our fifth business was the baking of bread and the sale of bread at a low price. At first we sold bread at eighty kopeks, later at sixty kopeks per pud, and so we have continued to do until now.

This business has been going very nicely all the time. The masses think very highly of the possibility of always having cheap corn within reach. Frequently, especially in the summer, people came from a distance of ten versts

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and more, and, having come too late for the first baking, which was all given away, had themselves booked, as in the cities for theatre boxes, for ten pounds for the next baking, and waited until noon for their portions.

At the end of July we intended to make an interruption in the eating-houses, continuing only the bread-baking and the children's homes, which are always necessary, and on which we proposed to expend whatever money was left at our disposal. But we did not succeed in making this interruption, because, in consequence of the cessation of the activity of the Red Cross, it was necessary immediately to establish eating-houses for all those who had been under the charge of the Red Cross, and who since July 20th had been left without any care. Since the first of August we have established seventy eating-houses for the most needy Red Cross charges, to whom soon were added the poorest of the landed peasants. Their number has been growing all the time.

The crops for this year, in the locality where we have been active, are like this: In a circle of about fifty versts diameter, in the centre of which we are, the rye crop is worse than last year. In many villages along the Don, — Nikítskoe, Myasnóvka, Páshkovo, — in which I was in the beginning of September, there was no rye whatsoever left. What had been left was either sowed or eaten up. There was no crop of oats at all, — there are very few who will have enough for seed. There are oat-fields that have not been mowed at all. The potatoes and millet are good, but not universally so. Besides, not all peasants sow millet.

I should not be able to give any definite answer as to the economic condition of the masses in the present year. I could not do so, because, in the first place, all of us, who last year busied ourselves with the feeding of the masses, are now in the condition of a doctor, who, being called to a man who has wrenched his foot, discovers that the whole man is sick. What shall the doctor say, when asked as

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to the condition of the sick man? "What do you want to find out?" the doctor would ask. "Are you asking about the foot or about the whole condition of the patient? The foot is all right, — there is a simple sprain, — but the general condition is bad."

Besides, I could not answer the question as to what the condition of the masses is, "Is it hard, very hard, or nothing?" because all of us, who have lived close with the masses, have got too much used to their condition, which has been getting worse and worse.

If some one of the city inhabitants should in a severe cold in winter come into a peasant room, which was only slightly heated the day before, and should see the inhabitants of the room climbing, not down from the oven, but out of the oven, in which they pass their days by rotation, since this is the only means for getting warm, or the people burning the roofs of the outhouses and of the vestibule for fuel, eating nothing but bread which is baked from equal parts of meal and the worst kind of bran, and adult people disputing and quarrelling because a slice of bread cut off does not come within one-eighth of a pound of the established weight, or people not leaving the hut, because they have nothing to put on, they would be startled by what they saw. But we look upon such phenomena as upon something very common. And so the question as to the condition of the masses in our locality will be better answered by him who will come to our places for the first time than by us. We have become accustomed to the suffering, and we do not see anything now.

Some kind of a conception may be formed as to the condition of the masses in our locality from the following statistical data, excerpted from the *Túla Government Gazette.* During years with good crops, from 1886 to 1890, there died, in the four counties of Bogoróditsk, Epiphany, Efrémov, and Novosílsk, on an average, 9,761 men, and were born 12,069 persons, during the five months

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from February to June inclusive. In the famine year, 1892, there died 14,309 persons and were born 11,383 persons, during the same months. In the ordinary year, the births surpass the deaths by an average of 2,308 persons, while in the present year the deaths surpassed the births by 2,926 persons. Thus the consequence of the failure of crops in these four counties was the diminution of the population as against other years by 5,234 persons. In comparison with other good years we get the following: In the four good counties, Túla, Káshir, Odóev, Byélev, there were born, during the same five months, 8,268 persons, and there died, 6,468 persons. But in the counties with poor crops there were born 11,383 persons, and there died 14,409, so that, while in the good counties the births are to the deaths approximately as four to three, in the bad counties the mortality is to the birth-rate as seven to five, that is, while in the good counties there were three deaths to every four births, in the bad counties there were five births only to seven deaths.

When we consider the relation in per cent., the condition of the bad localities is most strikingly expressed in the mortality during the month of June. In Epiphany County there died, in 1892, sixty per cent., in Bogoróditsk County 112 per cent., and in Efrémov County 116 per cent. more than in ordinary years.

Such were the consequences of the failure of crops during the last year, in spite of the increased aid offered by the government, the Red Cross, and private charity. What, then, will happen this year in our locality, where the rye has turned out worse than last year, oats have been a complete failure, fuel does not exist, and the last stores of the strength of the masses have been sapped during the last year?

Well, shall we again have starving people? Starving! Eating-houses! Eating-houses, — starving, — all that is so old, and we are so tired of it all.

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We are tired of it in Moscow, in St. Petersburg; but here, where they stand from morning until evening beneath the windows or at the doors, and it is impossible to cross the street without hearing eternally the same phrases, "Have not eaten for two days, have sold the last sheep. What shall we do? The last end has come. Shall we die?" etc., here, however ashamed we are to confess this, we have become so sick of it that we look upon them as upon our enemies.

I get up very early; a clear, frosty morning with a red sunrise; the snow squeaks on the steps; I go out, hoping that no one has come yet, and I shall be able to take a walk. But no; I have barely opened the door, when, behold, two of them are already there, waiting: one is a tall, broad peasant, in a short, ragged fur coat and torn bast shoes, with a wallet over his shoulder; his face is haggard (they all have haggard faces, so that these faces have become the characteristic peasant faces). With them they have a boy of fourteen years of age, without a fur coat, in a tattered peasant coat, also in bast shoes and also with a wallet and a stick. I want to pass by them, but they begin to bow and to repeat the usual sentences. There is nothing to be done, and I return to the vestibule. They enter after me.

"What do you want?"

"To your Grace."

"What?"

"To your Grace."

"What is it you want?"

"In regard to the aid."

"What aid?"

"In reference to our living."

"But what is it you want?"

"We are starving. Help us some."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Zatvórnoe."

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I know that this is a beggar village of Skópin County, where we have not yet had time to open an eating-house. Beggars come from there by the dozen, and I at once class this man in my imagination as a professional beggar, and I am angry at him, especially, because they take their children with them, and thus corrupt them.

"What do you ask?"

"Do something for us."

"How can I? We cannot do anything here. We shall go to your village."

But he pays no attention to me, and there begin once more the words which I have heard a hundred times and which appear to me to be untrue:

"We have had no crops; the family consists of eight souls, — I am the only worker, the old woman is dead; last year we sold the cow for food, at Christmas the last horse died. It makes no difference about me, — the children beg for something to eat; there is no place to go to, — we have not eaten for three days!"

All this is trite. I am waiting for him to get through. But he says:

"I thought I would manage somehow; but I have lost all my strength. I have not begged before, but God has brought me to this."

"Very well, — we shall come and see," I say, wishing to pass by, and I cast a desperate glance at the boy. The boy looks at me with pitiful, tear-filled, exquisite brown eyes, expressive of hope, and one bright tear-drop is already hanging on his nose and that very moment breaks off and falls on the snow-tracked board floor. And the dear, fatigued face of the boy, with his blond hair curling about his head, twitches more and more from repressed sobs. For me the words of the father are an old, trite subterfuge. But to him it is a repetition of that terrible year which he has gone through with his father, and the repetition of it all during that solemn moment, when they

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have at last found their way to me, to the help, stir him, and shake his nerves, which are weakened from hunger. But I am tired, tired of it all; I am only thinking of how to take a walk as soon as possible.

To me it is old, but to him — terribly new.

Yes, we are tired of it. But they want to eat as much as ever; they want to live, they want happiness, they want love, as I could see by his charming tear-filled eyes, which were directed upon me, — and such is the want of the good, wretched boy, who is worn out by want and full of naïve pity for himself.

Byegichévka, September 11, 1892.

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CONCLUSION TO LAST REPORT ON THE AID TO THE STARVING

Our two years' occupation in distributing among the distressed population such contributions as passed through our hands, more than anything else confirmed our old conviction that the major part of that distress, those privations, and those sufferings and the sorrow which goes with them, and which we almost vainly tried in an external manner to counteract in a small corner of Russia, was due, not to some exclusive, temporary causes, which did not depend on us, but to the most common, constant causes, which were fully dependent on us, and which consisted in nothing but the anti-Christian, non-brotherly relation of us, the cultured men, to the poor, the manual labourers, who always bear that want and those privations and the sufferings and sorrows connected with them, though in the last two years these have been noticed by us more than ever. If in the present year we do not hear of the distress, cold, and hunger, and the dying of adults worn out by labour, and of the young and old who do not get enough to eat, by the hundred thousand, this will not be due to the fact that this will not be, but because we shall not see it; we shall forget it, shall assure ourselves that this does not exist, or, if it exists, that it must be so and cannot be otherwise.

But this is not true: it not only cannot be, but it ought not to be and will not be.

No matter how well concealed a glass of wine seems to us in respect to the working classes, no matter how

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clever, old, and common the excuses may be by which we justify our luxurious life amidst the working people, who are worn out by labour and do not get enough to eat and serve our luxury, — the light penetrates more and more into these our relations to the labouring people, and we shall soon show ourselves in that shameful and perilous position in which a criminal finds himself when the unexpected daybreak overtakes him on the place of execution. If it was possible formerly for a merchant, who was selling to the labouring people useless, and frequently harmful and worthless articles, trying to take for them as much as possible, or even selling corn which was good and needful, but had been bought cheaply and was sold at a high price, to say that he was serving the needs of the masses by means of honest commerce; or for a manufacturer of cottons, mirrors, cigarettes, or for a distiller of spirits, or for a brewer of beer, to say that he is feeding the masses, by giving them work to do; or for an official who receives thousands in salary, collected from the last pennies of the masses, to assure himself that he is serving for the good of the masses; or, what in these last years has been most obvious in the famine-stricken localities, if it was formerly possible for a landed proprietor, who worked his land by means of the hungry peasants for less than the value of bread, or who rented this same land to the peasants for the highest possible price, to say that, by introducing improved farming, he was contributing to the welfare of the country population; — now that the masses are starving from lack of land amidst the enormous fields of the landed proprietors, which are planted with potatoes, to be sold for spirit, or for starch, it is impossible to say so. It is impossible now, amidst these masses all about us, who are degenerating from the lack of food and the superabundance of work, not to see that every absorption by us of the products of the labour of the masses on the one hand

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deprives them of what is necessary for their sustenance, on the other increases their work, which, as it is, has been carried to the highest point of tension. To say nothing of the senseless luxury of parks, flower gardens, chases, — every glass of brandy swallowed, every piece of sugar, butter, meat is, on the one hand, so much food taken from the masses, and, on the other, so much labour added to them.

We Russians find ourselves in this respect in the most favourable conditions for seeing clearly our position.

I remember how once, long before the famine years, a young, morally sensitive Prague scholar, who visited me in the country, upon coming in the winter out of the house of a comparatively wealthy peasant, into which we had gone, and in which, as everywhere else, there was a prematurely aged old woman, worn out by work and clad in rags, a sickly child which had ruptured itself by crying, and, as always in the spring, a calf tied up and a ewe with its new-born lamb, and dirt, and dampness, and infected air, and a gloomy householder, crushed by life, — I remember how, coming out of it, my young acquaintance began to say something to me, and suddenly his voice faltered, and he burst out weeping. It was for the first time that he, after several months passed in Moscow and in St. Petersburg, where, walking on asphalt sidewalks, past elegant shops, from one wealthy house to another, from one luxurious museum, library, palace, into another, a building just as superb, saw those men, on whose labour rested all that luxury, and he was horrified and startled by it. He, in his wealthy and cultured Bohemia, like any European, especially a Swede, a Swiss, a Belgian, may imagine, though he will be wrong, that where there is relative freedom, where culture is widely diffused, where every man is given the chance of entering into the ranks of the cultured, that luxury is only a legitimate reward of labour and does not ruin the lives

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of others. He may somehow forget those generations of men, in the mines of that coal by means of which the greater part of the articles of his luxury are made; he can forget, since he does not see them, that other breed of men, who die in the colonies, working for the gratification of his desires; but we Russians can by no means think so: the connection between our luxury and the sufferings and privations of the people of the same breed with us, is entirely too obvious. We cannot help but see that price of human life at which we buy our comforts and our luxury.

For us the sun has already risen, and it is evident that nothing can be hidden. We can no longer hide ourselves behind the government, behind the necessity of governing the masses, behind the sciences, the arts, which are supposed to be indispensable to the masses, behind the sacred rights of property, behind the necessity of sustaining tradition, and so forth. The sun has risen, and all these transparent shrouds do not conceal anything from any one. All see and know that the men who serve the government do not do this for the good of the people, who do not ask for it, but only because they need a salary; and the men who busy themselves with the sciences and the arts, busy themselves with them, not for the enlightenment of the people, but for the fee and the pension; and that the men who keep the land from the people and raise the price on it do not do so for the purpose of maintaining certain sacred rights, but for the increase of their incomes, which they need for the gratification of their lusts. There is no possibility of concealment or of lying.

There are but two ways out for the ruling, wealthy, non-working classes, — one is, to renounce, not only Christianity in its real meaning, but also every semblance of it, — to renounce humanity and justice, and to say: "I possess these advantages and prerogatives, and I shall retain them at all costs. Any one who wants to take

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them from me will have his dealings with me. I have the power in my hands, — soldiers, gallows, prisons, scourges, and capital punishment."

Another way out consists in recognizing the injustice, ceasing to lie, repenting, not in words only, or by coming to the aid of the masses with pennies which have been taken from them with suffering and pain, as has been done during the last two years, but by breaking down that artificial barrier which stands between us and the working people; in recognizing them, not in words, but in deeds, as our brothers, and for this purpose changing our lives; in renouncing those advantages and prerogatives which we have, and, having renounced them, in putting ourselves on an equal footing with the masses, and together with them attaining those benefits of government, science, civilization, which we pretend we are trying to transmit to them in an external manner, without asking their wish about it.

We are standing on the cross-road, and the choice is inevitable.

The first way out means devoting ourselves to a constant lie, to a constant terror of this lie being discovered, and yet the consciousness that sooner or later we shall inevitably be driven away from the position which we are holding now with such stubbornness.

The second way out means a voluntary recognition and execution in life of what we ourselves are proposing, what our heart and our reason demand, and what sooner or later will be fulfilled, if not by us, at least by others, because only in this renunciation of the power by the ruling people lies the one way out from those torments from which suffers our pseudo-Christian humanity. This way out lies only in the renunciation of what is false and in the recognition of true Christianity.

October 28, 1893.

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NICHOLAS STICK

1886

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NICHOLAS STICK

We passed the night at the house of a soldier ninety-five years old, — he had served under Alexander I. and under Nicholas.

"Well, grandfather, do you want to die?"

"To die? Of course I want to very much! I used to be afraid to, but now I beg God for nothing but this, — to give me a chance to repent and to receive the extreme unction. I have so many sins upon me."

"What are your sins?"

"What sins? Do you know when I served? I served under Nicholas! It was a different kind of service from what it is nowadays. What was it then? Ugh! It makes me shudder to think of it. I served even under Alexander, and him the soldiers used to praise, — they said that he was merciful."

I recalled the last period of Alexander's reign, when twenty out of each hundred men used to be beaten to death. A fine man Nicholas must have been, if in comparison with him Alexander was called merciful!

"It was my fate to serve under Nicholas," said the old man.

He immediately became enlivened and began:

"How was it then? Then they did not even take off the breeches for fifty rods; one hundred and fifty, two

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hundred, three hundred, — they used to beat men to death!"

He spoke with disgust and terror, and not without pride about the ancient exploits.

"Not a week passed but that a man or two of the regiment was beaten to death with sticks. Nowadays they do not know what a stick is, but then the word did not leave the mouth: 'Sticks, sticks!'

"Our soldiers nicknamed Nicholas, calling him 'Stick.' He was Nicholas Pávlovich, but they used to say 'Nicholas Stick.' And this nickname stuck to him. So, as I think of those days," continued the old man, "well, I have outlived it all, it is time for me to die, — as I think of it all, I feel horribly.

"Many a sin did I take upon my soul. It was all a question of subordination. They count you off one hundred and fifty rods for a soldier" (the old man had been an under-officer and sergeant, and now was a candidate), "and you count off two hundred to him. Your wounds do not heal up from it, but you torment him, — and so here is a sin.

"The under-officers used to beat the young soldiers to death. They would strike with the butt of a gun or the fist on some chosen spot, — the chest or the head, — and he would die. And there was never any inquest about the matter. He died from beating, but the authorities wrote, 'Died by the will of God,' and that was the end of it. Did I understand anything then? I only thought of myself. But now, as I toss about on the oven, unable to sleep through the night, I cannot help but think and see it all; it will be well if I have a chance to get my extreme unction in Christian fashion, and am forgiven, for I am seized by terror. As I think what I myself suffered and what others suffered from me, I do not need any hell, — it was worse than any hell."

I vividly imagined what this dying man must be re-

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calling in his old man's loneliness, and a chill passed through me. I recalled all those horrors, besides the sticks, in which he must have taken part, — the driving to death between two rows, the shooting, the murder, and the pillage of cities and villages in war (he himself had taken part in the Polish war), and I began to ask him about it. I asked him about the driving between two rows.

He told me in detail about this terrible affair, — how they led a man tied to guns between an avenue of soldiers with sharpened sticks, how all struck him, while officers walked behind the soldiers, calling out, "Strike harder!" "Strike harder!" The old man called out in a commanding voice, evidently not without pleasure recalling and repeating the dashing tone of a commander.

He told me all the details without any sign of repentance, as he might have told about killing steers and curing beef. He told me how they used to lead the unfortunate man up and down between the rows, how the stricken man stretched forward and fell on the bayonets; how at first the bloody wales were visible, then crossed, then blended together; how the blood came out and spirted; how the blood-covered flesh flew in clusters; how the bones were laid bare; how the unfortunate man at first cried, then only groaned in a dull voice with every step and every stroke; how he then grew quiet, and how the doctor, who was detailed to do this, came up, felt the pulse, examined the man, and determined whether the man might be beaten again without being killed, or whether they had better wait and put off the rest till another time, when the wounds had healed up, in order to begin the torture from the beginning and finish the number of strokes which certain beasts, with Stick at their head, had decided must be administered. The doctor used his knowledge to keep the man from dying until he had endured all the torments which his body could bear.

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He told how, when the man could no longer walk, they put him prostrate on a military cloak, with a blood-covered pillow down the spine; how they carried him to the hospital to be cured, so that, when he was cured, he might receive the missing one or two thousand strokes, which he had not yet received and was unable to bear at one time. He told me how they begged for death, and did not get it at once, but were cured and beaten a second, sometimes a third time. And the man lived and tossed about in the hospital, awaiting new torments, which would bring him to death. And all this, because a man ran away from the army, or had the manliness, daring, and self-renunciation to complain for his comrades that they were badly fed, and that the authorities stole their shares.

He told me all this, and when I tried to evoke his repentance at these recollections, he at first looked surprised and then frightened.

"No," he said, "why should I? It was according to judgment! Was I guilty of it? It was according to the law."

The same calm and absence of repentance he showed in relation to the military horrors in which he had taken part, and many of which he had seen in Turkey and in Poland.

He told me of the murder of children, of the starvation and freezing of captives, of the killing with a bayonet of a young Pole who pressed himself against a tree. And when I asked him whether his conscience did not torment him for these acts, he absolutely failed to understand me. This was in a lawful war, for king and fatherland. Those were not only not bad acts, but such as he regarded as valorous, virtuous, and redeeming his sins. What troubled him was only his personal acts, when he, being a commander, used to beat and punish his men. It was these acts that tormented his conscience; but to purge himself from them he has a salvation, and that is the extreme

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unction, which he hopes he will succeed in receiving before death, and for which he has begged his niece. His niece, understanding the importance of it, has promised it to him, and he is satisfied.

His having ruined and killed innocent children and women, his having killed men with bullets and the bayonet, his having beaten to death people, standing in the row, and having dragged them to the hospital, and again back to the torture, — all this does not trouble him: all this is, as it were, not his affair. All this was, as it were, not done by him, but by another person.

What would happen to this old man, if he comprehended, what ought to be so clear to him who was standing on the threshold of death, that between him, his conscience, and God, as now, on the eve of death, there was no mediator, and there can be none, just as there could be none at that moment, when he was made to torment and kill people? What would happen to him, if he now understood that there is nothing to redeem the evil which he did to men, when he was able not to do it? If he understood that there is one eternal law, which he has always known and could not help knowing, a law demanding love and compassion for people, and that what he called law was a detestable, godless deception, to which he ought not to have submitted? It is terrible to think what would present itself to him in his sleepless nights on the oven, and what his despair would be, if he understood that, when he had the strength to do good and evil to men, he did only evil; that, when he has come to understand what the evil and what the good consists in, he is no longer able to do anything but be uselessly tormented and repent? His sufferings would be terrible!

"Why, then, wish to torment him? Why torment the conscience of a dying old man? It would be better to calm it. Why irritate the people and remind them of what is long past?"

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Past? What is past? Can that pass which we have not only not begun to eradicate and cure, but which we even are afraid to call by name? Can a cruel disease pass, only because we say that it has passed? It does not pass and will never pass and cannot pass, so long as we do not recognize ourselves as sick. To cure a disease, we must first recognize it. But we do not do this. We not only fail to do this, but we employ all our efforts to the end that we may not see it, may not call it by name.

The disease does not pass, but is only modified; it eats deeper into the flesh, the blood, the bones. The disease consists in this, that men born good and meek, men illuminated by Christian truth, men with love implanted in their hearts, with compassion for men, commit — man over men — frightful cruelties, without knowing themselves why they are committing them and for what purpose. Our Russians, meek, good men, impressed with the spirit of Christ's teaching, who repent in their hearts for having offended men with a word, for not having given their last to mendicants and not having shown pity to prisoners, — these men pass the best period of their lives in murder and in torturing their brothers, and not only fail to repent of their acts, but even consider these acts virtuous or, at least, indispensable, just as inevitable as food or breathing. Is this not a terrible disease? And is it not incumbent on everybody to do everything he can, in order to cure it, and, first of all and above all else, to point it out, to recognize it, to call it by its name?

The old soldier has passed all his life in torturing and killing other people. We say, "Why mention it? The soldier does not consider himself guilty, and those terrible deeds — the stick, the driving through the rows, and the others — have already passed; why mention the past? Nowadays these things no longer exist.

"There was a Nicholas Stick. Why mention him?

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It is only the old soldier who mentioned him before his death. Why irritate the people?"

Just so they spoke during Nicholas's reign of Alexander. The same was in Alexander's time said of the deeds of Paul. The same was said in Catherine's time of Peter, and so forth. Why mention it all?

Why mention it? If I have had a bad or a dangerous disease, which was hard to cure, and I am freed from it, I shall gladly mention it. I shall refrain from mentioning it only when I am ailing, ailing badly, and am getting worse and want to deceive myself. Only then will I not mention it. And we do not mention it, only because we know that we are as ill as ever.

"Why pain the old man and irritate the people? The sticks and the driving between the rows, — all that is long past." Past? Changed in form, but not past.

Everything that has taken place in some past we recall, not only with terror, but even with indignation. We read the descriptions of executions, burnings for heresies, tortures, military settlements, sticks, and drivings through the rows, and it is not so much that we are frightened at the cruelty of men, as that we cannot even imagine the mental conditions of those men who did all that. What was there in the soul of the man who got up in the morning, washed himself, put on his boyar garments, prayed to God, and then went to the execution-room to wrench joints and to beat old men and women with the knout, and at this occupation passed his customary five hours, like a modern official of the Senate, then returned to his family and calmly sat down to dinner, and then read the Holy Scripture? What was there in the souls of those commanders of regiments and of companies (I knew one such) who the evening before danced with a beauty at a ball, and went away earlier than usual, in order early on the following morning to attend to the execution by driving through the rows of a fugitive sol-

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dier, a Tartar, and who had this man beaten to death, and then returned home to dine with his family? All this happened in the time of Peter, and of Catherine, and of Alexander, and of Nicholas. There was no time when there did not exist those terrible deeds, which we, reading of them, are unable to understand. We cannot understand how people failed to see those horrors which they committed, how they failed to see, if not the bestial inhumanity of those terrors, at least their senselessness. This happened at all times.

Is our time indeed so particularly fortunate that we do not have those horrors, those deeds, which to our descendants will appear just as incomprehensible? There are the same deeds, the same horrors, but we do not see them, just as our ancestors did not see the horror of their horrors. We now see clearly, not only the cruelty, but also the senselessness of the burning of heretics and of judicial tortures for the purpose of discovering the truth. A child sees the senselessness of these things. But the men of that time did not see it. Clever, learned men asserted that the rack was an indispensable condition of the life of men, that it was hard, but that it was impossible to get along without it. The same was the case with the sticks, with slavery. And the time has passed, and it is hard for us to imagine the condition of men, in which such a gross aberration was possible. But this has existed at all times, and so it must exist in our time, and we are, no doubt, just as much blinded in respect to our horrors.

Where are our tortures, our slavery, our sticks? We imagine that they do not exist, that this was before, but is now past. We imagine so, because we do not wish to understand the past, and because we carefully close our eyes to it.

But if we look into the past, our present situation and its causes will be revealed to us. If only we will call the stakes, brandings, tortures, executioner's blocks, re-

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cruitments, by their real names, we shall also find the true name for the prisons, penitentiaries, armies with universal military service, prosecuting attorneys, and gendarmes.

If we will not say, "Why recall it?" but will look attentively at what used to be done in former times, we shall understand and see clearly what is being done now.

If it is clear to us that it is silly and cruel to chop heads off on the block and to find out the truth from people by means of wrenching their bones, it will become equally clear that it is just as silly and cruel, if not more so, to hang people and to put them in solitary confinement, which is equal to or worse than death, and to find out the truth by means of hired lawyers and prosecuting attorneys. If it shall become clear to us that it is silly and cruel to kill an erring man, it will become equally clear that it is sillier still to put such a man in the penitentiary, in order completely to demoralize him; when it becomes clear that it is silly and cruel to catch peasants for the army and brand them like cattle, it will become clear that it is just as silly and cruel to put into the army every man of twenty-one years of age. If it is clear how silly and cruel John the Terrible's guard was, the silliness and cruelty of the body-guard and the protective guard will become much clearer still.

If we only stop closing our eyes to the past, and saying, "Why remember the past?" it will become clear to us that in our time there are just such horrors, only in new forms.

We say, "All this has passed; we have no longer the rack, harlot Catherines with their plenipotentiary lovers, no longer any slavery, nor beating to death with sticks, etc."

But this only seems so! Three hundred thousand men in penitentiaries and prisons sit locked up in narrow, stinking apartments and die a slow bodily and moral

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death. Their wives and children are cast away without any support, while these men are kept in dens of debauchery, in prisons and penitentiaries, and it is only to the wardens, the complete masters of these slaves, that this cruel, senseless confinement is of any use.

Tens of thousands of men with "harmful ideas" carry these ideas in their exile to the most distant corners of Russia, lose their minds, and hang themselves. Thousands sit in fortresses, and are either secretly killed by the chiefs of the prisons, or lose their minds in their solitary confinement. Millions of people perish, physically and morally, in slavery to manufacturers. Hundreds of thousands are every autumn taken away from their families, from their young wives, are taught to commit murder, and are systematically corrupted.

The Russian Tsar cannot drive out anywhere without having about him a visible chain of hundreds of thousands of soldiers, who are stationed along the road at a distance of fifty feet from one another, and a secret chain, which follows him everywhere.

A king collects the tribute and builds a tower, and on the tower he makes a pond, and on the pond, which is painted with blue paint, and which is made to produce the semblance of a storm by means of a machine, he goes rowing in a boat. And the people starve in factories in Ireland, in France, in Belgium.

It does not take special penetration to see that everything is the same in our time, and that our time is full of the same horrors, the same tortures, which for subsequent generations will be just as remarkable on account of their cruelty and their silliness. The disease is the same, and those who are diseased are not those who take advantage of these horrors. Let them take a hundred and a thousand times more advantage of the horrors; let them build towers and theatres, and give balls; let them fleece the people; let Stick beat the people to death; let Pobyedonóstsev

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and Orzhévski secretly hang people by the hundred in the prisons, — so long as they do it themselves. Let them stop corrupting the people, deceiving them, causing them to take part in it, as the old soldier took part in it.

This terrible disease is in the deception, in the fact that for a man there can be some holiness and some law which is higher than the holiness and law of love of neighbour; in the deception, which conceals the fact that a man, to fulfil the demands of other men, is able to commit many acts, except one kind of acts, which he, as a man, is never able to commit: he can at no man's request go against God's will, — he cannot kill and torture his brothers.

Eighteen hundred years ago it was said, in reply to the Pharisees' question whether tribute ought to be given to Cæsar: "Unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's." If men had any faith at all, and regarded even so little as due to God, they would first of all consider themselves under obligation to God, not only in respect to what God taught man in words, when he said, "Thou shalt not kill;" when he said, "Do not unto another what thou dost not wish shall be done unto thee;" when he said, "Love thy neighbour as thyself," — but also in respect to what God wrote in indelible characters in the heart of every man, — love of his neighbour, compassion toward him, horror of murder and of the torturing of his fellow men.

If men believed in God, they could not help but recognize this first obligation toward Him, which is, not to torture, not to kill. And then the words, "Unto God the things that are God's, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," would have for them a definite meaning. "To the Tsar, or to anybody else, everything you please," the believer would say, "only not what is contrary to God's will. Cæsar needs my money, let him take it; my house, my labours, let him take them; my wife, my children, my life, let him take them; all that is not God's.

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But if Cæsar needs that I should raise and let fall a rod on the back of my neighbour, — that is God's. This is my act, my life, that of which I shall give an account to God, and God has commanded me not to do this, and this I cannot give to Cæsar. I cannot bind, lock up, persecute, kill a man: all this is my life, and that is God's, and I cannot give it to any one but God."

The words, "Unto God the things that are God's," mean to us that we are to give to God penny candles, masses, words, — in general, everything which nobody needs for any purpose, least of all God; but everything else, our whole life, the whole holiness of our soul, which belongs to God, we give to Cæsar, that is (according to the meaning which "Cæsar" has for the Jews), to a hateful stranger.

This is terrible! Men, come to your senses!

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WHY PEOPLE BECOME INTOXICATED

1890

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WHY PEOPLE BECOME INTOXICATED

I.

WHENCE the use of intoxicating substances, — of whiskey, wine, beer, hashish, opium, tobacco, and other less common substances, — ether, morphine, muscarine? Why did it begin, and why has it so rapidly spread among all kinds of people, among savages and civilized men alike? What does this mean, that wherever there is no whiskey, wine, or beer, there is opium or hashish, muscarine, and other substances, and tobacco everywhere?

Why must people become intoxicated?

Ask a man why he has begun to drink wine and continues to do so, and he will answer you: "For no reason, it is agreeable, all men drink," and he will add: "For a pastime." Others again, who have never once given themselves the trouble to think out whether it is good or bad that they drink wine, will add that wine is wholesome, gives strength; that is, they will say what has long ago been proved to be untrue.

Ask a smoker why he began to smoke tobacco and still continues to do so, and he will answer: "For no reason, from tedium, everybody smokes."

In the same way, no doubt, will answer the users of opium, hashish, morphine, muscarine.

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"For no reason, from tedium, for pleasure, everybody does so." But it is good, *for no reason, from tedium, for pleasure, because everybody does so,* to twirl the fingers, to whistle, to sing songs, to play the pipe, and so forth, that is, to do something for which it is not necessary to waste natural riches, nor to spend great forces of labour, to do something which does not do any palpable evil to oneself or to others. But for the production of tobacco, wine, hashish, opium, millions and millions of the best lands are taken up, frequently among populations in need of land, by plantations of rye, potatoes, hemp, poppy, grape-vines, and tobacco, and millions of labourers — in England one-eighth of the population — are busy all their life producing these intoxicating substances. Besides, the use of these substances is apparently harmful, produces terrible calamities, which are known to all and recognized by them, and from which more men perish than from all wars and infectious diseases taken together. And people know this; so this cannot happen *for no reason, from tedium, for pleasure,* only *because all do so.*

There must be something else in this. One constantly and everywhere meets people who love their children, who are ready for their good to make all kinds of sacrifices, and who at the same time spend on whiskey, wine, beer, or opium, or hashish, or even tobacco, what would either completely provide for their suffering and starving children, or would at least free them from privations. It is evident that if a man, who is put to the necessity of choosing between the privations and sufferings of his family, which he loves, and abstinence from intoxicating substances, none the less chooses the first, he is incited to this by something more important than because everybody does so and because it is agreeable. Evidently this is not done *for no reason, from tedium, for pleasure,* but there is some more important reason.

This reason, so much as I have been able to understand

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it from reading about this subject and observing other people, and especially myself, when I used to drink wine and smoke tobacco, according to my observations consists in the following:

During the period of his conscious life a man may frequently observe two separate beings in himself: one — a blind, sensuous being; the other — a seeing, spiritual being. The blind, animal being eats, drinks, rests, sleeps, breeds, and moves as moves a wound-up machine; the seeing, spiritual being, which is bound up with the animal being, does not do anything itself, but only estimates the activity of the animal being by coinciding with it, when it approves of this activity, and disagreeing with it, when it does not approve of it.

This seeing being may be compared with the hand of a compass, which with one end points to the north, and with the other to the opposite, the south, and which along its whole extent is covered by a strip that is invisible so long as that which carries the hand moves in its direction, and which steps out and becomes visible, as soon as that which bears the hand declines from the direction pointed out by it.

Similarly the seeing, spiritual being, whose manifestation in life we call conscience, always points with one end to the good, with the other, the opposite end, to evil, and we do not see this, so long as we do not decline from the direction given by it, that is, from evil to good. But we need only commit an act which is contrary to the direction of our conscience, and there appears the consciousness of the spiritual being, which indicates the deviation of the animal activity from the direction indicated by the conscience. And as a navigator would not be able to continue to work with the oars, the engine, or the sails, knowing that he is not going whither he ought to go, so long as he did not give to his motion the direction which corresponds to the hand of the compass, or did not conceal

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from himself its declination, so also any man, who has come to feel the doubling of his conscience with the animal activity, cannot continue this activity, unless he brings it into harmony with his conscience or conceals from himself the indications of his conscience as to the irregularity of the animal life.

Man's whole life, it may be said, consists only in these two activities: (1) the bringing of its activity into harmony with conscience, and (2) the concealment of the indications of his conscience for the sake of continuing life.

Some do the first, others the second. In order to accomplish the first there is but one method, — a moral illumination, the increase of light in oneself, and attention to what it illuminates; for the second, — for the concealment of the indications of conscience, — there are two methods: an external and an internal one. The external method consists in occupations which distract the attention from the indications of conscience; the internal one consists in the obscuration of conscience itself.

As a man is able in two ways to conceal from his view an object in front of him, by an external distraction of attention toward other, more striking objects, and by a soiling of the eyes, so also may a man conceal from himself the indications of his conscience in a twofold manner: by an external distraction of attention through all kinds of occupations, cares, amusements, plays, and by an internal soiling of the organ of attention itself. For people with a dulled, limited moral sense external distractions are frequently quite sufficient to prevent their seeing the indications of conscience as to the irregularity of life. But for morally sensitive people these means are frequently insufficient.

The external methods do not completely distract the attention from the consciousness of the discord between life and the demands of conscience; this consciousness

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impedes life, and men, to have the possibility of living, have recourse to the indubitable inner method of the obscuration of conscience itself, which consists in the poisoning of the brain by means of intoxicating substances.

Life is not such as it ought to be according to the demands of conscience. The strength is lacking to turn life in accordance with these demands. The distractions which may divert one from the recognition of this discord are insufficient, or they have become tedious, and so, to be able to continue to live in spite of the indications of conscience as to the irregularity of life, men poison, for a time stopping its activity, that organ through which the indications of conscience are manifested, just as a man who purposely throws dust into his eyes would conceal from himself what he does not wish to see.

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II.

NOT in the taste, not in the gratification, not in the distraction, not in the pleasure lies the cause of the universal diffusion of hashish, opium, wine, tobacco, but only in the necessity of concealing from oneself the indications of conscience.

One day I walked along the street, and passing by some drivers who were conversing, I heard one of them say to another, "Everybody knows a sober man feels conscience-stricken."

A sober man feels conscience-stricken at what does not so affect a drunken man. With these words was expressed the essential fundamental cause for which men have recourse to intoxicating substances. Men have recourse to them, either that they may have no stricken conscience after committing an act which is contrary to their conscience, or that they may in advance bring themselves to a state in which they can commit an act which is contrary to their conscience, but toward which they are drawn by their human nature.

A sober man feels conscience-stricken to go to lewd women, to steal, to kill. A drunken man has no such feeling, and so, if a man wants to commit an act which his conscience forbids, he intoxicates himself.

I remember the declaration of the cook under trial, who had killed a relative of mine, an old lady, whose servant he had been. He said that when he sent away the chambermaid, his mistress, and the time came for action, he started for the sleeping-room with a knife, but felt that a sober man could not commit the act he had

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undertaken, — "A sober man is conscience-stricken." He went back, swallowed two glasses of whiskey, which he had provided for himself in advance, and only then felt himself ready to commit the deed.

Nine-tenths of the crimes are committed in this manner, — "To brace myself I will take a drink!"

Half the falls of women take place under the influence of wine. Nearly all the visits to lewd houses are made in a drunken condition. Men know this property of wine to drown the voice of conscience, and consciously use it for this purpose.

Not only do men intoxicate themselves in order to drown their conscience, — knowing the action of wine, they, with the intention of compelling other people to commit acts which are contrary to conscience, purposely get them intoxicated, organize the intoxication of men, in order to deprive them of their conscience. In a war soldiers are always made drunk, when it becomes necessary to fight a hand-to-hand fight. All the French soldiers were at the stormings of Sevastopol made drunk.

Everybody knows of men who have become insensibly drunk in consequence of crimes which tormented their conscience. Everybody may observe that men who live immorally more than any other are prone to use intoxicating substances. Gangs of robbers and thieves, and prostitutes do not live without liquor.

All know and recognize the fact that the use of intoxicating substances is the consequence of bites of conscience, that in certain immoral professions intoxicating substances are used for the sake of drowning one's conscience. All know also and recognize the fact that the use of intoxicating substances drowns the conscience, that a drunken man is capable of acts which he would not have the courage to think of in his sober state. All agree to this, but, — strange to say, — when in consequence of the use of intoxicating substances there do not appear such acts

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as murder, violence, and so forth; when intoxicating substances are not taken as the result of some terrible crimes, but by men of professions that are not considered by us to be criminal, and when these substances are not taken at once in a great quantity, but constantly in moderate quantities, — it is for some reason assumed that the intoxicating substances no longer act upon the conscience, drowning it.

Thus it is assumed that the daily drinking by every well-to-do Russian of a glass of vódka before each meal and of a glass of wine after it, by a Frenchman of his absinthe, by the Englishman of his port and porter, by a German of his beer, by a well-to-do Chinaman the smoking of his moderate amount of opium, and the smoking of tobacco, is done only for pleasure and by no means affects men's consciences.

It is assumed that, if after this customary intoxication no crime has been committed, no theft, no murder, but certain stupid and bad acts, these acts have come of themselves, and were not provoked by the intoxication. It is assumed that if no capital crime has been committed by these men, they have no reason to drown their conscience, and that the life led by the men who abandon themselves to constant intoxication is absolutely good, and would be just as good if the people did not become intoxicated. It is assumed that the constant use of intoxicating substances in no way obscures their conscience.

Although everybody knows by experience that the mood changes from the use of wine and tobacco; that what without a stimulus would make a person feel ashamed now no longer causes shame; that after each ever so small bite of conscience a man is attracted to some kind of intoxication; that under the influence of intoxicating substances it is hard to reflect upon one's life and condition, and that the constant, regular use of intoxicating substances produces the same physiological effect as a single immoderate

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use of it, — it seems to moderate drinkers and smokers that they do not at all use the intoxicating substances for the purpose of drowning their conscience, but only because they taste good and give pleasure.

But a man need but seriously and impassionately think of this, without excluding himself, in order to understand that, in the first place, if the use of intoxicating substances at one time in large quantities drowns man's conscience, the constant use of these substances must produce the same effect, because the intoxicating substances always act physiologically in the same way, always exciting and then dulling the activity of the brain, whether they be taken in large or in small doses; in the second place, that if the intoxicating substances have the property of drowning the conscience, they have this property at all times, both when under their influence a murder, a theft, an act of violence is committed, and when under their influence a word is said which would not be said without them, and people think and feel as they have not thought or felt before; and, in the third place, that if the use of intoxicating substances is necessary for thieves, robbers, prostitutes, in order to drown their consciences, it is just as indispensable to people who busy themselves with professions which are condemned by their consciences, even though these professions may be considered lawful and honourable by other people.

In short, it is impossible to avoid seeing that the use of intoxicating substances in large or small quantities, periodically or constantly, in the higher or in the lower circles, is provoked by one and the same cause, — the necessity of drowning the voice of conscience, in order that the discord between life and the demands of conscience may not be seen.

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III.

In this alone lies the cause of the diffusion of all intoxicating substances and, among others, of tobacco, almost the most widely diffused and the most harmful of all.

It is assumed that tobacco cheers one up, clarifies one's thoughts, attracts people toward itself like any other habit, without ever producing that effect of drowning the conscience, which is recognized in the case of wine. But one need but look more attentively at the conditions in which a special necessity for smoking is manifested, in order to become convinced that the intoxication by means of tobacco, like that by means of wine, acts upon the conscience, and that men consciously have recourse to this intoxication, especially when they need it for this purpose. If tobacco merely cheered one up and clarified one's thoughts, there would not be this passionate need of it, particularly in certain definite cases, and people would not say that they would prefer to be without bread than without tobacco, and would not often actually prefer smoking to food.

That cook who cut his lady's throat said that, as he entered the lady's sleeping-room and cut her throat with a knife and she fell down with a râle and the blood burst forth in a stream, he lost courage. "I could not finish her up," he said, "and I went out of the sleeping-room into the sitting-room, where I sat down and smoked a cigarette." Only after he had intoxicated himself with tobacco, did he feel sufficient strength to return to the

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sleeping-room, where he finished up the old lady and rummaged through her things.

Apparently the necessity for smoking was at that moment evoked in him, not by the desire to clarify his thoughts or cheer himself up, but by the demand for drowning that which kept him from accomplishing what he had undertaken to do.

Every smoker may observe in himself this definite necessity for intoxicating himself with tobacco at certain difficult moments. I remember when it was during the period of my smoking that I used to feel a special necessity for tobacco. This was always in such minutes when I was anxious not to remember what I did remember, when I wanted to forget, not to think. I am sitting alone, doing nothing, and I know that I must begin to work, but I do not feel like working. I smoke a cigarette, and continue to sit. I promised somebody to call on him at five o'clock, and I have stayed too long in another place; I recall that I am late, but I do not want to think of it, — so I smoke. I am excited, and I tell a man a lot of disagreeable things, and I know that I am doing wrong, and I see that it is time to stop, but I want to give vent to my excitability, and I smoke and continue to excite myself. I play cards and lose more than I intended to limit myself to, — and I smoke. I have placed myself in an awkward situation, I have acted badly, have made a mistake, and I must recognize my situation, in order that I may get out of it, but I do not wish to recognize it, — so I accuse others, and I smoke. I write and am not quite satisfied with what I write. I ought to give it up, but I want to finish writing what I have planned, — I smoke. I quarrel, and I see that my adversary and I do not understand and cannot understand one another; but I want to express my thoughts, — I continue to talk, and I smoke.

The peculiarity of tobacco, as compared with other intoxicating substances, besides the ease with which one

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is intoxicated by it and besides its apparent harmlessness, consists also in its portativeness, so to speak, in the possibility of applying it to small, separate cases. To say nothing of the fact that the use of opium, wine, hashish, is connected with certain appliances which one cannot always have, while one can always carry about tobacco and paper, and that the smoker of opium, the alcoholic, excite horror, while a tobacco smoker does not represent anything repulsive, the superiority of tobacco over other intoxicants is this, that the intoxication from opium, hashish, wine, covers all impressions and actions received and produced during a certain sufficiently long period of time, while the intoxication from tobacco may be directed to every separate occasion. You want to do what ought not to be done, so you smoke a cigarette, you become intoxicated to the extent you wish to be, in order that you may do what ought not to be done, and you are again fresh, and you can think and speak clearly; or you feel that you have done what ought not to be done, — again a cigarette, and the unpleasant consciousness of a bad or awkward act is destroyed, and you can busy yourself with something else.

But, to say nothing of those individual cases in which every smoker has recourse to smoking, not as to a gratification of a habit and a pastime, but as to a means for drowning the conscience in the case of acts which are to be committed or have already been committed, — can one fail to observe that strict, definite interdependence between the manner of life of people and their bias for smoking?

When do boys begin to smoke? Almost always when they begin to lose their child innocence. Why can smokers stop smoking the moment they get into more moral conditions of life, and begin to smoke again the moment they fall into a corrupt sphere? Why do almost all gamblers smoke? Why do women who lead a regular

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mode of life smoke least of all women? Why do *all* prostitutes and insane persons smoke? Deducing what is due to habit, it is evident that smoking stands in a definite relation to the demand for drowning the conscience, and that it attains this aim.

The observation as to what extent smoking drowns the voice of conscience may be made on almost any smoker. Every smoker, in surrendering himself to his passion, forgets or neglects the very first demands of social life, which he demands from others and which he observes in all other cases, so long as his conscience is not drowned by tobacco. Every man of our medium degree of education regards it as impermissible, rude, and inhuman for his own pleasure to impair the quiet and the comfort, and much more the health, of other people. Nobody will permit himself to wet a room in which people are sitting, to be noisy, yell, to let in cold, hot, or foul air, to commit acts which interfere with others or harm them. But out of one thousand smokers not one will feel any embarrassment at filling with foul air a room, the air of which non-smoking women and children breathe. Even though smokers usually ask the persons present, "Does it incommode you?" all know that these persons are supposed to answer, "Not in the least" (although it cannot be agreeable for a non-smoker to breathe the infected air and to find ill-smelling stubs in glasses, cups, plates, on candlesticks, or even in ash-trays). But even if adult non-smokers were able to endure the tobacco, this can in no way be agreeable and useful to children, whose permission nobody asks. And yet honourable people, who are humane in every other respect, smoke in the presence of children, at dinner, in small rooms, infecting the air with the tobacco smoke, without feeling therewith the least scruples.

People generally say, and I used to say so, that smoking contributes to mental work. This is unquestionably

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so, if one considers the amount of mental work. A smoker, who therefore has ceased to value strictly or to weigh his thoughts, imagines that a mass of ideas has suddenly come to him. But this does not mean at all that he has acquired a mass of thoughts, but only that he has lost control over his thoughts.

When a man works, he always recognizes two beings in himself: one — the worker, the other — the one who puts a value on the work. The stricter the valuation, the slower and the better is the work, and vice versa. But if the valuator is under the influence of intoxication, there will be more work, but its quality will be lowered.

"If I do not smoke, I shall not be able to write. Thoughts do not come to me; I begin writing, and I cannot go on," people generally say, and so did I say. What does this mean? Either that you have nothing to write about, or that what you wish to write about has not yet matured in your consciousness, but only begins to present itself dimly to you, and the appraising critic, who lives in you and is not intoxicated by tobacco, tells you so. If you did not smoke, you would give up what you have begun, and would wait for the time when what you are thinking about has become clear to you, or you would try to think out what dimly presents itself to you, or you would consider the objections that have arisen and would strain all your attention to elucidate your thoughts. But you light a cigarette, the critic within you is intoxicated, and the impediment to your work is removed: what to you, sober from tobacco, has seemed insignificant again presents itself as significant; what has seemed obscure no longer appears as such; the objections that arose before you have disappeared, and you continue to write, and write much and fast.

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IV.

"But is it possible that such a small, such a tiny change as a slight intoxication, produced by a moderate use of wine and tobacco, can produce any important consequences? Of course, if a man fills himself with opium or hashish, or with wine, so that he falls and loses his reason, the consequences of such an intoxication may be very serious; but a man's being under a very slight influence of liquor or tobacco can in no way have any serious consequences," people generally say. It seems to people that a slight intoxication, a slight dimming of one's conscience, cannot produce any serious results. But to think thus is the same as to think that it may hurt a watch to strike it against the stone, but that sand getting into the middle of its mechanism cannot hurt it.

The chief work, which moves all human life, does not take place in the motion of human hands, feet, spines, but in the consciousness. For a man to do anything with his feet and hands, it is necessary first for a certain change to take place in the consciousness. And this change determines all the subsequent actions of a man. But these changes are always very small, almost imperceptible.

Bryúllov corrected the study of one of his students. As the student looked at the changed study, he said: "You barely touched the study, and it is entirely changed." Bryúllov answered, "Art begins only where the *barely* begins."

This utterance is strikingly correct, and not merely in relation to art, but also to life. It may be said that true life begins where the barely begins, where the infinitely

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small changes that are barely perceptible to us begin. The true life does not take place where great external changes occur, where people change places, conflict, fight, kill one another, but only where barely perceptible, differential changes occur.

Raskólnikov's true life did not take place when he killed the old woman and her sister. As he killed the old woman herself, and especially her sister, he did not live his true life, but acted like a machine, — he did what he could not help doing: he exploded the charge with which he had long been loaded. One old woman was dead, another lay before him, the axe was in his hand.

Raskólnikov's true life did not take place when he met the old woman's sister, but when he had not yet killed one old woman; when he had not yet been in a strange apartment with the purpose of killing; when he did not have the axe in his hand; when he did not have the noose in his overcoat, to hang the axe in; when he did not even have the old woman in his mind, and, lying on his sofa, did not even reflect on the old woman and whether it was right, or not, by the will of one person to wipe another useless and harmful man from the face of the earth, but reflected whether he ought to live in St. Petersburg or not, whether he ought to take money from his mother, and on other questions which had nothing to do with the old woman. It was, then, in this sphere which was independent of the vital activity that the questions were answered as to whether he would kill the old woman or not. The questions were not decided when he, having killed one old woman, was standing with the axe before the other woman, but when he was not acting, but only thinking, when nothing but his consciousness worked and in this consciousness were taking place barely perceptible changes. It is then that for the regular solution of the rising question the greatest clearness of thought is of

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especial importance, and then one glass of beer, one cigarette may interfere with the solution of the question, may put off the solution, may drown the voice of conscience and contribute to the solution of the question in favour of the lower animal nature, as was the case with Raskólnikov.

The changes are barely perceptible, but from them come the most enormous, most terrible consequences. From what will happen when a man has made up his mind and has begun to act, many material things may change, houses, wealth, men's bodies may be ruined, but there can happen nothing more than what has lodged itself in man's consciousness. The limits of what may happen are given by the consciousness.

But from barely perceptible changes, which take place in the sphere of consciousness, there may happen the most unexpected and most significant consequences, for which there are no limits.

Let no one think that what I say has anything in common with the questions about the freedom of the will, or determinism. Discussions about these subjects are superfluous for my purpose, or for any other purpose. Without solving the question whether a man can act as he wants to (a question which, in my opinion, is not correctly put), I speak only of this, that, as the human activity is determined by barely perceptible changes in the consciousness (no matter whether the so-called freedom of the will is assumed or not), it is necessary to be particularly attentive to that state in which these barely perceptible changes take place, as one has to be particularly attentive to the condition of the scales by means of which we weigh objects. We must, in so far as this depends upon us, try to put ourselves and others under conditions in which the clearness and delicacy of thought which are indispensable for the regular work of the consciousness will not be impaired, and not act in a contrary

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way, by trying to encumber and confuse this work of the consciousness by the use of intoxicating substances.

A man is both a spiritual and an animal being. A man can be moved by acting upon his spiritual being, and he may be moved by acting on his animal existence, — even as a watch may be moved through the hand or through the chief wheel. And as it is more advantageous to guide the motion through the inner mechanism, so it is more advantageous to move a man — oneself or another — through the consciousness. And as in a watch we must take the best care of what most advantageously moves the inner mechanism, so we must in man look after the purity, the clearness of the consciousness, by means of which it is most advantageous to move a man. It is impossible to have any doubts about this, and all men know it. But there appears the necessity for deceiving oneself. People do not wish so much that their consciousness should work regularly, as that it should seem to them that what they are doing is regular, and they consciously use such substances as impair the regular working of the consciousness.

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V.

PEOPLE drink and smoke, not for no reason, not from tedium, not for pleasure, because it is agreeable, but in order to drown their consciences. And if this is so, how terrible must the consequences be! Indeed, imagine what the building would be which men would not build with a solid level, to straighten the walls, nor with a T square, to measure the angles, but with a soft level which would adapt itself to all the inequalities in the wall, and with a square which would be adjustable and adaptable to any acute or obtuse angle.

And yet, thanks to the self-intoxication, this very thing is being done in life. Life does not agree with the conscience, and so the conscience is made to bend to life.

This is being done in the lives of separate individuals; this is also being done in the life of all humanity, which is composed of the lives of individuals.

In order fully to understand the whole significance of such intoxication of one's consciousness, let every man well recall his spiritual condition at every period of his life. Every man will find that at every period of his life there stood before him certain moral questions, which he had to solve, and on the solution of which depended the whole good of his life. For the solution of these questions a great straining of the attention is necessary. This straining of the attention is labour. But in every labour, especially in its beginning, there is a period when the labour appears difficult and agonizing, and human weakness urges the desire to drop it. Physical labour appears

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tormenting in its beginning; still more tormenting is mental labour. As Lessing says, men have the property of ceasing to think when the thinking begins to present difficulties, and, I shall add, especially when the thinking begins to be fruitful. A man feels that the solution of questions before him demands strained, frequently agonizing labour, and he feels like rejecting it. If he did not have any internal means for intoxicating himself, he would not be able to expel from his consciousness the questions which arise before him, and he would involuntarily be led to the necessity of solving them. The moment questions that are subject to solution begin to torment a man, he has recourse to these means and saves himself from the unrest which is evoked by the agitating questions. The consciousness stops asking for a solution of them, and the unsolved questions remain unsolved until the next enlightenment. But at the next enlightenment the same is repeated, and a man for months, and years, and often during his whole life, continues to stand before the same moral questions, without moving a step toward their solution. And yet it is in the solution of the moral questions that the whole motion of life consists.

What takes place is like what a man would do, who has to look through roiled water to the bottom, in order to get out of it a costly pearl, and who, not wishing to enter into the water, should consciously roil the water, as soon as it began to settle and become transparent. During a whole life a man who intoxicates himself frequently stands motionless on the same once acquired, obscure, contradictory world-conception, at every successive period of enlightenment pressing against the same wall against which he pressed ten or twenty years ago, and which he cannot break down because he consciously dulls that acumen of thought which alone could break through it.

Let each man recall for himself that period during

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which he has been drinking and smoking, and let him verify the same on others, and he will see one constant feature which distinguishes people who surrender themselves to intoxication from people who are free from it: the more a man is subject to intoxication, the more he is morally immobile.

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VI.

THE consequences of the use of opium and hashish, as described to us, are terrible for individual persons; terrible are the familiar consequences from the use of alcohol by confirmed drunkards; but incomparably more terrible are the consequences for the whole of society which result from that moderate use of whiskey, wine, beer, and tobacco, which is considered harmless, and to which the majority of men are subject, especially the so-called cultured classes of our world. These consequences must be terrible, if we recognize, what we cannot help recognizing, that the guiding activities of society — the political, official, scientific, literary, artistic activities — are produced for the most part by men who are in an abnormal state, by drunken men. It is generally assumed that a man, who, like the majority of the men of our well-to-do classes, uses alcoholic drinks every time he partakes of food, on the following day, during the period of his work, is in an absolutely normal and sober state. But this is quite untrue. A man who on the day before has drunk a bottle of wine, a glass of whiskey, or two mugs of beer, finds himself in the usual condition of intoxication or oppression which follows upon the excitation, and so in a mentally depressed state, which is intensified through smoking. For a man who smokes and drinks constantly and moderately, to bring his brain into a normal state, he must pass at least a week without the use of wine or of tobacco.[1] But this can hardly ever be.

[1] But why are people who do not drink or smoke frequently on an infinitely lower mental and moral level than those who drink and

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Thus the greater part of what is being done in our world, — by men who guide and instruct others, and by men who are guided and instructed, — is not done in a sober state.

Let not any one take this as a joke or exaggeration: the monstrousness and, above all, the senselessness of our life is chiefly due to the constant state of intoxication, which the majority of men induce in themselves. Is it possible that people who are sober would calmly do all that is done in our world, — from the Eiffel Tower to the universal military service? Without any necessity whatsoever a society is formed, capital is collected, plans are formed; millions of work-days, of pounds of iron, are wasted on the construction of a tower; and millions of people consider it their duty to climb on this tower, to stay on it, and to come down again; and the construction of this tower and the visit to it do not evoke in men any other judgment than the desire and intention of building elsewhere higher towers still. Could sober people do this? Or another thing: all the European nations have for decades been busy inventing the best means for killing people and instructing all young men who have reached

smoke? And why do drinkers and smokers frequently manifest the highest mental and spiritual qualities?

The answer to this is, in the first place, that we do not know the height which the drinkers and smokers would have reached if they had not drunk or smoked. But from this, that spiritually strong men, subjecting themselves to the debasing influence of intoxicating substances, have none the less produced great things, we can only conclude that they would have produced even greater things if they had not been subject to intoxications. It is very likely, as an acquaintance of mine told me, that Kant's books would not have been written in so strange and bad a language if he had not smoked so much. In the second place, we must not forget that the lower a man stands mentally and morally, the less does he feel the discord between consciousness and life, and so the less he experiences the necessity for intoxication, and that therefore it happens so frequently that the most sensitive natures, those who morbidly feel the discord between life and conscience, are addicted to the use of narcotics, from which they perish. — *Author's Note.*

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maturity to commit murder. All know that there can be no incursions of barbarians, that the preparations for murder are directed against each other by civilized Christian nations; all know that this is hard, painful, inconvenient, destructive, immoral, godless, and senseless, — and all prepare themselves for mutual murder: some, by inventing political combinations as to who shall be in alliance with whom and who is to be killed, others, by commanding those who are being prepared to commit murder, and others again, by submitting, against their will, against their conscience, against reason, to these preparations for murder. Could sober men have done this? Only drunkards, men who have never sobered down, could have committed these deeds and could live in this terrible contradiction of life and conscience in which the men of our world live, not only in this respect, but in many other respects as well.

Never, it seems to me, have men lived in such evident contradiction between the demands of their conscience and their acts.

The humanity of our time seems to have caught in something. It is as though there were some external cause which kept it from taking up a position which is proper for it according to its consciousness. And this cause — if not the only one, it is the most important — is that physical condition of stupefaction, which the great majority of the men of our world induce in themselves by means of wine and tobacco.

The liberation from this terrible evil will be an epoch in the life of humanity, and this epoch, it seems, is at hand. The evil has been recognized. The change in the consciousness in relation to the use of intoxicating substances has already taken place, people have come to understand their terrible harm and begin to point it out, and this imperceptible change in the consciousness will inevitably bring with it the liberation of men from the use of

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intoxicating substances. But the liberation of men from the use of intoxicating substances will open their eyes to the demands of their conscience, and they will begin to pass their lives in accord with their conscience.

And it seems to me that this is already beginning. And, as always, it begins in the higher classes, when all the lower classes are already infected.

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THE FIRST STEP

I.

WHEN a man does a thing, not for the sake of appearances, but with a desire to accomplish something, he inevitably acts in a certain consecutive manner, which is determined by the essence of the matter. If a man does later what by the essence of the case ought to have been done before, or entirely omits what ought necessarily to be done, in order that he may be able to continue the work, he certainly does not do it seriously, but is only pretending. This rule remains unchangeably true in material as well as in immaterial affairs. As it is impossible seriously to wish to bake bread without having first mixed the flour, and then made a fire, and then swept the oven, and so forth, so it is impossible seriously to wish to lead a good life without observing a certain consecutiveness in the acquirement of the qualities which are necessary for it.

This rule in matters of a good life is especially important, because in a material matter, as, for example, in the baking of bread, it is possible to find out whether a man is seriously busying himself with the matter, or whether he is only pretending, by judging from the results of his activity; but in the leading of a good life this verification is impossible. When people, without mixing the flour and making a fire in the oven, pretend

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that they are baking bread, as in the theatre, it is evident to every one from the consequences, the absence of bread, that they only pretended; but when a man only makes it appear that he is leading a good life, we have no such direct indications, from which it would be possible to find out whether he is seriously striving after living a good life, or whether he is only pretending, because the consequences of a good life are not only not always apparent and palpable for the people surrounding him, but frequently even appear harmful to them; and the respect and the acknowledgment of usefulness and pleasure for his contemporaries do not prove anything in favour of the actuality of his good life.

And so, to distinguish the actuality of a good life from its appearances, we have a very precious symptom, which consists in the regular consecutiveness of the acquisition of properties necessary for a good life. This symptom is particularly precious, not in order to find out the veracity of the striving after a good life in others, but in order to find it out in ourselves, because in this respect we are inclined to deceive ourselves more than others.

The correct consecutiveness of the acquisition of good qualities is an indispensable condition of the motion toward a good life, and all the teachers of humanity have always prescribed to men a certain invariable consecutiveness in the acquisition of good qualities.

In all the moral teachings there is established that ladder which, as Chinese wisdom says, extends from earth to heaven, and which cannot be ascended except by beginning with the lowest rung. As in the teachings of the Brahmins, Buddhists, Confucianists, so also in the teaching of the sages of Greece, there are established degrees of virtues, and the higher cannot be attained before the lower has been acquired. All the moral teachers of humanity, both the religious and the non-religious, have recognized the necessity of a definite consecutiveness in

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the attainment of the virtues necessary for a good life; this necessity arises from the very essence of the thing, and so, one would think, ought to be acknowledged by all men.

But, strange to say, the consciousness of the necessary consecutiveness of the qualities and actions essential for a good life is, it seems, more and more lost sight of and remains only in the ascetic, monastic societies. In the society of worldly men it is assumed and recognized that it is possible to attain the highest qualities of a good life not only with an absence of the lower good qualities, which condition the higher, but also with the broadest development of vices; in consequence of which the conception as to what the good life consists in has in our time become exceedingly mixed in the society of the majority of worldly men. We have lost the concept of what constitutes a good life.

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II.

THIS happened, I think, in the following manner:

Christianity, in taking the place of paganism, put forth more elevated moral demands than were those of the pagans, and, as could not have been otherwise, in putting forth its demands, established, as in the pagan morality, one necessary consecutiveness in the attainment of the virtues, or in the degrees for the attainment of a good life.

Plato's virtues, beginning with continence, through manliness and wisdom attained to justice; the Christian virtues, beginning with self-renunciation, through devotion to God's will attain to love.

The men who seriously accepted Christianity, and strove to make the good Christian life their own, understood Christianity in this sense, and always began the good life with the renunciation of their lusts, which included the pagan continence.

The Christian teaching took the place of the pagan for the very reason that it is different from and higher than the pagan. But the Christian teaching, like the pagan, leads men to truth and to the good; and since truth and the good are always one, the path leading to them must be one, and the first steps on this path must inevitably be one and the same for a Christian as for a pagan.

The difference between the Christian and the pagan teaching of the good consists in this, that the pagan teaching is the teaching of a finite perfection, while the Christian is that of an infinite perfection. Plato, for example, makes justice a model of perfection; but Christ makes a

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model of the infinite perfection of love. "Be ye as perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." From this follow the different relations of the pagan and the Christian teachings to the various degrees of the virtues. The attainment of the highest virtue according to the pagan teaching is possible, and every step of attainment has its relative significance: the higher the step, the greater the desert, so that men, from the pagan point of view, are divided into virtuous and unvirtuous, into more or less virtuous. But according to the Christian teaching, which pointed out the infinitude of perfection, all steps are equal among themselves in relation to the infinite ideal. The difference of the deserts in paganism consists in the step which has been attained by a man; in Christianity the deserts consist only in the process of attainment, in the greater or lesser celerity of motion. From the pagan point of view, a man who is in possession of the virtue of reflection stands in the moral sense higher than a man who does not possess this virtue; a man who in addition to reflection is also in possession of bravery stands higher still; a man who is in possession of reflection and of bravery, and, besides, of justice, stands higher still; but a Christian can be regarded neither as the one, nor as higher, nor as lower in the moral sense; a Christian is the more a Christian the faster he moves toward the infinite perfection, independently of the step on which he is standing at a given minute. Thus the immovable righteousness of the Pharisee is lower than the motion of the repentant thief on the cross.

But there can be no difference in this, that the motion toward virtue, toward perfection, cannot take place by avoiding the lower steps of virtue, either in paganism or in Christianity.

A Christian, like a pagan, cannot do otherwise than begin the work of perfection from the very beginning, that is, where the pagan begins it, with abstinence, just as he

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who ascends a staircase must begin with the first step. The only difference is this, that for the pagan abstinence in itself presents itself as a virtue, while for a Christian abstinence is only a part of self-renunciation, which forms a necessary condition of a striving after perfection. And so true Christianity in its manifestation could not reject the virtues which even paganism pointed out.

But not all men understood Christianity as a striving after the perfection of the Father in heaven; Christianity, falsely understood, destroyed the sincerity and seriousness of the relation of men to its teaching.

If a man believes that he may be saved, even though he does not fulfil the moral teaching of Christianity, it is natural for him to think that his efforts to be good are superfluous. And so a man who believes that there are means for salvation other than the personal efforts for attaining perfection (as, for example, the indulgences of the Catholics) cannot strive after it with the same energy and seriousness with which a man strives who does not know any other means than those of personal efforts. But, not striving after this with complete seriousness, and knowing other means than those of personal efforts, a man will inevitably neglect the one invariable order, in which may be acquired the good qualities which are necessary for a good life. This same thing has happened with the majority of men who in an external manner profess Christianity.

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III.

The teaching that personal efforts are not needed for a man to attain spiritual perfection, but that there are other means, appears as the cause of weakening of the striving after a good life and of the departure from the consecutiveness indispensable for a good life.

An immense mass of people, who accepted Christianity only in an external manner, took advantage of the substitution of Christianity for paganism, in order, by freeing themselves from the demands of the pagan virtues, as no longer of any use to a Christian, to free themselves from every necessity of a struggle with their animal nature.

The same was done by the men who stopped believing in the external Christianity alone. Like those other believers, they in place of the external Christianity put forth some imaginary good work, accepted by the majority, such as serving science, art, humanity, — and in the name of this imaginary good work freed themselves from the consecutiveness of attaining the qualities which are necessary for a good life, and were satisfied with pretending, as in the theatre, that they were living a good life.

Such men, who have fallen away from paganism and have not joined Christianity in its true meaning, began to preach love of God and of men without self-renunciation, and justice without abstinence, that is, the higher virtues without the attainment of the lower, that is, not the virtues themselves, but only their semblance.

Some preach the love of God and men without self-renunciation, others — humanitarianism, serving men and humanity without abstinence.

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And since this advocacy encourages man's animal nature under the guise of introducing him into the higher moral spheres, by freeing him from the most elementary demands of morality, which have long ago been expressed by the pagans, and which have not only not been rejected, but have been accentuated by true Christianity, it was readily accepted, both by the believers and by the non-believers.

Only the other day there was published the Pope's encyclical in regard to socialism. After rejecting the opinion of the socialists as to the illegality of ownership, it says there that "no one is certainly obliged to help his neighbour by taking from what he needs for himself or for his family (*nul assurément n'est tenu de soulager le prochain en prenant sur son nécessaire ou sur celui de sa famille*), nor even to diminish anything of what the proprieties demand of him. No one must, indeed, live contrary to custom." (This place is taken out of St. Thomas: *Nullus enim inconvenienter debet vivere.*) "But after the due has been given to what one needs and to external proprieties," the encyclical continues, "it is the duty of every man to give the surplus to the poor."

Thus preaches the chief of one of the most wide-spread churches of the present time. And side by side with this sermon on egoism, which prescribes giving to our neighbour what we do not need, love is preached, and they constantly adduce with pathos the famous words of Paul, from the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians, about love.

In spite of the fact that the whole teaching of the Gospel is filled with demands for self-renunciation and indications that self-renunciation is the first condition of Christian perfection; in spite of such clear utterances, as, "He that shall not take up his cross, he that shall not forsake father and mother, he that shall not lose his life," people assure themselves and others that it is possible to love men, without renouncing not only what they have

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become used to, but even that which they themselves consider to be proper.

Thus speak the false Christians, and precisely in the same way think and speak and write and act the people who reject not only the external, but also the true Christian teaching, — the freethinkers. These people assure themselves and others that, without diminishing their necessities, without vanquishing their passions, they can serve men and humanity, that is, lead a good life.

Men have rejected the pagan consecutiveness of the virtues and, without adopting the Christian teaching in its true significance, have not accepted even the Christian consecutiveness and have remained without any guide whatsoever.

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IV.

ANCIENTLY, when there was no Christian teaching, all the teachers of life, beginning with Socrates, had abstinence — *ἐγκράτεια* and *σωφροσύνη* — for their first virtue of life, and it was understood that every virtue must begin with it and pass through it. It was clear that a man who did not control himself, who developed in himself an immense number of passions, and who submitted to them all, could not lead a good life. It was clear that before a man could think, not only of magnanimity, of love, but also of unselfishness, of justice, he must learn to control himself. But according to our views, nothing of the kind is needed. We are fully convinced that a man who has developed his passions to the highest degree to which they are developed in our society, a man who cannot live without gratifying hundreds of habits which have taken possession of him, may be able to live an absolutely moral, good life.

In our time and in our society the tendency toward limiting one's passions is considered not only not the first, but not even the last act for leading a good life; it is considered to be absolutely unnecessary.

According to the now ruling, universal, contemporary teaching about life, the increase of necessities is, on the contrary, regarded as a desirable quality, a sign of development, civilization, culture, and perfection. The so-called cultured people consider the habits of comfort, that is, of effeminacy, not only not harmful, but even good, in that they show a certain moral elevation of man, almost a virtue.

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The more needs there are, the more refined these needs are, the better this is considered to be.

Nothing shows this so clearly as the descriptive poetry and especially the novels of the past and the present centuries.

How are the heroes and heroines depicted, who represent the ideals of virtues?

In the majority of cases, the men who are supposed to represent something elevated and noble, beginning with Childe Harold and ending with the latest heroes of Feuillet, Trollope, Maupassant, are nothing but corrupt drones, who are of no use to any one; and the heroines are mistresses, just as idle and given to luxury, who in one way or another afford more or less enjoyment to the men.

I am not speaking of the few rare cases in literature, where abstinent, labouring persons are actually described, — I am speaking of the usual type, which forms the ideal of the masses, of that person whom the majority of men and women try to resemble most. I remember, when I wrote novels, the inexplicable difficulty in which I found myself and with which I struggled, and with which, I know, struggle all the novelists who have even the dimmest consciousness of what constitutes moral beauty, consisted in representing the type of a worldly man that would be ideally good and at the same time true to reality.

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V.

AN indubitable proof that the men of our time really fail to recognize that the pagan abstinence and the Christian self-renunciation are desirable and good qualities, but consider the increase of the needs as something good and exalted, may be found in the way the children of our class of society are brought up in the vast majority of cases. They are not only not taught abstinence, as was the case with the pagans, or self-renunciation, as it ought to be with Christians, but they are consciously inoculated with habits of effeminacy, physical idleness, and luxury.

I have for a long time had in mind writing a fairy-tale of the following kind: a woman, wishing to avenge herself on another woman by whom she has been insulted, seizes her enemy's child, and goes to a wizard, whom she asks to teach her how she may take the bitterest revenge on her enemy through her enemy's only child, which she has kidnapped. The wizard instructs the kidnapper to take the child to a place indicated by him, assuring her that the revenge will be most terrible. The evil woman does so, but she watches the child, and to her amazement sees that the child is taken up and adopted by a childless rich man. She goes to the wizard and rebukes him, but the wizard begs her to wait. The child grows up in luxury and effeminacy. The evil woman is perplexed, but the wizard asks her to wait longer. And, indeed, the time arrives when the evil woman is satisfied and even takes pity on the victim. The child grows up in effeminacy and looseness of manners, and, thanks to his good

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character, is ruined. Here begins a series of physical sufferings, wretchedness, and humiliations, toward which he is particularly sensitive and with which he does not know how to struggle. The striving after a moral life, and the impotence of the effeminate flesh which is accustomed to luxury and to idleness. A vain struggle, a fall lower and lower, drunkenness, to forget himself, and crime, or insanity, or suicide.

Indeed, it is not possible without horror to view the education of certain children in our time. Only the meanest foe could so carefully inoculate the child with those weaknesses and vices, with which he is inoculated by his parents, especially by his mother. One is horrified as one sees all this, and still more, the consequences of this, if it is possible to see what is going on in the souls of the best of these children who are with such care ruined by their parents. They are inoculated with the habits of effeminacy; they are inoculated with them, when the young being does not yet understand their moral significance. Not only is the habit of abstinence and self-possession destroyed, but, contrary to what was done in education in Sparta and in the ancient world in general, this ability is absolutely atrophied. A man is not only not taught to labour, to undergo all the conditions of every fruitful labour, concentrated attention, tension, endurance, preoccupation with the work, the knowledge of mending what is spoiled, the habit of fatigue, the joy of accomplishment, but he is taught idleness and contempt for every product of labour; he is taught to spoil, throw away, and again for money to acquire what he pleases, without giving any thought to how things are made. A man is deprived of the ability to attain the virtue first in order, which is indispensable for the attainment of all the rest, — reflection, — and is let out into the world, in which are preached and, it is assumed, valued the high virtues of justice, service

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of men, love. It is all very well if the young man has a morally weak nature, which is not sensitive, which does not feel the difference between a good life for show and a real good life, and which can be satisfied with the evil existing in life. If so, everything seems to arrange itself properly, and with an unawakened moral sentiment such a man at times calmly lives to his grave.

But this is not always the case, especially of late, when the consciousness of the immorality of such a life is in the air and involuntarily falls deep into the heart. Frequently, and ever more frequently, it happens that the demands of the true, not the seeming morality are awakened, and then begin an internal agonizing struggle and suffering, which rarely end with the victory of the moral feeling. A man feels that his life is bad and that he must change it all from the very beginning, and he endeavours to do so; but here other people, who have passed through the same struggle and who have not come out victoriously, from all sides attack him who is trying to change his life, and try with every means at their command to impress upon him that this is not at all necessary, that abstinence and self-renunciation are not at all necessary in order to be good, that it is possible, though abandoning oneself to gluttony, love of attire, physical idleness, and even fornication, to be an absolutely good and useful man. And the struggle for the most part ends in a lamentable manner. Either the man, worn out by his weakness, submits to this universal voice and suppresses in himself the voice of conscience, compromises with his reason, in order to justify himself, and continues to lead the same life of dissipation, assuring himself that he redeems it with his belief in the external Christianity or with his service in the name of science, or of art; or he struggles, suffers, and loses his mind, or shoots himself. It happens but rarely that, amidst these temptations

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which surround him, a man of our society understands what is, and thousands of years ago was, a rudimentary truth for all reasoning men, namely, that to attain a good life it is necessary first of all to stop living a bad life, and that to attain any higher virtues it is necessary first of all to attain the virtue of abstinence or self-possession, as the pagans defined it, or the virtue of self-renunciation, as Christianity defines it, and by degrees, making efforts over himself, attains it.

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VI.

I HAVE just read the letters of our highly cultured representative man of the forties, the exile Ogarév, to another, even more highly cultured and gifted man, Herzen. In these letters Ogarév expresses his intimate thoughts, and puts forth his highest strivings, and one cannot help but see that he, as is characteristic of a young man, is posing before his friend. He speaks of self-perfection, of sacred friendship, of love, of serving science, humanity, and so forth. And at the same time he writes in a calm tone that he frequently irritates his friend, with whom he is living, because, as he writes, "I return in an intoxicated state, or disappear for long hours with a fallen, but dear creature." Apparently the remarkably sincere, gifted, cultured man could not even imagine that there was anything prejudicial in this, that he, a married man, awaiting the birth of a child (in the next letter he writes that his wife was delivered of a child), returned home drunk, disappearing among lewd women. It did not occur to him that, so long as he did not begin to struggle and did not curb his proneness to intoxication and to fornication, he had no business even to think of friendship, love, and, above all else, doing something in the service of anything. He not only failed to struggle against these vices, but apparently regarded them as something very charming, which did not in the least interfere with his striving after perfection, and so not only did not conceal them from his friend, before whom he wished to appear in the best light, but outright made a display of them.

Thus it was half a century ago. I found these men

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still alive. I knew Ogarév himself, and Herzen, and the men of this calibre, and men educated in the same traditions. In all these men there was a striking absence of consecutiveness in matters of life. They all had a sincere, warm desire for the good, and an absolute laxity in their personal passions, which, it seemed to them, could not interfere with a good life and their production of good and even great works. They put unkneaded loaves into an unheated oven, and they believed that the loaves would be baked. When in their old age they began to notice that the loaves would not bake, that is, that no good had been accomplished by their lives, they saw in this something very tragical.

The tragedy of such a life is indeed very terrible. And this tragicalness, such as it was in the days of Herzen, Ogarév, and others, it exists even now for many, very many so-called cultured people of our time, who have retained the same views. A man strives to live a good life, but the indispensable consecutiveness, which is necessary for this, is lost in that society in which he lives. As was the case with Ogarév and Herzen fifty years ago, so the majority of modern men are convinced that living an effeminate life, eating sweet and fat food, enjoying oneself, in every way gratifying one's lust, does not interfere with a good life. But, apparently, the good life does not result in their case, and they surrender themselves to pessimism, saying, "Such is man's tragical position."

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VII.

THE error that the men, in surrendering themselves to their lusts, in considering this lustful life to be good, are able with all that to lead a good, useful, just, loving life, is so startling that the men of future generations, I think, will absolutely fail to understand what these men of our time meant by the words "a good life," since they said that gluttons, effeminate, lustful men, lead a good life Indeed, we need but to renounce the habitual view of our life for a time and look upon it, I do not say from the standpoint of a Christian, but from the pagan standpoint, from the standpoint of the lowest demands of justice, in order to become convinced that there can be here no question of a good life.

Every man of our society must, I shall not say, to begin a new life, but only to start moving in it, above all else to stop leading a bad life, — he must begin to destroy those conditions of a bad life in which he finds himself.

How often we hear, in justification of our not changing our bad life, the reflection that an act which goes counter to the habitual life would be unnatural and ridiculous, or a desire to make a display, and so would be a bad act. This reflection seems to be made in order to prevent men from changing their bad life. If all our life were good and just, every act which is in accordance with the common life would be good. But if our life is half-good, half-bad, there is as much probability that every act which is not in accordance with the common life is good as that it is bad. But if the whole life is bad and irregular, a man who lives this life cannot perform a single good

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act, without impairing the usual current of life. It is possible to perform a bad act without impairing the habitual current of life, but it is not possible to perform a good act.

A man who lives our life cannot lead a good life, before leaving those conditions of evil in which he finds himself; he cannot begin to do good, unless he has stopped doing evil. It is impossible for a man who lives luxuriously to lead a good life. All his attempts at doing good will be in vain, until he changes his life and does that work, first in order, which he has to do. A good life, according to the pagan world conception, and still more so according to the Christian, is measured by one thing, and cannot be measured by anything else but the relation, in the mathematical sense, of love of self to the love of others. The less there is of love of self and the resulting care for oneself and labours and demands from others for oneself, and the more there is of love for others and the resulting cares for others, of labours for others, the better the life is.

Thus all the sages of the world and all the true Christians have always understood the good life, and just so all the simplest people understand it. The more a man gives to others and the less he asks for himself, the better he is; the less he gives to others and the more he demands for himself, the worse he is.

If the point of support in a lever be moved from the long to the short end, then not only will the long end be lengthened, but the short end will also be shortened. Thus, if a man, having the one given ability of loving, increases the love and care for himself, he by this very fact diminishes the ability to love others and care for them, not only to the amount of love which he has transferred to himself, but many times more. Instead of feeding others, a man eats up more than is necessary, and thus he has not only diminished the possibility of giving

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this abundance, but has also, in consequence of his gluttony, deprived himself of the possibility of caring for others.

To be able, not in words, but in fact, to love others, we must stop loving ourselves, not in words, but in fact. As a rule it happens like this: we think that we love others and assure ourselves and others of this fact; but we love in words only, while ourselves we love in fact. We shall forget to feed others and put them to bed, but ourselves never. And so, to love others, indeed, in fact, we must learn to forget to feed ourselves and put ourselves to bed, just as we forget to do so in reference to others.

We say, "a good man," and "leads a good life," about an effeminate man, who is used to a luxurious life. But such a person — be it man or woman — may have the loveliest traits of character, of meekness, kindness of heart, but he cannot lead a good life, as a knife of the very best workmanship and steel cannot cut, if it is not sharpened. To be good and to lead a good life means to give more to others than is received from them. But an effeminate man, who is used to a luxurious life, cannot do so, in the first place, because he himself always needs much (and he needs much, not on account of his egoism, but because he is used to it, and it causes him suffering to be deprived of what he is used to), and, in the second, because, using up everything which he receives from others, he by this very use weakens himself, deprives himself of the possibility of working, and so of serving others. An effeminate man, who sleeps softly and long, who eats fat, sweet food, and drinks in large quantities, who is dressed warmly or coolly, as the case may demand, who has not accustomed himself to the tension of work, can do but very little.

We have become so accustomed to lying to ourselves and to the lie of others, it is so convenient for us not to see the lie of others, so that they may not see ours, that

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we are not in the least surprised or in doubt as to the assertion of the virtue, and at times even of the sanctity, of men who live an absolutely dissolute life. A man — man or woman — sleeps on a bed with springs, two mattresses, and two cleanly pressed sheets and slips, on down pillows. Near his bed is a mat, so that he may not be cold when stepping on the floor, although near by stand his slippers. Here also are the necessary articles, so that he does not need to go out. The windows are shielded by shades, so that the light cannot wake him, and he sleeps as long as he feels like sleeping. Besides, measures are taken to have the room warm in winter and cool in summer, and that he may not be disturbed by sounds and by flies and other insects. He sleeps, and the hot and cold water for washing, and at times for a bath and his shaving, are waiting for him. So also are the tea, or coffee, or bracing drinks, which are taken immediately after rising. His boots, shoes, overshoes, several pairs of them, which he soiled yesterday, are being cleaned in such a way that they shine like glass, and there is not a dust speck upon them. Similarly they are cleaning his various suits which he soiled on the previous day, and which correspond not only to winter and summer, but also to spring, autumn, rainy, damp, warm weather. There is prepared for him cleanly washed, starched, ironed linen, with shirt buttons, cuff buttons, loops, which are all looked after by men specially engaged for this.

If a man is active, he rises early, that is, at seven o'clock, still two or three hours later than the people who get all this ready for him. Besides the clothes got ready for the day and the bedding for the night, there are also the clothes and foot-gear for the time of the dressing, the gowns and slippers, and the man goes to wash, clean, and comb himself, for which several kinds of brushes and soaps and a great quantity of water and soap are used. (Many English people are for some reason particularly

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proud of the fact that they can lather a lot of soap and pour upon themselves a great amount of water.) Then the man dresses himself, combs his hair before a special mirror, which is different from those which hang in every room, takes up his necessary articles, for the most part a pair of spectacles, or eye-glasses, or a lorgnette, then he puts things away in his pockets: a clean handkerchief to clear his nose with, a watch on a chain, although wherever he may be, almost in every room, there is a clock; he takes money of various denominations, coins (frequently in a special contrivance, which saves him the trouble of finding what he wants) and paper bills; visiting-cards, on which his name is printed and which save him the trouble of telling or writing it out; a white memorandum-book, and a pencil. A woman's dress is much more complicated: a corset, the coiffure, the long hair, the adornments, the ribbons, elastic, pins, hairpins, brooches.

But now everything is ended; the day generally begins with eating: coffee or tea, specially prepared, is taken with a large quantity of sugar, and rolls are eaten; the bread is made of the very best of wheat flour, with a large quantity of butter, sometimes with hog lard. The men generally smoke cigarettes or cigars during this meal, and then read a fresh newspaper, which has just been brought in. Then the going from home to the office or on business, or driving in carriages which exist especially to take people from place to place. Then a breakfast from killed animals, birds, fishes; then a similar dinner, which with great moderation consists of three courses, a sweet dish, coffee; then playing of cards, and playing, — music, or the theatre, reading, or conversation in soft, springy chairs under the intensified or softened light of candles, gas, electricity, — again tea, again eating, supper, and again to bed, prepared and puffed up, with clear linen, and rinsed vessels.

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Such is the day of a man of moderate life, of whom, if he is of a soft character and has no habits which are exceedingly disagreeable to others, they say that he is a man who is leading a good life.

But a good life is that of a man who does good to others; how can a man who lives thus and who is accustomed to live thus do good to men? Before doing good, he must stop doing evil to men. But consider all the evil which he, frequently without knowing it himself, does to people, and you will see that he is far from doing good to people, and that he has to perform many, very many acts, in order to redeem the evil done by him, and yet he, who is weakened by his lustful life, is absolutely unable to perform any such acts. He could, indeed, sleep more healthily, both physically and morally, by lying on the floor on a cloak, as Marcus Aurelius slept, and so all the labour and work of the mattresses and springs, and of the down pillows, and the daily work of the laundress, a woman, a weak being with her female troubles and childbirths and nursing of children, a woman who is washing the linen belonging to him, a strong man, — all this work could be avoided. He could go to bed earlier and rise earlier, and the work of the shades and of the illumination in the evening could be avoided. He could sleep in the same shirt which he wore in the daytime, could step with his bare feet on the floor, and go out into the yard, could wash himself in the cold water at the well, — in short, could live as live all those who do all this for him, and so he could avoid all the labour which is put out on him. So also could be avoided all the work put on his clothes, his refined food, his amusements.

How, then, can such a man do good to people and lead a good life, without changing his pampered, luxurious life? A moral man, I do not say a Christian, — but just one who professes humanitarian principles, or only justice, cannot help but wish to change his life and stop making

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use of the objects of luxury, which are often produced with harm to other people.

If a man really pities people who work with tobacco, the first thing he will involuntarily do is to stop smoking, because, by continuing to smoke and buy tobacco, he only encourages the production of tobacco, which ruins the health of people.

But the men of our time do not reason like that. They invent the strangest and cleverest reflections, except the one which naturally presents itself to every simple man. According to their reasoning it is not at all necessary to abstain from articles of luxury. We may have sympathy for the condition of the labourers, make speeches and write books in their favour, and at the same time continue to make use of those labours which we consider to be ruinous for them.

According to one kind of reasoning it turns out that it is right to make use of the ruinous labours of others, because, if I do not make use of them, somebody else will. It is like the reasoning that I must drink the wine which is injurious for me, because it is bought, and if I do not drink it, others will.

According to another kind of reasoning it appears that the use made of the labours of others for the sake of luxury is indeed very useful for them, because we thus give them money, that is, the possibility of existence, as though it were not possible to make it possible for them to exist in any other way than by compelling them to produce articles which are injurious to them and superfluous for us.

All this is due to the fact that men have come to imagine that it is possible to lead a good life without having attained the first quality in order, which is necessary for a good life.

Now the first quality is abstinence.

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VIII.

THERE has been and there can be no good life without abstinence. No good life is thinkable without abstinence. Every attainment of a good life must begin through it.

There is a ladder of virtues, and we must begin with the first rung, in order to ascend to the next; and the first virtue which must be attained by a man, if he wants to attain the next, is what the ancients called *ἐγκράτεια* or *σωφροσύνη*, that is, reflection or self-possession.

If in the Christian teaching abstinence is included in the concept of self-renunciation, the consecutiveness none the less remains the same, and the attainment of no Christian virtues is possible without abstinence, not because somebody has thought it out so, but because such is the essence of the matter.

Abstinence is the first step of every good life.

But even abstinence is not attained at once, but by degrees.

Abstinence is a man's liberation from the lusts, their subjection to reason, *σωφροσύνη*. But there are many various lusts in man, and for the struggle with them to be successful he must begin with the basal ones, those on which other, more complex ones grow up, and not with the complex, which have grown up on the basal ones. There are complex passions, as the passion for adorning the body, games, amusements, gossiping, curiosity, and many others; and there are basal passions, such as gluttony, idleness, carnal love. In the struggle with the passions it is impossible to begin at the end, with the struggle with the complex passions; we must begin with

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the basal ones, and that, too, in a definite order. This order is determined both by the essence of the thing and by the tradition of human wisdom.

A glutton is not able to struggle against idleness, and a gluttonous and idle man is unable to struggle with the sexual lust. And so, according to all teachings, the striving after abstinence began with the struggle against the lust of gluttony, began with fasting. But in our society, where every serious relation to the attainment of the good life is lost to such a degree and has been lost for so long a time that the very first virtue, abstinence, without which no others are possible, is considered superfluous, there is also lost the consecutiveness which is indispensable for the attainment of this first virtue, and many have forgotten all about fasting, and it has been decided that fasting is a foolish superstition, and that fasting is not at all necessary.

And yet, just as the first condition of a good life is abstinence, so the first condition of an abstemious life is fasting.

A man may wish to be good, dream of goodness, without fasting; but in reality it is just as impossible to be good without fasting, as it is to walk without getting up on one's feet.

Fasting is an indispensable condition of a good life. But gluttony has always been the first symptom of the reverse, of a bad life, and unfortunately this symptom has particular force in the life of the majority of the men of our time.

Glance at the faces and at the figures of the men of our circle and time, — on many of these faces with pendent chins and cheeks, obese limbs and large bellies, lies the ineffaceable imprint of a life of dissipation. Nor can it be otherwise. Look closely at our life, at that by which the majority of the men of our society are moved; ask yourself what is the chief interest of this majority. No

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matter how strange this may appear to us, who are accustomed to conceal our true interests and to put forth false, artificial ones, the chief interest of the life of the majority of men of our time is the gratification of the sense of taste, the pleasure of eating, gluttony. Beginning with the poorest and ending with the wealthiest classes of society, gluttony, I think, is the chief aim, the chief pleasure of our life. The poor working people form an exception only to the extent to which want keeps them from surrendering themselves to this passion. The moment they have time and means for it, they, emulating the higher classes, provide themselves with what tastes best and is sweetest, and eat and drink as much as they can. The more they eat, the more they consider themselves, not only happy, but even strong and healthy. And in this conviction they are maintained by the cultured people, who look upon food in precisely this manner. The cultured classes imagine happiness and health to lie in savoury, nutritive, easily digested food (in which opinion they are confirmed by the doctors, who assert that the most expensive food, meat, is the most wholesome), though they try to conceal this.

Look at the life of these people, listen to their talk. What kind of exalted subjects interests them? Philosophy, and science, and art, and poetry, and the distribution of wealth, and the welfare of the people, and the education of youth; but all this is for the vast majority a lie. All this interests them only between business, between the real business, between breakfast and dinner, while the stomach is full, and it is not possible to eat any more. The one living, real interest, the interest of the majority of men and women, is eating, especially after their first youth. How to eat, what to eat, when, where?

Not one solemnity, not one joy, not one christening, not one opening of anything takes place without eating.

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Look at people in their travels. In them you can see it best. "The museums, the libraries, the parliament, — how interesting! And where shall we dine? Who sets the best table?" Yes, just look at the people, as they come down to dinner, dressed up, besprinkled with perfume, to a table adorned with flowers, how joyously they rub their hands and smile!

If we could look into their souls, — what do the majority of men long for? For an appetite for breakfast, for dinner. In what does the severest punishment from childhood consist? In being reduced to bread and water. What artisan receives the greatest wages? The cook. In what does the chief interest of the lady of the house consist? Toward what does in the majority of cases the conversation incline between the ladies of the middle class? And if the conversation of the people of the higher classes does not incline toward it, the cause of it is not because they are more cultured and busy with higher interests, but only because they have a housekeeper or a steward who is busy with this and guarantees their dinners. But try to deprive them of this comfort, and you will see in what their cares lie. Everything reduces itself to the question of eating, the price of grouse, the best means for boiling coffee, baking sweet tarts, etc. People assemble, whatever the occasion may be, — christening, funeral, wedding, dedication of a church, farewell, reception, celebration of a memorable day, the death or birth of a great scholar, thinker, teacher of morality, — people assemble, claiming to be busy with some exalted subjects. So they say; but they dissemble: they all know that there will be something to eat, good, savoury food, and something to drink, and it is this mainly which has brought them together. For several days previous to this animals have been slaughtered and cut up for this very purpose, baskets with supplies have been brought from the gastronomic shops, and cooks, their assistants,

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scullions, peasants of the buffet, especially dressed up in clean starched aprons and caps, have been "working." So, too, chefs, who receive five hundred roubles per month and more, have been working and giving orders. The cooks have been chopping, mixing, washing, arranging, adorning. With the same solemnity and importance there has been working a similar superintendent of service, counting, reflecting, casting his glance, like an artist. The gardener has been working for the flowers. The dishwashers — A whole army of men work, the products of thousands of work-days are devoured, and all this in order that the people assembled may have a chance to talk of the memorable great teacher of science or morality, or to recall a deceased friend, or to say farewell to a young couple who are entering upon a new life.

In the lower and middle class it is evident that a holiday, funeral, wedding, means gluttony. It is thus that they understand the matter in these classes. Gluttony to such an extent takes the place of the motive of assemblage that in Greek and French "wedding" and "feast" have the same meaning. But in the higher circle, amidst refined people, great art is employed in order to conceal this and to make it appear that the eating is a secondary matter, that it exists only for decency's sake. They can conveniently represent this in such a way, because for the most part they are in the real sense of the word satiated, — they are never hungry.

They pretend that they have no need of a dinner, of eating, and that it is even a burden to them. But try, instead of the refined dishes expected by them, to give them, I do not say bread and water, but porridge and noodles, and you will see what a storm this will provoke, and how the real facts will come to the surface, namely, that in the gathering of these men the chief interest is not the one which they put forth, but the interest of eating.

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See what people deal in; walk through the city and see what is being sold: attire and articles of food.

In reality this ought to be so and cannot be otherwise. We cannot stop thinking of eating, keep this lust within its limits, only when we submit to the necessity of eating; but when a man, only submitting to this necessity, that is, to the fulness of the stomach, stops eating, then it cannot be otherwise. If a man has taken a liking to the pleasure of eating, has allowed himself to love this pleasure, and finds that this pleasure is good (as the vast majority of men of our society and the cultured find, although they pretend the opposite), then there is no limit to its increase, there are no limits beyond which it cannot grow. The gratification of a need has its limits; but enjoyment has none. For the gratification of a need it is indispensable and sufficient to eat bread, porridge, or rice; for the increase of enjoyment there is no end to dishes and to seasonings.

Bread is an indispensable and sufficient food (the proof of this: millions of strong, lithe, healthy men, who work much, live on nothing but bread). But it is better to eat bread with some preparation. It is good to soak bread in water with meat boiled in it. It is still better to put vegetables into this water, and still better a lot of different vegetables. It is not bad to eat meat itself. But it is better to eat, not boiled, but roasted meat. And still better, meat slightly broiled with butter, and with the blood, and only certain parts of it. Add to this vegetables and mustard. And wash it down with wine, best of all red wine. You do not feel like eating anything else, but you can still devour some fish, if it is seasoned with sauce, and you can wash it down with white wine. One would think that no other fat or savoury food would go down. But you may still eat something sweet, in the summer ice-cream, in the winter preserves, jams, etc. And this is a dinner, a modest dinner. The pleasure

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of this dinner may be greatly, very greatly increased. And people do increase it, and there is no limit to this increase: there are appetizers, and *entremets*, and desserts, and all kinds of combinations of savoury food, and adornments, and music during the dinner.

And, strange to say, the people who every day eat such dinners, in comparison with which Belshazzar's feast, which called forth the remarkable threat, is nothing, are naïvely convinced that they can with it all lead a moral life.

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IX.

FASTING is an indispensable condition of a good life; but in fasting, as in abstinence, there appears the question, with what to begin the fasting, how to fast, how often to eat, what not to eat. And as it is impossible seriously to busy oneself with anything, without having acquired the consecutiveness necessary for it, so it is impossible to fast, without knowing with what to begin the fast, with what to begin the abstinence from food.

Fasting! But there is the choice to be made as to what to begin with. This idea seems ridiculous and extravagant to the majority of men.

I remember with what pride, on account of his originality, an Evangelical Protestant, who was attacking the asceticism of monasticism, said to me, "My Christianity is not with fasts and privations, but with beefsteaks." Christianity and virtue in general with beefsteaks!

So many savage and immoral things have eaten their way into our life, especially into that lower sphere of the first step toward a good life, the relation to food, to which very few people have paid any attention, that it is difficult for us even to comprehend the boldness and madness of the assertion in our time of a Christianity or virtue with beefsteaks.

The only reason why we are not horrified at this assertion is that with us has happened the unusual thing that we look and do not see, that we listen and do not hear. There is no stench, no sound, no monstrosity, to which a man cannot get used, so that he no longer notices what

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is startling to a man who is not used to it. The same is true in the moral sphere. Christianity and morality with beefsteaks!

The other day I visited the slaughter-house in our city of Túla. The slaughter-house is built according to a new, perfected method, as it is built in large cities, so that the animals killed shall suffer as little as possible. This was on a Friday, two days before Pentecost. There were there a large number of cattle.

Before that, a long time before, when reading the beautiful book, *Ethics of Diet*, I had made up my mind to visit the slaughter-house, in order with my own eyes to see the facts of the case, which are mentioned whenever vegetarianism is mentioned. But I felt uneasy, as one always feels uneasy when going to see sufferings which are sure to be there, but which one cannot prevent, and so I kept putting it off.

But lately I met on the road a butcher, who had been home and now was going back to Túla. He is not yet an experienced butcher, and his duty consists in stabbing with a dagger. I asked him whether he did not feel sorry that he had to kill the animals. And as the answer always is, so he answered, "Why be sorry? This has to be done." But when I told him that eating meat was not necessary, he agreed with me, and then he also agreed with me that it was a pity to kill. "What is to be done? I have to make a living," he said. "At first I was afraid to kill. My father never killed a chicken in all his life."

The majority of Russians cannot kill; they feel pity, which they express by the word "afraid." He, too, had been afraid, but had stopped. He explained to me that the busiest day is Friday, when the work lasts until evening.

Lately, too, I had a talk with a soldier, a butcher, and he, too, was surprised in the same way at my assertion that it is a pity to kill; and, as always, he said that this

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was the law; but later he agreed with me, "Especially when it is a tame, kind animal. The dear animal comes up to you, believing you. It is truly a pity!"

One day we returned from Moscow on foot, and some drivers of drays, going from Serpukhóv to a forest to get a merchant's timber, gave us a lift. It was Maundy Thursday. I was riding in the first teléga with a strong, red-faced, coarse driver, who was apparently very drunk. As we entered a village, we saw that from the last yard they were pulling a fattened, shorn, pink-coloured pig, to get it killed. The pig squealed in a desperate voice, which resembled that of a man. Just as we passed by, they began to kill the pig. One of the men drew the knife down its throat. It squealed louder and more penetratingly than before, tore itself loose, and ran away, shedding its blood. I am near-sighted and so did not see all the details; all I saw was the pink-coloured flesh of the pig, which resembled that of a man, and I heard the desperate squeal; but the driver saw all the details, and he looked in that direction without taking his eyes off. The pig was caught and thrown down, and they began to finish the killing. When its squeal died down, the driver drew a deep sigh.

"Is it possible men will not have to answer for this?" he muttered.

So strong is people's disgust at any kind of a murder; but by example, by encouraging men's greed, by the assertion that this is permitted by God, and chiefly by habit, people have been brought to a complete loss of this natural feeling.

On Friday I went to Túla, and, upon meeting an acquaintance of mine, a meek, kindly man, I invited him to go with me.

"Yes, I have heard that it is well arranged, and I should like to see it, but if they slaughter there, I sha'n't go in."

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"Why not? It is precisely what I want to see. If meat is to be eaten, cattle have to be killed."

"No, no, I cannot."

What is remarkable in this case is, that this man is a hunter and himself kills birds and animals.

We arrived. Even before entering we could smell the oppressive, detestable, rotten odour of joiner's glue or of glue paint. The farther we went, the stronger was this odour. It is a very large, red brick building, with vaults and high chimneys. We entered through the gate. On the right was a large fenced yard, about a quarter of a desyatína in size, — this is the cattle-yard, to which the cattle for sale are driven two days in the week, — and at the edge of this space is the janitor's little house; on the left were what they call the chambers, that is, rooms with round gates, concave asphalt floors, and appliances for hanging up and handling the carcasses. By the wall of the little house, and to the right of it, sat six butchers in aprons, which were covered with blood, with blood-bespattered sleeves rolled up over muscular arms. They had finished their work about half an hour ago, so that on that day we could see only the empty chambers. In spite of the gates being opened on two sides, there was in each chamber an oppressive odour of warm blood; the floor was cinnamon-coloured and shining, and in the depressions of the floor stood coagulated black gore.

One of the butchers told us how they slaughtered, and showed us the place where this is done. I did not quite understand him, and formed a false, but very terrible conception of how they slaughtered, and I thought, as is often the case, that the reality would produce a lesser effect upon me than what I had imagined. But I was mistaken in this.

The next time I came to the slaughter-house in time. It was on Friday before Pentecost. It was a hot June day. The odour of glue and of blood was even more op-

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pressive and more noticeable in the morning, than during my first visit. The work was at white heat. The dusty square was all full of cattle, and the cattle were driven into all the stalls near the chambers.

In the street in front of the building stood carts with steers, heifers, and cows tied to the cart stakes and shafts. Butchers' carts, drawn by good horses, loaded with live calves with dangling heads, drove up and unloaded; and similar carts with upturned and shaking legs of the carcasses of steers, with their heads, bright red lungs and dark red livers drove away from the slaughter-house. Near the fence stood the mounts of the cattle-dealers. The cattle-dealers themselves, in their long coats, with whips and knouts in their hands, walked up and down in the yard, either marking one man's cattle with tar paint, or haggling, or attending to the transfer of bulls and steers from the square to the stalls, from which the cattle entered the chambers. These men were obviously all absorbed in money operations and calculations, and the thought that it is good or bad to kill these animals was as far from them as the thought as to what was the chemical composition of the blood with which the floor of the chambers was covered.

No butchers could be seen in the yards: they were all working in the chambers. During this day about one hundred steers were killed. I entered a chamber and stopped at the door. I stopped, both because the chamber was crowded with the carcasses which were being shifted, and because the blood ran underfoot and dripped from above, and all the butchers who were there were smeared in it, and, upon entering inside, I should certainly have been smeared with blood. They were taking down one carcass, which was suspended; another was being moved to the door; a third, a dead ox, was lying with his white legs turned up, and a butcher with his strong fist was ripping the stretched-out hide.

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Through the door opposite to the one where I was standing they were at that time taking in a large, red, fattened ox. Two men were pulling him. And they had barely brought him in, when I saw a butcher raise a dagger over his head and strike him. The ox dropped down on his belly, as though he had been knocked off all his four legs at once, immediately rolled over on one side, and began to kick with his legs and with his whole back. One of the butchers immediately threw himself on the fore part of the ox, from the end opposite his kicking legs, took hold of his horns, bent his head to the ground, and from beneath the head there spirted the dark red blood, under the current of which a boy besmeared in blood placed a tin basin. All the time while they were doing this, the ox kept jerking his head, as though trying to get up, and kicked with all his four legs in the air. The basin filled rapidly, but the ox was still alive and, painfully contracting and expanding his belly, kicked with his fore legs and hind legs, so that the butchers had to get out of his way. When one basin was filled, the boy carried it on his head to the albumen plant, while another boy set down another basin, which also began to fill up. But the ox kept contracting and expanding his belly and jerked with his hind legs. When the blood stopped flowing, the butcher raised the head of the ox and began to flay him. The ox continued kicking. The head was bared and began to look red with white veins, and assumed the position given to it by the butchers; on both sides of it hung the hide. The ox continued to kick. Then another butcher caught the ox by a leg, which he broke and cut off. Convulsions ran up and down the belly and the other legs. The other legs, too, were cut off, and they were thrown where all the legs belonging to one owner were thrown. Then the carcass was pulled up to a block and tackle and was stretched out, and there all motion stopped.

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Thus I stood at the door and looked at a second, a third, a fourth ox. With all of them the same happened: the same flayed head with pinched tongue and the same kicking back. The only difference was that the butcher did not always strike in the right place to make the ox fall. It happened that the butcher made a mistake, and the ox jumped up, bellowed, and, shedding blood, tried to get away. But then he was pulled under a beam and struck a second time, after which he fell.

I later walked up from the side of the door, through which they brought in the oxen. Here I saw the same, only at closer range, and, therefore, more clearly. I saw here, above all else, what I had not seen through the other door, — how they compelled the oxen to walk through this door. Every time when they took an ox out of the stall and pulled him by a rope, which was attached to his horns, the ox, scenting the blood, became stubborn and bellowed, and sometimes jerked back. It was impossible for two men to pull him in by force, and so a butcher every time went behind and took the ox by the tail, which he twisted until the gristle cracked and the tail broke, and the ox moved on.

The oxen of one owner were all finished, and they brought up the cattle of another. The first from this lot of the other owner was a bull. He was a fine-looking, thoroughbred black bull, with white spots on his body and white legs, — a young, muscular, energetic animal. They began to pull him; he dropped his head and absolutely refused to move. But the butcher who was walking behind took hold of his tail, as a machinist puts his hand on the throttle, and twisted it; the cartilage cracked, and the bull rushed ahead, knocking the men who were pulling at the rope off their feet, and again stood stubbornly still, looking askance with his white, bloodshot eyes. But again the tail cracked, and the bull rushed forward and was where he was wanted. The butcher

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walked up, took his aim, and struck him. But the stroke did not fall in the right place. The bull jumped up, tossed his head, bellowed, and, all covered with blood, tore himself loose and rushed back. All the people at the doors started back; but the accustomed butchers, with a daring which was the result of the peril, briskly took hold of the rope and again of the tail, and again the bull found himself in the chamber, where his head was pulled under the beam, from which he no longer tore himself away. The butcher briskly looked for the spot where the hair scatters in the form of a star, and, having found it, in spite of the blood, struck him, and the beautiful animal, which was full of life, came down with a crash and kicked with its head and legs, while they let off the blood and flayed the head.

"Accursed devil, he did not even fall the right way," growled the butcher as he cut the hide from his head.

Five minutes later the red, instead of black, head, without the hide, with glassy, fixed eyes, which but five minutes before had glistened with such a beautiful colour, was suspended on the beam.

Then I entered the division where they butcher the smaller animals. It is a very large and long chamber, with an asphalt floor and with tables with backs, on which they butcher sheep and calves. Here the work was all finished; in the long chamber, which was saturated with the odour of blood, there were only two butchers. One was blowing into the leg of a dead wether and patting the blown-up belly; the other, a young lad, with a blood-bespattered apron, was smoking a bent cigarette. There was no one else in the gloomy, long chamber, which was saturated with the oppressive odour. Immediately after me there came in one who looked like an ex-soldier, who brought a black yearling lamb, with spots on his neck, which he put down on one of the tables, as though on a bed. The soldier, apparently

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an acquaintance of theirs, greeted them and asked them when their master gave them days off. The young lad with the cigarette walked up with a knife, which he sharpened at the edge of the table, and answered that they had their holidays free. The live plump lamb was lying quietly as though dead, only briskly wagging his short tail and breathing more frequently than usual. The soldier lightly, without effort, held down his head, which was rising up; the young lad, continuing the conversation, took the lamb's head with his left hand and quickly drew the knife down his throat. The lamb shivered, and the little tail became arched and stopped wagging. While waiting for the blood to run off, the young lad puffed at the cigarette, which had nearly gone out. The blood began to flow, and the lamb began to be convulsed. The conversation was continued without the least interruption.

And those hens and chickens, which every day in a thousand kitchens, with heads cut off, shedding blood, jump about comically and terribly, flapping their wings?

And behold, a tender, refined lady will devour the corpses of these animals with the full conviction of her righteousness, asserting two propositions, which mutually exclude one another:

The first, that she is so delicate — and of this she is assured by her doctor — that she is unable to live on vegetable food alone, but that her weak organism demands animal food; and the second, that she is so sensitive that she not only cannot cause any sufferings to any animal, but cannot even bear the sight of them.

And yet, this poor lady is weak for the very reason, and for no other, that she has been taught to subsist on food which is improper for man; and she cannot help but cause the animals suffering, because she devours them.

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X.

We cannot pretend that we do not know this. We are not ostriches, and we cannot believe that, if we do not look, there will not be what we do not wish to see. This is the more impossible, when we do not wish to see what we wish to eat. And, above all else, if it were only indispensable! But let us assume that it is not indispensable, but necessary for some purpose. It is not.[1] It is good only for bringing out animal sensations, breeding lust, fornication, drunkenness. This is constantly confirmed by the fact that good, uncorrupted young men, especially women and girls, feel, without knowing how one thing follows from the other, that virtue is not compatible with beefsteak, and as soon as they wish to be good, they give up animal food.

What, then, do I wish to say? Is it this, that men, to be moral, must stop eating meat? Not at all.

What I wanted to say is, that for a good life a certain order of good acts is indispensable; that if the striving after the good life is serious in a man, it will inevitably assume one certain order, and that in this order the first virtue for a man to work on is abstinence, self-possession. And in striving after abstinence, a man will inevitably

[1] Let those who doubt it read those numerous books, composed by scholars and physicians, in which it is proved that meat is not necessary for man's alimentation. And let them not listen to those old-fashioned doctors, who defend the necessity of subsisting on meat, only because their predecessors and they themselves have recognized it as necessary for a long time, — they defend it with stubbornness, with malice, as everything old and obsolete is always defended. — *Author's Note.*

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follow one certain order, and in this order the first subject will be abstinence in food, fasting. But in fasting, if he seriously and sincerely seeks a good life, the first from which a man will abstain will always be the use of animal food, because, to say nothing of the excitation of the passions, which this food produces, its use is directly immoral, since it demands an act which is contrary to our moral sense, — murder, — and is provoked only by the desire and craving for good eating.

Why abstinence from animal food will be the first work of fasting and a moral life has excellently been said, not by one man, but by the whole of humanity, in the persons of its best representatives in the course of the whole conscious life of humanity.

"But why, if the illegality, that is, the immorality, of animal food has for so long a time been known to humanity, have men not yet come to recognize this law?" is what those men will ask who are generally guided, not so much by their reason, as by public opinion. The answer to this question is this, that the moral progress of humanity, which forms the basis of every progress, always takes place slowly; but that the symptom of the true, not the accidental, progress is its unceasingness and constant acceleration.

And such is the motion of vegetarianism. This motion is expressed in all the thoughts of the writers on this subject, and in the life of humanity itself, which more and more passes unconsciously from meat eating to vegetable food, and consciously in the motion of vegetarianism, which has been manifesting itself with especial force and is assuming ever greater dimensions. This motion has for the last ten years been growing faster and faster; there appear every year more and more books and periodicals which deal with this subject; we constantly meet more and more men who reject animal food; and the number of vegetarian restaurants and hotels is growing

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every year abroad, especially in Germany, England, and America.

This motion must be particularly pleasing to those who live striving after the realization of the kingdom of God upon earth, not because vegetarianism in itself is an important step toward this kingdom (all true steps are both important and not important), but because it serves as a sign of this, that the striving after man's moral perfection is serious and sincere, since it has assumed the proper invariable order, which begins with the first step.

We cannot help but rejoice in this, just as people could not help but rejoice who, striving to get to the top of a house, had been vainly and in disorder trying to climb the walls from various sides, and now at last assemble near the first rung of the ladder, knowing that there is no way of getting to the top but by beginning at this first rung of the ladder.

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THE TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES

1885

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THE TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES

THE Teaching of the Twelve Apostles is an ancient manuscript, which was lately found in an old volume of collections. This manuscript was known to the ancient fathers of the church, Athanasius, Eusebius, and others, who knew it and mentioned it in their writings, but the manuscript itself was lost.

In 1883 the Greek Metropolitan Brienios, who was living in Constantinople, discovered this teaching in an ancient manuscript and printed it.

This teaching is the most ancient exposition of the sermons of Jesus Christ. It was written at a time when the men who had heard Jesus Christ were still alive.

This teaching is divided into two parts, — one, ancient, from Chapter I. to VI., and the second, which was added later, from Chapter VI. to the last chapter. The last chapters have reference to the arrangement of the life of Christ's disciples; but in the first five chapters we have a record of Christ's teaching to men, the same which is recorded in Chapters V., VI., and VII. of the Gospel of Matthew, and which Christ had announced on the mount to all simple people, that they might find out this teaching and become saved. This teaching is the same good announcement which Christ enjoined His disciples to preach to the Gentiles, the same of which He

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said to His disciples (Mark xvi. 15), Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.

POSTSCRIPT

In this ancient teaching everything is said which every man needs for the recognition of Christ's truth and the salvation of his soul.

This teaching is not long and not intricate, and any man may read it, and any man may understand it, and any man may fulfil it. Christ said (Luke x. 21), I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. It says also (Matt. xi. 28–30), Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

And again it says (John vii. 37), If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink.

And here it is, the teaching which was revealed to babes, that easy yoke and light burden, to which He calls us, that spring of living water, to which any man may come. It is the same teaching which was preached by Christ on the mount, and was recorded in Chapters V., VI., and VII. of Matthew, and which is called the sermon on the mount. Everything which is needed for the salvation of one's soul is contained in this teaching, and millions and millions of Christians have been saved by it and the world is saved by it.

Christ said, I am the way and the truth and the life, and again He said (Matt. vii. 13–14), Enter ye at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the

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way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

And the teaching begins with Christ's showing, among the many, the broad, ways which lead to destruction, the one narrow way of truth, which leads to life.

The narrow way of truth, which leads to life, consists in loving God and our neighbour.

The broad way, — the way of the lie, which leads to death, this is all the ways on which men walk without love of God and of their neighbours.

The way of life is in the other commandments: in love of God and of our neighbours.

In the first chapter, reference is made to the first commandment about the love of God. The love of God consists in the love of all men, even as it says in another place that God is love. It consists in loving not only our neighbours, but also those whom we do not know, in loving those who love and those who hate us; and so we are not only not to take anything from people, except what we are in need of, but we should give everything we have and our labour to other men, without knowing even for whom we are working. This is the teaching of the first commandment, — of the love of God.

In the second chapter it speaks of the second commandment about the love of our neighbour, of which it says in another place that it resembles the first. The love of our neighbour consists in not doing to our neighbour what we do not wish to have done to us. We should not kill or dishonour children and women, steal, curse, lie, take away from others or retain any property, and so we should admonish the erring, pray for the feeble, and love the good better than our soul. This is the teaching of the second commandment about the love of our neighbour.

In the third chapter it speaks of the offences. The offences consist in those affairs which lead to sins against the love of God and of our neighbour. There are five

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sins that are enumerated, — murder, debauchery, idolatry, stealing, cursing; and those offences are pointed out that lead to these sins: anger, quarrels, disputes, lead to murder; the seeking of enjoyments, impure speeches, the contemplation of other people's sins, lead to debauchery; divination, the calling out of spirits, idle philosophizing, lead to idolatry; lying, envy, greed, vanity, lead to stealing; self-confidence, dissatisfaction, and pride lead to cursing. This is the teaching of the offences.

In the fourth chapter it speaks of how a man may strengthen himself on the path of life. Five means are enumerated: attention to the word of God, communion with saints, peaceful intercourse with men, renunciation of property, and the recognition over oneself and over others of no other power than the one which is given by the spirit of truth. This is the teaching about the strengthening of the forces on the path of life.

In the fifth chapter it speaks of that world of men who live outside the commandments of God and walk on the path of death. These men suffer, torment others, and all walk toward death. This is the teaching about what awaits man on the path of death.

The remaining eleven chapters speak of the details of the arrangement of the Christian community. But even in these first five chapters there is expounded the whole teaching which is necessary for the salvation of every man. The teaching of these five chapters is simple and comprehensible.

Christ shows us the path of salvation and the path of destruction; He shows us, besides, what we ought not to do, and what we ought, in order that it may be easy for us to walk on the path of salvation. By giving us the direction of the path, Christ points out to us those deceptions which may make us stray from it, and, besides, teaches us what may support us. He treats us as a good father would treat his son, when sending him out on the

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road. First of all the father would say to his son: "You must travel straight on the road, which leads you where it will be well for you, and if you shall not travel straight on the road, you will perish. And so, that you may not lose it, travel in the daytime with the sun, and in the night with the star which I will point out to you." But the father would not be satisfied with this; he loves his son, and is afraid that he may lose his way, and so he would say to him, "As you walk, you will come to a turn on the right: do not turn into it; then you will come to a cross-road: take the middle road; then you will come to a turn on the left: do not walk on it; then you will come to a forked road: take the left one." Thus the father would tell his son the road in advance. But more than this: the father would give his son a staff and a wallet, so that he might have something to lean on and something to eat, and only then would he send him off.

It is precisely what Christ has done with us. First of all He showed us the road which will bring us to our goal, — and showed us as the sun, the love of God, and as the star, the love of our neighbour, and commanded us to go by them; then He showed us in detail all the turns which might make us stray. He said, "Anger, quarrels, will come, — stop and bethink yourself, — this is one of the turns which may lead you away from the path of life; do not walk on it, but walk straight on.

"There will come lust, — this is another turn; again bethink yourself, and do not travel on the false path. There will come ambition, selfishness, — know that these, too, are false paths."

But more than this: Christ, besides these indications, gives us also something to strengthen us on our path, — He gives us bread and the staff for our journey. He teaches us what can sustain us on our path, gives us food and support in the divine word, in the communion with saints, in the establishment of peace among men, in the

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renunciation of property, in the liberation from every domination but that of truth.

Christ knew our weakness and did everything that we might be able with our weakness to walk on His path. This teaching is such that, if we understand it, we cannot excuse ourselves because of our weakness. If we believe that all paths outside of Christ's lead to death, we can no longer say that we should like to walk on the path of life, but are unable to do so; nor can we excuse ourselves on the ground of ignorance of the road; everything which we need in order not to stray from the road and that we may walk upon it has been given to us. And if we say that we are too weak and cannot follow Christ, Christ will answer us, "It is for your weakness' sake that I have pointed out to you in advance all those turns which may lead you astray or may teach you how to act; for the sake of your weakness have I given you on the road everything which may strengthen you. Why do you not stop where I told you to stop and think of my words? Why do you not take with you on the road everything that I have told you will fortify you?"

What will the father say to his son, whom he has sent out on the road, after supplying him with instructions and with food, when he finds his son gone astray in another direction? He will no doubt be sorry for him and will again lead him out on the road, and will again furnish him with instructions as to how to walk; and again the same instructions, because there are no others; but he will not listen to the excuses of the son that he has gone astray because it was hard for him to remember all the instructions given him for the road, because a man whose only business it is to walk cannot find it hard to remember whither he is going. But if he says that he has forgotten, he is a hypocrite or a madman. And we are hypocrites or madmen when we say that we believe in Christ and do not walk on His path.

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Christ has shown us the path of the liberation from death and is waiting for us on this path. And if we believe Him, we shall walk on it. And if we walk on it, we shall find out, as He has told us, that the yoke is good and the burden light, and we shall come out on the path of life and shall come to Him.

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MASTER AND WORKMAN

1895

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MASTER AND WORKMAN

I.

THIS happened in the seventies, on the seventh of December. There was a holiday in the parish, and the village innkeeper, the merchant of the second guild, Vasíli Andréich Brekhunóv, could not get off, — he had to be in the church, for he was a church elder, and at home he had to receive and entertain his relatives and friends. And now the last guests had departed, and Vasíli Andréich was getting ready immediately to go to a neighbouring landed proprietor, in order to buy from him a grove for which he had been haggling for quite a while.

Vasíli Andréich was in a hurry to go there, so that the merchants from the city might not cut him out of this advantageous bargain. The young proprietor asked ten thousand for the grove, for no other reason than that Vasíli Andréich offered seven for it. In reality, seven thousand formed only one-third of the real value of the grove. Vasíli Andréich would probably have got it down to his own price, since the woods were in his district and between him and the village buyers of the county there had long been an agreement that one merchant would not raise another merchant's price; but Vasíli Andréich had learned that some lumber dealers from the capital of the Government intended to come down to bid for the Goryáchkino grove, and so he decided to go at once and

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settle the business with the proprietor. And so, the moment the holiday was over, he took out of his trunk his own seven hundred roubles, added to it 2,300 roubles belonging to the church, so as to get together the sum of three thousand roubles, and, after having cautiously counted the money over and put it away in his pocket-book, got ready to go.

Workman Nikíta, the only one of Vasíli Andréich's workmen who was not drunk this day, ran to hitch up. Nikíta was not drunk on that day, because he was a drunkard, and now, since Shrovetide, during which he had spent in drink his sleeveless coat and leather boots, he had made a vow not to drink, and had not drunk for two months; he had not drunk even at that time in spite of the temptation of the liquor which had been consumed during the first two days of the holiday.

Nikíta was a fifty-year-old peasant, from a neighbouring village, not a master, as they said of him, but one who had passed the greater part of his life, not at home, but working out. He was everywhere highly regarded for his industry, agility, and strength in his work, but mainly for his good and agreeable character; but he did not settle anywhere, because twice a year, and sometimes oftener, he went on a spree, when he not only spent everything he had on drink, but also became riotous and quarrelsome. Vasíli Andréich, too, had several times sent him away, but had later taken him back, as he appreciated his honesty, his love of animals, and especially his cheapness. Vasíli Andréich did not pay Nikíta eighty roubles, which such a workman was worth, but only forty roubles, which he paid him out without any order, in driblets, and then for the most part not in money, but in high-priced articles from the shop.

Nikíta's wife, Márfa, who had once been a handsome, sturdy woman, was now keeping house with her half-grown boy and two girls, and did not invite Nikíta to

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come and stay with her, in the first place, because she had for something like twenty years been living with a cooper, a peasant from a neighbouring village, who was living in her house; and in the second, because, although she could manage her husband when he was sober, she was as afraid of him as of fire when he was drunk. One time Nikíta got himself drunk at home, probably in order to have revenge on his wife for his sober meekness, and broke open her trunk, got out her most expensive garments, and, taking an axe, chopped on a block all her jackets and dresses into bits. All the wages which Nikíta earned were given up to his wife, and Nikíta did not have any objection to this. Even so now, two days before the holiday, Márfa came to Vasíli Andréich and got from him white flour, tea, and an eighth of a measure of liquor, — all for the value of about three roubles, — and took, besides, five roubles in money, for which she thanked him as for a special favour, whereas at the cheapest price Vasíli Andréich owed Nikíta twenty roubles.

"Have we made any agreement?" Vasíli Andréich used to say to Nikíta. "If you need anything, take it, — you will work it off. I do not do like other people: 'Wait,' and accounts, and fines. We do things honestly. You serve me, and I do not leave you in a lurch."

Saying this, Vasíli Andréich was sincerely convinced that he was doing Nikíta a great favour; he spoke convincingly, and all people who were dependent on his money, beginning with Nikíta, supported him in this conviction that he was not cheating, but conferring benefactions upon them.

"Yes, I understand, Vasíli Andréich. It seems to me, I am serving you as though you were my own father. I understand very well," Nikíta would answer, though he understood very well that Vasíli Andréich was cheating him, and yet he felt that there was no use in trying to clear up his accounts with him, but that it was necessary

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to stay there, so long as he had no other place, and take what they gave him.

Now, when he received his master's command to hitch up, Nikíta, as always, merrily and cheerfully, with a brisk and light step of his waddling feet went to the shed, took the tasselled leather bridle down from a peg and, letting the bit rings clatter, went to the locked stable, where stood by himself the horse which Vasíli Andréich had ordered to have harnessed.

"Well, do you feel lonely, you little silly?" said Nikíta, answering the weak whinnying of greeting with which he was met by the middle-sized, fine-looking stallion, with somewhat sloping back and yellow muzzle, which was standing all alone in the stable. "Come now, come now! You will have time enough for it, — let me give you first some water," he said to the horse, as though he were speaking to a being that could understand his words, and, wiping with the skirt of his coat the fat, grooved, worn off, dust-covered back, he put the bridle on the beautiful young head of the stallion, straightened out his ears and forelock, and, throwing down the halter, took the horse to water.

Making his way carefully out of the manure-littered stable, Yellow-muzzle frisked and kicked, pretending that he meant with his hind leg to kick Nikíta, who was racing down with him to the well.

"Have your fun, have your fun, rogue!" Nikíta kept saying. He knew with what care Yellow-muzzle kicked up his hind foot, only hard enough to touch his soiled short fur coat, but not to strike him, and he was fond of this trick.

When the horse had had his fill of cold water, he drew a deep sigh, mumbling with his wet, strong lips, from which transparent drops fell down from his whiskers, and he stood still, as though lost in thought; then he suddenly snorted out loud.

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"If you do not want to, you don't have to, and I'll know better; don't ask me again," said Nikíta, quite seriously and circumstantially explaining his conduct to Yellow-muzzle. He again ran up to the shed, pulling by the rein the merry young horse who kept kicking and whinnying loud.

There were no workmen present; there was there but one stranger, the cook's husband, who had come for the holidays.

"Go, dear man, and ask him," Nikíta said to him, "what sleigh he wants me to hitch up, the broad one, or the little sleigh."

The cook's husband entered the tin-roof covered house, which stood on a high foundation, and soon returned with the information that he was to hitch up the little sleigh. By that time Nikíta had already put on the collar, and strapped the belly-band with the brass nails, and, carrying the painted arch in one hand and leading the horse with the other, was walking up to two sleighs which were standing under the shed.

"Let it be the little one, I do not care," he said. He led the horse, which kept pretending that he wanted to bite him, in between the shafts, and with the aid of the cook's husband began to hitch the horse to the sleigh.

When everything was almost done, and he had only to fix the reins, he sent the cook's husband to the shed for straw and to the barn for the matting.

"Now it is all done. Come now, don't be so restless!" said Nikíta, as he pressed into the sleigh the freshly threshed oat-straw which the cook's husband had brought. "Now let me put down the blanket, and the matting on top. That's it, that's it, — it will be nice to sit in it," he said, doing what he was saying, that is, tucking the matting under the straw on all sides of the seat. "Thank you, dear man," Nikíta said to the cook's husband, "two people get done quickly," and, straightening out the leather

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reins with the ring where they meet, Nikíta seated himself on the driver's seat and touched the horse, which was begging for the reins, and started over the frozen manure of the yard toward the gate.

"Uncle Nikíta, uncle, oh, uncle!" a seven-year-old boy, in a short black fur coat, new white felt boots, and warm cap, who came running fast from the vestibule into the yard, called out behind him in a shrill voice. "Take me along," he begged, buttoning his coat as he ran.

"All right, all right, darling," said Nikíta, and, stopping, he helped the pale, thin little lad, his master's child, who beamed with joy, into the sleigh, and drove out into the street.

It was past two. It was frosty, — about ten degrees Reaumur, gloomy, and windy. Half the sky was covered with a low, dark cloud. But everything was quiet in the yard. In the street the wind was more noticeable: the snow swept down from a neighbouring shed, and it whirled in the corner near the bath-house. Nikíta had barely driven out of the yard and turned his horse toward the entrance of the house, when Vasíli Andréich, with a cigarette in his mouth, in a cloth-covered sheepskin-fur coat, tightly girded low in his waist with a belt, came out of the vestibule on the high porch, which was covered with snow that squeaked under his leather-covered felt boots, and stopped. Taking a last puff from the cigarette, he threw it down at his feet and stepped upon it, and, letting the smoke escape through his moustache and looking sidewise at the horse that was coming out of the gate, began on both sides of his ruddy, shaven face to fix the corners of his sheepskin collar, with the fur turned in, so that it might not sweat from his breath.

"Look at the rogue, he is there already!" he said, when he saw his son in the sleigh. Vasíli Andréich was in a state of excitation from the wine which he had drunk with the guests, and so more than ever satisfied with

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everything which belonged to him and with everything he did. The sight of his son, whom he in his thoughts always called his heir, now afforded him especial pleasure; he looked at him, blinking and displaying his long teeth.

Vasíli Andréich's pale, lean, pregnant wife, whose head and shoulders were wrapped in a woollen kerchief, so that only her eyes could be seen, saw him off: she stood behind him, in the vestibule.

"Really, you had better take Nikíta along," she said, timidly stepping through the door.

Vasíli Andréich made no reply to her words, which evidently displeased him, frowned angrily, and spit out.

"You are travelling with money," his wife continued, in the same pitiable voice. "And I am afraid the weather may get bad, truly I am."

"Well, do I not know the road, that I must by all means have a guide with me?" muttered Vasíli Andréich with that unnatural tension of the lips with which he usually spoke to buyers and sellers, pronouncing every syllable with especial precision.

"Really, I wish you would take him. I implore you, for God's sake!" repeated his wife, wrapping her kerchief over her other side.

"You are as persistent as a bathbroom leaf. What is the use of my taking him?"

"Why not, Vasíli Andréich, I should be glad," Nikíta said, cheerfully. "If only they will feed the horses while I am away," he added, turning to his master's wife.

"I will see to it, Nikíta. I will tell Semén to feed them," said the mistress.

"Well, do you want me to go with you, Vasíli Andréich?" said Nikíta, waiting for an answer.

"I see I shall have to obey the old woman. But if you are to go, you had better go and put on some warmer togs," said Vasíli Andréich, smiling again and blinking at

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Nikíta's short fur coat, which was torn under the arms and in the back, tattered at the lower edge, soiled, and out of shape, and had been used for every imaginable purpose.

"Come, dear man, hold the horse!" Nikíta shouted into the yard, to the cook's husband.

"I will myself, I will myself!" squeaked the boy, taking his stiffened red little hands out of his pocket and seizing the cold leather reins.

"Only, don't clean up your togs too much! Be lively!" cried Vasíli Andréich, displaying his teeth at Nikíta.

"In one breath, father, Vasíli Andréich," said Nikíta, and, swiftly mincing with his in-toeing, old, felt-patched felt boots, he ran into the yard and into the workmen's hut.

"Here, Arínushka! Hand me the cloak down from the oven,—I am going with the master!" said Nikíta, as he ran into the hut and took a belt down from a peg.

The woman, who had had a nap after dinner and now was getting a samovár ready for her husband, met Nikíta cheerfully, and, infected by his haste, began to move as rapidly as he, and fetched down from the oven, where it was getting dry, a miserable, threadbare cloth caftan, and began hurriedly to shake it out and open it up.

"You will have a fine time with your master," Nikíta said to the cook. Out of good-natured politeness, Nikíta always said something to a person, when he was left alone with one.

Girding himself with the narrow, worn-out belt, he drew in his belly, which was drawn in as it was, and laced himself as tightly as he could over his short fur coat.

"That's it," he said to himself after that, no longer addressing the cook, but his belt, and sticking the ends through the belt, "now you won't jump out," and, raising and lowering his shoulders, so as to have his arms free, he put on the cloak, again arched his back, so as to have

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his arms unhampered, adjusted the cloak under the pit of his arms, and fetched his mittens down from a shelf. "Now it is all right."

"Nikíta, you had better change your boots," said the cook, "for those you have on are no good."

Nikíta stopped, as though to recall something.

"Yes, I ought to. Well, these will do, — it is not far!"

And he ran out into the yard.

"Won't you be cold, Nikíta?" asked the mistress, as he came up to the sleigh.

"Not at all cold, — I shall be warm," replied Nikíta, beating up the straw in front of the sleigh, so as to cover his feet with it, and sticking the whip, which was useless for the good horse, into the straw.

Vasíli Andréich was already seated in the sleigh, occupying almost the whole bent back of it with the two fur coats which he wore, and, taking the reins, immediately let the horse go. Nikíta on the run jumped in on the left side and stuck out one leg.

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II.

THE good stallion moved the sleigh with a slight squeak of the runners, and at a brisk pace started down the well-travelled, frozen village street.

"Where are you hanging on? Let me have the whip, Nikíta!" exclaimed Vasíli Andréich, evidently enjoying the sight of his heir, who was hanging on behind, standing on the runners. "I will show you! Run to mamma, you son of a gun."

The boy jumped down. Yellow-muzzle increased his pace and, correcting himself, passed over to a trot.

Krestý, in which Vasíli Andréich's house stood, consisted of six houses. As soon as they rode out beyond the last hut, the blacksmith's shop, they noticed that the wind was much stronger than they had expected. They could hardly see the road now. The track from the runners was immediately drifted over, and the road could be told only because it was higher than any other place. The snow whirled over the whole field, and one could not see the line where earth and heaven meet. Telyátino forest, which was always visible, only now and then appeared black through the snow dust. The wind blew from the left, stubbornly turning the mane on Yellow-muzzle's sloping fat neck in one direction, and carrying his bushy tail, which was tied in a simple knot, to one side. Nikíta's long collar, as he was sitting on the side of the wind, pressed close to his face and nose.

"He does not run as he can, — there is too much snow," said Vasíli Andréich, priding himself on his good

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horse. "I once drove him to Pashútino, where he took me in half an hour."

"What?" asked Nikíta, who had not heard well behind his collar.

"To Pashútino, I say; he took me there in half an hour," shouted Vasíli Andréich.

"No use talking, a good horse!" said Nikíta.

They were silent awhile. But Vasíli Andréich felt like talking.

"Well, what do you suppose? Did I tell your wife not to give the cooper anything to drink?" Vasíli Andréich began in the same loud voice; he was so convinced that it must be flattering to Nikíta to talk with such an important and clever man as he was, and so satisfied with his jest, that it did not even occur to him that this conversation might be disagreeable for Nikíta.

Nikíta again did not catch the sound of his master's words, as it was carried away by the wind.

Vasíli Andréich repeated his jest about the cooper in his loud, distinct voice.

"God be with him, Vasíli Andréich. I do not meddle with these matters. All I care for is that she should not treat the lad badly, and as for the rest, God be with her."

"That is so," said Vasíli Andréich. "Well, are you going to buy a horse toward spring?" he began a new subject of conversation.

"There is no way out," replied Nikíta, opening the collar of the caftan and bending over in the direction of his master.

This time the conversation interested Nikíta, and he wanted to hear it all.

"The lad has grown up, — he has to plough himself; they have been hiring all the time," he said.

"Well, take the one with the lean crupper, — I will not ask much," continued Vasíli Andréich, feeling him-

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self in good spirits and so attacking his favourite occupation, which absorbed all his mental powers, — horse trading.

"If you will let me have some fifteen roubles, I will buy one in the horse market," said Nikíta, who knew that a fair price for the horse with the lean crupper, which Vasíli Andréich was trying to sell him, was about seven roubles, and that Vasíli Andréich, in giving him this horse, would figure it at twenty-five, and then he would not see any money from him for half a year.

"It's a good horse. I mean it for your good, as though for myself. I don't care, let me have a loss: I am not like others. Honestly," he shouted in that voice with which he pulled the wool over the eyes of the buyers and the sellers, "it's a fine horse."

"That's so," said Nikíta, with a sigh, and having convinced himself that there was nothing else to listen to, took his hand away from the collar, which immediately covered his ear and face.

For about half an hour they travelled in silence. The wind blew through Nikíta's side and arm, where the fur was torn.

He crouched and breathed into the collar, which covered his mouth, but he still felt cold.

"Well, what do you think? Shall we go by Karamýshevo, or straight ahead?" asked Vasíli Andréich.

By the way of Karamýshevo the road was more cheerful, with good signals on both sides, but it was farther. Straight ahead it was nearer, but the road was little travelled and there were no signals, or there were poor ones and they were covered with snow.

Nikíta stopped to think a little.

"By the way of Karamýshevo it is farther, but the road is better," he said.

"But if we go straight, we have just to cross a little ravine, — we cannot lose the way, — and then through

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the woods, — it is nice," said Vasíli Andréich, who wanted to travel straight ahead.

"As you please," said Nikíta, again dropping his collar.

Vasíli Andréich did so and, after travelling about half a verst, turned to the left, near a tall oak branch with here and there a dry leaf, which dangled in the wind.

After the turn the wind blew almost straight into their faces, and a light snow began to fall from above. Vasíli Andréich drove; he filled his cheeks and breathed downward, into his moustache. Nikíta was dozing off.

Thus they travelled in silence for about ten minutes. Suddenly Vasíli Andréich said something.

"What?" asked Nikíta, opening his eyes.

Vasíli Andréich made no reply, but bent forward and backward, looking in front of the horse. The horse's hair between his legs and on his neck was curled from the sweat; he was walking.

"What is it, I say?" repeated Nikíta.

"What? What?" Vasíli Andréich mocked him angrily. "I cannot see any signals, — we must have lost our way."

"Stand still, then, and I will go and look for the road," said Nikíta. Jumping lightly from the sleigh and taking the whip out of the straw, he went to the left, on the side he was sitting on.

The snow was not deep that year, so that one could walk anywhere, but here and there it was knee-deep and dropped into Nikíta's boots. Nikíta walked around, feeling with his feet and the whip, but could not find the road anywhere.

"Well?" said Vasíli Andréich, as Nikíta again came up to the sleigh.

"The road is not on this side. I must go and try on the other."

"There is a black spot in front, — go there and look," said Vasíli Andréich.

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Nikíta went there, and approached that which looked black, — it was dirt which from the bared winter fields had drifted over the snow and had dyed the snow black. After having tried on the right side, Nikíta came back to the sleigh, shook the snow off himself and out of one boot, and seated himself in the sleigh.

"We must travel to the right," he said, with determination. "The wind blew against my left side, and now blows straight into my face. Go to the right," he said, with determination.

Vasíli Andréich obeyed him, and turned to the right. But still there was no road. Thus they travelled for a little while. The wind did not subside, and there fell a light snow.

"Vasíli Andréich, it seems that we have lost the road," Nikíta suddenly exclaimed, as though with pleasure. "What is this?" he said, pointing to black potato tops, which were sticking out through the snow.

Vasíli Andréich stopped the sweating horse, which was breathing heavily, drawing in its sloping sides.

"What is it?" he asked.

"We are in the Zakhárovka field. That's where we have driven to."

"Sure?" called out Vasíli Andréich.

"I am not lying, Vasíli Andréich, but telling the truth," said Nikíta. "I know it by the way the sleigh is going: we are travelling over a potato field; and here is a pile, where they heaped the tops. It is the field of the Zakhárovka plant."

"I declare we have gone astray!" said Vasíli Andréich. "What shall we do?"

"We must keep straight ahead, that is all, — we shall come out somewhere," said Nikíta. "If not to Zakhárovka, we may come to a proprietor's out-farm."

Vasíli Andréich obeyed him and let the horse go as Nikíta had ordered him. Thus they travelled for quite

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awhile. At times they passed over bare sowed fields, and the sleigh thundered over clods of frozen earth. At times they travelled over stubble-fields, now over winter fields, and now over summer fields, where beneath the snow could be seen the wormwood and straw stalks tossing in the wind; at times they drove into deep and everywhere equally white and even snow, above which nothing could be seen.

The snow fell from above and sometimes rose from below. The horse was apparently fagged out; his hair was all curled and hoarfrosted from his sweat, and he went at a slow pace. Suddenly he broke through and settled in a puddle or ditch. Vasíli Andréich wanted to stop, but Nikíta cried out to him:

"Don't stop! We have got into it, and so have to get out again. Come now, dear one! Come, friend!" he cried out in a loud voice to the horse, jumping out of the sleigh and himself sticking fast in the ditch.

The horse jerked forward and at once came out on a frozen heap of earth. It was evident this was a dug trench.

"Where are we now?" asked Vasíli Andréich.

"We shall find out," replied Nikíta. "Move on, we shall certainly come to some place."

"This must be Goryáchkino forest," said Vasíli Andréich, pointing to something black, which appeared beyond the snow, in front of them.

"We shall go on, and then we shall find out what kind of a forest it is," said Nikíta.

Nikíta saw that long, dry willow leaves were borne toward him from the direction of the darkening spot, and so he knew that it was not a forest, but some settlement, but he did not want to say so. And, indeed, they had not travelled ten sázhens from the trench when trees stood out black in front of them, and a new, moaning sound was heard. Nikíta had guessed correctly. This

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was not a forest, but a row of tall willow-trees, with here and there leaves trembling upon them. The willow-trees were evidently planted along the trench of a threshing-floor. When the horse reached the willows, which were monotonously whining in the wind, he suddenly rose with his fore legs higher than the sleigh, pulled his hind legs, too, out on an elevation, turned to the left, and no longer sank up to his knees into the snow. This was a road.

"Here we are," Nikíta said, "but we don't know where."

The horse no longer strayed from the road, though it was snow-drifted, and before they had travelled forty sázhens on it, they saw in black outlines the straight strip of a wicker kiln under a snow-drifted roof, from which the snow kept drifting all the time. After passing the kiln, the road turned to the wind, and they drove into a drift. But in front of them could be seen a lane between two houses, so that apparently the drift was on the road, and they had to pass over it. And as soon as they crossed the drift, they drove into a street. At the first yard stiffly frozen linen, which was hanging on a rope, was desperately fluttering in the wind: there were shirts, one red, one white, drawers, foot-rags, and a skirt. The white shirt was whirling about most furiously, waving its sleeves.

"I declare, she is a lazy woman, or she is dying, for she has not taken in the linen for the holiday," said Nikíta, as he looked at the dangling shirts.

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III.

At the entrance of the street the wind blew strongly, and the road was drifted, but in the middle of the village it was quiet, warm, and cheerful. Near one yard a dog was barking at another; a woman, covering her head with a sleeveless coat, came running from somewhere and entered through the door of the hut, stopping on the threshold, in order to look at the travellers. From the middle of the village could be heard the songs of girls.

In the village there seemed to be less wind, and snow, and frost.

"Why, this is Grishkino," said Vasíli Andréich.

"So it is," replied Nikíta.

It was, indeed, Grishkino. It turned out that they had kept too much to the left and had travelled something like eight versts off the road, but still in the direction of their place of destination. To Goryáchkino they had to travel another five versts.

In the middle of the village they almost stumbled upon a tall man who was walking in the street.

"Who is there?" shouted this man, stopping the horse; on learning that it was Vasíli Andréich, he took hold of the shaft and, groping along it with his hands, walked up to the sleigh and seated himself on the driver's seat.

He was an acquaintance of Vasíli Andréich, Isáy by name, and was in all the surrounding country known as the biggest horse-thief.

"Oh, Vasíli Andréich! Whither does God carry you?" said Isáy, wafting against Nikíta a breath of vódka.

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"We were going to Goryáchkino."

"And this is where you came to! You ought to have kept toward Malákhovo."

"Of course, we ought to, but we did not," said Vasíli Andréich, stopping his horse.

"The horse is a good one," said Isáy, examining the horse and with a habitual motion tightening the slipping knot of the bushy tail.

"Well, are you going to stay here overnight?"

"No, friend, we are obliged to go on."

"On business, no doubt. And who is he? Oh, Nikíta Stepánych!"

"I should say I am!" replied Nikíta. "Now, dear man, how can we keep from losing the road again?"

"No need of losing! Turn back, straight along the road, and when you come out, keep straight ahead. Don't take the left road. You will come out on the highway, and then to the right."

"Where is the turn from the highway? A summer sign or a winter sign?" asked Nikíta.

"A winter sign. As soon as you come out on the highway, there are some bushes, and opposite the bushes a large, curly signal oak, — there it is."

Vasíli Andréich turned his horse back, and went through the outskirts of the village.

"You had better stay overnight!" Isáy shouted after them.

But Vasíli Andréich did not answer him, and touched his horse; it did not seem hard to travel the five versts of the level road, especially since the wind had died down and the snow stopped falling.

After going back over the street, which was well-travelled, and here and there showed black spots of fresh manure, and having passed the yard with the linen, where the white shirt had got off the rope and was dangling down by one frozen sleeve, they again reached the frightfully

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moaning willows and once more found themselves in the open field. The snow-storm had not only not subsided, but even seemed to have become stronger. The road was all covered with drifts, and the only way one could tell that one was on the road was by the signals. But it was difficult to make the signals out in front, because the wind blew in the face.

Vasíli Andréich half-closed his eyes, bent down his head, and watched for signals, but mainly depended on the horse, to which he gave the reins. The horse actually did not lose the road, and went, turning to the right and to the left, to follow the bends of the road, which he felt under foot, so that, although the snow kept growing stronger overhead, and the wind began to blow more strongly, the signals could be seen, now on the right, and now on the left.

Thus they travelled about ten minutes, when suddenly in front of the horse there appeared something black, which moved in the slanting screen of the wind-driven snow. Those were fellow travellers. Yellow-muzzle caught up with them, and hit his feet against the hamper of the sleigh in front of him.

"Dri-i-ive around!" somebody shouted from the sleigh.

Vasíli Andréich began to drive around. In the sleigh sat three peasants and a woman. They were apparently guests, going home from the holiday. One peasant kept whacking with a stick at the snow-covered back of the nag. Two, who were sitting in front, waved their hands and shouted something. The woman was all wrapped up and covered with snow; she sat without moving, bumping herself, in the back of the sleigh.

"Who are you?" cried out Vasíli Andréich.

"From A-a-a—!" was all that could be heard.

"From where, I say?"

"From A-a-a—!" one of the peasants shouted with all his might, but it was still impossible to make him out.

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"Go on! Don't give up!" shouted another, who never stopped whacking the nag with the stick.

"Evidently they have been celebrating."

"Go on, go on! Let her go, Sémka! Move on! Keep it up!"

The sleighs struck against one another with their wings, almost caught in one another, and separated, and the peasant sleigh began to fall behind.

The shaggy, snow-covered, pot-bellied nag, breathing heavily under her low arch, was evidently using her last strength to run away from the stick that was coming down on her back, and minced with her short legs in the deep snow, which she threw up as she ran. The muzzle, apparently of a young horse, with tightly drawn nether lip, as in a fish, with spreading nostrils and ears lying down from fear, for a few seconds was in a line with Nikíta's shoulder and then began to fall behind.

"This is what liquor does," said Nikíta. "They have completely worn out the horse. They are Asiatics!"

For a few minutes could be heard the nag's heavy breathing through the nostrils and the drunken shouts of the peasants, and then the heavy breathing stopped and the sounds of the peasants were not heard. And again nothing could be heard all around them, but the wind whistling about their ears, and now and then the squeak of the runners over the wind-swept places of the road.

This meeting cheered and braced up Vasíli Andréich, and he drove the horse more boldly, without making out the signals, depending entirely on the horse.

Nikíta had nothing to do, and, as always, when he was in such a situation, dozed off, to make up for much sleep he had lost. Suddenly the horse stopped, and Nikíta almost fell down, lurching forward on his nose.

"We are again going wrong," said Vasíli Andréich.

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"What is it?"

"I cannot see the signals. We must have lost the road again."

"If we have lost the road, we must find it," Nikíta said, curtly; he got up and, stepping lightly with his in-toeing feet, started once more to walk over the snow.

He walked for a long time, disappearing from view, again appearing, and again disappearing, and finally came back.

"There is no road here, — maybe it is somewhere ahead," he said, as he seated himself in the sleigh.

It was beginning to get quite dark. The snow-storm did not grow any stronger, nor did it subside.

"If we only could hear those peasants," said Vasíli Andréich.

"They have not caught up with us, so we must have gone far astray. And maybe they have lost the road themselves," said Nikíta.

"Whither shall we go?" asked Vasíli Andréich.

"We must let the horse go," said Nikíta. "He will take us right. Let me have the reins."

Vasíli Andréich gave up the reins, more willingly so because his fingers in the warm gloves were beginning to freeze.

Nikíta took the reins and only held them, trying not to move them and rejoicing at the good sense of his favourite animal. Indeed, the clever horse, turning now one, now another ear, now to one side, and now to another, began to turn around.

"All he needs is speaking," Nikíta kept saying. "See what he is doing! Go on, go on, you know better! That's it!"

The wind began to blow from behind, and it grew warmer.

"He is clever," Nikíta kept rejoicing at the horse.

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"Kirgíz is strong, but stupid. But he, — just see what he is doing with his ears. He does not need any telegraph, — he can scent a verst off."

Less than half an hour passed, when ahead there was, indeed, something black, — either a village or a forest, — and on the right side there again appeared the signals. They had evidently come out on the road.

"Why, this is again Gríshkino," Nikíta suddenly exclaimed.

Indeed, on their left now was the same kiln, from which the snow drifted, and farther on was the same rope with the frozen linen, the shirts and drawers, which kept flapping as desperately in the wind as before.

They again drove into the street, and again it was quiet, warm, and cheerful, and again could be seen the manure-covered road; again voices and songs were heard, and again the dog barked. It was already so dark that in several windows fires could be seen.

In the middle of the street Vasíli Andréich turned his horse to a large house consisting of two brick parts, and stopped at the porch.

Nikíta went up to the snow-drifted, lighted window, in the light of which sparkled the flitting snowflakes, and knocked at it with his whip butt.

"Who is there?" a voice replied to Nikíta's knock.

"From Krestý, the Brekhunóvs, dear man," replied Nikíta. "Just come out for a minute!"

The person went away from the window, and about two minutes later one could hear the door in the vestibule come open, then the latch clicked in the outer door, and, holding the door against the wind, there appeared an old peasant with a white beard, in a short fur coat thrown over his white holiday shirt, and after him a lad in red shirt and leather boots.

"Is it you, Andréich?" asked the old man.

"We have lost our way, friend," said Vasíli Andréich.

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"We wanted to go to Goryáchkino, but found our way here. We went a second time, but again lost our way."

"I declare, you have gone astray," said the old man. "Petrúshka, go and open the gate!" he turned to the lad in the red shirt.

"I will do it," replied the lad, in a cheerful voice, and ran into the vestibule.

"We do not mean to stay overnight, friend," said Vasíli Andréich.

"You can't travel, — it is night-time. Stay here!"

"I should like to, but I have to go. Business, friend, — I can't."

"Well, warm yourself at least, — you have come in time for the samovár," said the old man.

"It will not do any harm to get warm," said Vasíli Andréich. "It will not be any darker, and the moon will come out and light up things. Had we not better go in and warm ourselves, Nikíta?"

"Well, it will not do any harm to get warm," said Nikíta, who was stiff with cold and anxious to warm his cold limbs in a warm room.

Vasíli Andréich went into the room with the old man, and Nikíta drove through the gate which the lad had opened, and moved the horse under the penthouse of the shed, which place the lad had pointed out to him. The shed was filled with manure, and the high arch caught in a beam. The hens, with the cock, who had settled to roost there, started cackling in dissatisfaction, and pattered with their feet over the beam. The disturbed sheep, stepping with their hoofs on the frozen manure, fled to one side. A dog, whining desperately, in fright and anger, in puppy fashion, began to bark at the stranger.

Nikíta talked to all of them: he excused himself to the hens and assured them that he would not disturb them again; he rebuked the sheep for being frightened without

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knowing why, and kept admonishing the dog all the time that he was tying his horse.

"Now it will be all right," he said, shaking the snow off himself. "How he barks!" he added, to the dog. "That will do! Come, now, stop, foolish dog! You are only agitating yourself," he said. "We are no thieves, we are friends."

"These are, as it says, the three domestic counsellors," said the lad, with his powerful hand thrusting the sleigh, which was out in the open, into the penthouse.

"What counsellors?" asked Nikíta.

"So it is written in Púlson: a thief steals to the house, — the dog barks, — that means, don't dally, look out. The cock crows, — that means, get up. The cat washes herself, — that means, a dear guest: get ready to receive him," said the lad, smiling.

Petrúshka could read and write, and knew almost by heart the only book he had, Páulson's text-book, and he was fond, especially when he had had something to drink, as to-day, of quoting from it utterances which, he thought, fitted the occasion.

"That's so," said Nikíta.

"I suppose you are cold, uncle," added Petrúshka.

"I am," said Nikíta.

And they went across the yard and the vestibule into the house.

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IV.

THE farm where Vasíli Andréich stopped was one of the wealthiest in the village. The family had five allotments, and, besides, rented other land. There were on this farm six horses, three cows, two heifers, about twenty sheep. There were in all twenty persons in this family: four married sons, six grandchildren, of which only Petrúshka was married, two great-grandchildren, three orphans, and four daughters-in-law with their children. This was one of the extremely few farms which remained still undivided; but even in them there was going on the silent, internal work of dissension, which, as always, began among the women, and which would inevitably soon lead to division. Two sons were living as water-carriers in Moscow, and one was a soldier. At home were now the old man, his wife, his second son, the master, and his eldest son, who had come from Moscow for the holiday, and all the women and children; besides the family there was also one of the neighbours, — a guest, — and a friend.

Over the table, in the room, hung a lamp, with an upper shade, which brightly lighted up the tea-dishes, a bottle of vódka, a luncheon, and the brick walls, which were in the far corner adorned with images on either side of which were pictures. On the first seat, behind the table, sat Vasíli Andréich, in his short black fur coat only, licking his frozen moustache and observing the people and the room about him with his bulging, hawk eyes. Beside Vasíli Andréich, there sat at the table the bald-headed, white-bearded old man, in a white home-spun shirt; beside him, in a fine chintz shirt, with mighty

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back and shoulders, was the son who had come from Moscow for the holiday, and another son, the broad-shouldered elder brother, who was the master of the house, and a lean, red-haired peasant, a neighbour.

The peasants had had something to drink and eat, and were now getting ready to drink tea, and the samovár was already crooning, as it stood on the floor near the oven. On the hanging beds and on the oven, children could be seen. On the bed bench a woman sat over a cradle. The old man's wife, with tiny wrinkles all over her face, which ran in every direction, and which wrinkled even her lips, waited on Vasíli Andréich.

Just as Nikíta entered the room, she was carrying up to the guest some vódka, which she had poured into a tumbler of thick glass.

"Do not misjudge us, Vasíli Andréich; we must greet you," she said. "Take it, my dear."

The sight and odour of the vódka, especially now that he was cold and tired, very much confused Nikíta. He frowned, and, shaking the snow off his cap and caftan, stood up opposite the images and, as though not seeing any one, made three times the sign of the cross and bowed to the images, then, turning back to the old man, the master, bowed, first to him, then to all those who were at the table, then to the women, who were standing near the oven, and, saying, "With the holiday," began to take off his wraps, without looking at the table.

"But you are covered with hoarfrost, uncle," said the elder brother, as he looked at Nikíta's snow-covered face, eyes, and beard.

Nikíta took off his caftan, shook it out, hung it up near the oven, and walked over to the table. He, too, was offered some vódka. There was a minute of agonizing struggle; he came very near taking the glass and pouring the fragrant, light-coloured moisture down his throat; but he glanced at Vasíli Andréich, recalled his vow, recalled

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the boots which he had sold for drink, recalled the cooper, recalled the boy, for whom he had promised to buy a horse by spring, and so sighed and declined the vódka.

"I do not drink, thank you very much," he said, frowning, and sat down on a bench near the second window.

"Why not?" asked the elder brother.

"I don't, and that's all," said Nikíta, without raising his eyes, looking awry at his scanty moustache and beard, and thawing out the icicles from them.

"It is not good for him," said Vasíli Andréich, biting off a cracknel after the glass which he had drunk.

"Well, then you will have some tea," said the kindly old woman. "I am afraid you are cold. Why are you women so slow with the samovár?"

"It is ready," replied a young woman, and, dusting off with her apron the boiling covered samovár, she with difficulty brought it up to the table, raised it, and set it down with a thud.

In the meantime Vasíli Andréich told them how they had lost their way, how they had twice come back to the same village, how they had wandered around, and how they had met the peasants. The peasants wondered, explained where and why they had lost their way, and who the drunken peasants were whom they had met, and taught them how to travel.

"A little child would find the way from here to Molchánovka, — all you have to do is to find the turn from the highway, — you will see a bush there. But you did not go far enough," said the neighbour.

"You had better stay overnight. The women will make beds for you," the old woman admonished them.

"You had better travel in the morning, — it is nice then," affirmed the old man.

"Impossible, friend, — business!" said Vasíli Andréich. "If you miss your hour, you won't make up for it

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in a year," he added, as he thought of the grove and of the merchants who might get ahead of him in this bargain. "We shall get there, shall we not?" he said, turning to Nikíta.

Nikíta for a long time made no reply, as though all the time busy thawing out his moustache and beard.

"We may lose the road again," he said, gloomily.

Nikíta was gloomy, because he was very anxious to get some vódka, and the one thing which could drown this desire was tea, and he had not yet been offered any tea.

"If we only get as far as the turn, we won't lose the way,—the road then lies straight through the forest," said Vasíli Andréich.

"It is your business, Vasíli Andréich. If you want to go, I don't care," said Nikíta, taking the glass of tea which was handed to him.

"We shall drink our tea, and then, march."

Nikíta said nothing, but only shook his head and, carefully pouring his tea into the saucer, began over the steam to warm his fingers, which were always swollen from work. Then, biting off a tiny piece of sugar, he bowed to the master and the mistress of the house, and said:

"May you be well," and he sucked in the warming liquid.

"If some one would take us as far as the turn!" said Vasíli Andréich.

"Well, that can be done," said the eldest son. "Petrúshka will hitch up and take you to the turn."

"Hitch up, then, friend, and I will be thankful to you for it."

"Why are you in such a hurry, dear one!" said the kindly old woman. "We are glad to have you."

"Petrúshka, go and hitch up the mare," said the elder brother.

"I will," said Petrúshka, smiling; and, immediately pulling his cap off a peg, he ran out to hitch up.

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While the horse was being harnessed, the conversation passed over to what it had stopped at, when Vasíli Andréich reached the window. The old man was complaining to his neighbour, the elder, about his third son, who had sent him nothing for the holiday, but had sent his wife a French kerchief.

"The young people are getting unmanageable," said the old man.

"Unmanageable?" said the friend, "there is no getting along with them! They have become awfully clever. There is Demóchkin, — he broke his father's arm. It is all from too much sense, I suppose."

Nikíta listened and watched their faces and evidently wanted to take part in their conversation, but he was wholly occupied with the tea and only approvingly shook his head. He drank one glass after another, and he grew warmer and warmer, and happier and happier. The conversation lasted for a long time, all the while about one and the same thing, about the harm of division, and the conversation was apparently not in the abstract, but had reference to the division in this house, — a division which the second son, who was sitting there and keeping silent, was demanding. This was obviously a sore spot, and the question interested all the people of the house, but out of propriety they did not discuss their private affair. But finally the old man did not hold out, and with tears in his eyes declared that he would permit no division so long as he was alive, that, thanks to God, he had the house, and that if he divided up, they would all go a-begging.

"That's the way it was with the Matvyéevs," said the neighbour. "They had a house that was a house; they divided up, and now nobody has anything."

"That's the way you want it to be," the old man said, turning to his son.

His son made no reply, and there ensued an awkward

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silence. This silence was interrupted by Petrúshka, who had hitched up and had several minutes ago returned to the room and had kept smiling all the time.

"There is a fable in Púlson," he said: "a father gave his sons a broom to break; they could not break it together, but broke it easily by single rods. It is just like this," he said, smiling with his whole mouth. "Ready!" he said.

"If it is ready, we shall go," said Vasíli Andréich. "And you, grandfather, don't give in as to the division. You have earned it, and you are the master. Complain to the justice of the peace. He will tell you what the law is."

"He is carrying on so, and carrying on so," the old man said, still sticking to the same subject, "that there is no getting along with him. Just as though the devil were in him."

In the meantime Nikíta, having finished his fifth glass of tea, still did not turn it over, but laid it down sidewise, hoping that they would fill it again. But there was no more water in the samovár, and the hostess did not fill him another glass, and besides, Vasíli Andréich was putting on his wraps. There was nothing to be done. Nikíta himself got up, put back into the sugar-bowl the piece of sugar which he had nibbled at from all sides, with the skirt of his coat wiped his face, which was wet with perspiration, and went to put on his cloak.

After he had put it on, he drew a deep sigh and, thanking the host and the hostess and bidding them farewell, went out of the warm, light room into the dark, cold vestibule, in which the wind moaned and the snow was carried through the chinks of the trembling door, and from there into the dark yard.

Petrúshka, in a fur coat, was standing with his horse in the middle of the yard, repeating, with a smile, verses from Páulson. He said:

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"Storm and mist beshroud the heaven,
Drifts of snow fly up and whirl;
Like a wolf the storm is howling,
And now moaning like a girl."

Nikíta approvingly shook his head and straightened out the reins.

The old man, in seeing Vasíli Andréich out, carried a lantern into the vestibule, to show him the way, but the wind put it out at once. It could be noticed in the yard that the snow-storm was now worse than before.

"But this is bad weather," thought Vasíli Andréich; "we may not get there, — but I can't, business! And I am ready to go, and the host's horse is hitched up. We shall get there, God willing!"

The host, too, thought that he ought not to travel, but he had advised him to stay, and no attention had been paid to him. There was no sense in asking again. "Maybe I am so timid on account of my old age, and they will get there," he thought. "At least we shall go to bed in time. There will be no trouble."

Petrúshka did not even think of the danger: he knew the road and all the places about so well, and, besides, the verses about "drifts of snow fly up and whirl" braced him so much because they expressed precisely what was taking place in the yard. Nikíta, however, did not want to travel at all; but he had long ago become accustomed to not having his own will and to serving others, and so no one kept the travellers back.

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V.

Vasíli Andréich walked over to the sleigh, with difficulty making out in the darkness where he was, climbed into it, and took the reins.

"Lead us!" he shouted.

Petrúshka was kneeling in his sledge, and he started his horse. Yellow-muzzle, who had been neighing for quite awhile, since he knew that a mare was ahead of him, rushed forward, and they drove out into the street. They drove again through the outskirt of the village, and along the same road, past the yard with the frozen linen hanging out, but the linen was no longer visible; past the same shed, against which the snow had now drifted almost up to the roof, and from which endless snow was pouring; past the same gloomily moaning, whistling, and bending willow-trees, and again entered into the sea of snow, which was agitated above and below. The wind was so strong that when it blew from the side and the travellers settled themselves against it, it made the sleigh careen and turned the horse to one side. Petrúshka drove his good mare in front at an easy trot, and kept shouting merrily. Yellow-muzzle ran after the mare.

Having travelled thus for about ten minutes, Petrúshka turned around and shouted something. Neither Vasíli Andréich nor Nikíta heard through the wind what he said, but they guessed that they had arrived at the turn. Indeed, Petrúshka turned to the right, and the wind, which had blown from the side, again began to blow in their face, and on the right, through the snow, something black could be seen. This was the bush at the turn.

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"Well, God aid you!"

"Thank you, Petrúshka."

"'Storm and mist beshroud the heaven,'" shouted Petrúshka, as he disappeared.

"What a poet!" said Vasíli Andréich, pulling the reins.

"Yes, he is a fine lad, a real peasant," said Nikíta.

They drove on.

Nikíta wrapped himself and ducked his head down between his shoulders, so that his small beard hugged his neck; he sat quietly, trying not to lose any of the heat which he had obtained in the house with his tea. He saw in front of him the straight lines of the shafts, which kept constantly deceiving him, as they seemed to him to be the well-travelled road, and he saw the wavering crupper of the horse with his tail tied in a knot and hanging to one side, and farther ahead, the high arch and the shaking head and neck of the horse with the waving mane. Now and then he noticed the signals, so that he knew that so far they had been travelling on the road, and he had nothing to do.

Vasíli Andréich drove, letting the horse choose his own road. But Yellow-muzzle, in spite of his having sighed in the village, ran unwillingly, and seemed to turn away from the road, so that Vasíli Andréich corrected him several times.

"Here, on the right, is one signal, and here another, and a third," Vasíli Andréich counted, "and in front of us is the forest," he thought, as he looked at the black spot in front of him; but what had appeared to him to be a forest was only a bush. They passed the bush, they went another twenty sázhens, but there was no fourth signal, and there was no forest. "No doubt we shall soon have the forest," thought Vasíli Andréich, and, excited by the wine and the tea, he did not stop, but touched the reins, and the obedient, good animal obeyed, and now at a pace

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and now at a slow trot ran whither he was sent, though he knew that he was not going where it was necessary to go. Ten minutes passed, and there was still no forest.

"We have again lost our way," said Vasíli Andréich, stopping his horse.

Nikíta silently climbed out of the sleigh and, holding up his cloak, which now stuck to him in the wind, and now blew away from him and came near falling off, started to walk over the snow; he went to one side, and then to the other. Three or four times he was completely lost from sight. Finally he returned and took the reins out of Vasíli Andréich's hands.

"We must go to the right," he said, sternly and with determination, as he turned the horse.

"Very well, let it be to the right," said Vasíli Andréich, giving him the reins and sticking his frozen hands into his sleeves.

Nikíta made no reply.

"Come, now, friend, do your best!" he shouted to the horse, but the horse, in spite of the shaking of the reins, went only at a walk.

The snow was here and there knee-deep, and the sleigh went by jerks, with every motion of the horse.

Nikíta got the whip, which was hanging over the front, and struck the horse. The good horse, which was unaccustomed to the whip, yanked the sleigh, went at a trot, but immediately passed over to an amble and walk. Thus they travelled for about five minutes. It was dark and the snow fell from above and rose from below, so that it was at times impossible to see the arch. The sleigh seemed now and then to stand still, and the field to run backwards. Suddenly the horse came to an abrupt standstill, apparently noticing something wrong in front of him. Nikíta again jumped out, throwing down the reins, and went ahead of the horse, to see what it was that had brought him to a standstill, but he had barely made a step

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in front of the horse, when his feet slipped and he rolled down an incline.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," he said to himself as he fell, and tried to stop himself, but he could not, and he stopped only when his feet cut their way into a thick layer of snow which had been blown up from the bottom of the ravine. The overhanging snow-drift, disturbed by Nikíta's fall, caved in over him and fell behind his collar.

"What is the matter with you?" Nikíta said, reproachfully addressing the drift and the ravine, and shaking the snow out from behind his collar.

"Nikíta, oh, Nikíta!" Vasíli Andréich called from above.

But Nikíta made no reply.

He had no time: he was shaking off the snow; then he looked for the whip, which he had dropped as he rolled down the incline. When he found his whip, he tried to climb straight back, where he had rolled down, but there was no possibility of getting up; he kept rolling back, so that he had to go down-hill, to find a way up. About three sázhens from the place where he had rolled down, he with difficulty crawled up-hill, and followed the edge of the ravine back to the place where the horse should have been. He did not see either the horse or the sleigh; but as he was walking against the wind, he heard, before seeing anything, Vasíli Andréich's shouts and Yellow-muzzle's neighing, for they had both made him out.

"I am coming, I am coming; what makes you yell so?" he said.

Only when he had come up to the sleigh did he see the horse and Vasíli Andréich, who was standing near it and looking enormous.

"Where in the devil have you been? We have to go back. Let us get back to Grishkino," the master began angrily to reproach Nikíta.

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"I should be glad to go back, Vasíli Andréich, but where shall we go? Here is such a terrible ravine that, if we get into it, we shall never get out. I had such a fall that I barely got out alive."

"Well, are we going to stay here? We have to go somewhere," said Vasíli Andréich.

Nikíta did not say anything. He seated himself in the sleigh, with his back to the wind, took off his boots and shook out the snow which had fallen into them, and, getting a handful of straw, carefully stopped a hole inside his left boot.

Vasíli Andréich was silent, as though leaving everything now to Nikíta. After putting on his boots, Nikíta stuck his feet into the sleigh, again put on his mittens, took the reins, and turned the horse alongside the ravine. But they had not travelled one hundred steps, when the horse again stood still. In front of him was another ravine.

Nikíta again climbed out and again trudged over the snow. He walked for quite awhile. Finally he appeared from the opposite side to the one from which he had started.

"Andréich, are you alive?" he shouted.

"Here!" answered Vasíli Andréich. "Well, what is it?"

"I can't make out. It is dark, — nothing but ravines. We must again travel against the wind."

They started again; again Nikíta went trudging over the snow. He seated himself again, and again trudged, and finally stopped, out of breath, near the sleigh.

"Well, what is it?" asked Vasíli Andréich.

"I am all worn out, and the horse is stopping, — that's what it is."

"What is to be done?"

"Well, wait."

Nikíta went away again, and soon came back.

"Follow me," he said, walking in front of the horse.

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Vasíli Andréich no longer gave any orders, but submissively did Nikíta's bidding.

"Here, after me," shouted Nikíta, walking swiftly to the right and seizing Yellow-muzzle by the reins and directing him somewhere down into a snow-drift.

The horse at first refused to go, but then jerked forward, hoping to jump across the drift, but failed and settled in it up to the collar.

"Get out!" Nikíta shouted to Vasíli Andréich, who continued to sit in the sleigh, and, taking hold of one shaft, began to push the sleigh down toward the horse. "It is hard, friend," he addressed Yellow-muzzle, "but what is to be done? Just a little pull! Come now, come now, just a little bit!" he shouted.

The horse jerked once, then another time, but still did not get out, and again stopped, as though considering something.

"Friend, this won't do," Nikíta admonished Yellow-muzzle. "Just a little more!"

Again Nikíta tugged at the shaft on his side. Vasíli Andréich did the same on his. The horse moved his head, then gave a sudden jerk.

"Come now, you will not drown, don't be afraid!" cried Nikíta.

A jump, a second, a third, and finally the horse got out of the drift, and stopped, breathing heavily and shaking off the snow. Nikíta wanted to lead on, but Vasíli Andréich was so much out of breath in his two fur coats that he could not walk, and threw himself into the sleigh.

"Let me rest awhile," he said, loosening the kerchief with which he had in the village tied up the collar of his fur coat.

"It's all right here; lie there," said Nikíta, "and I will lead ahead," and with Vasíli Andréich in the sleigh he led the horse by the bridle about ten steps down, and then up again, and he stopped.

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The spot where Nikíta stopped was not in the ravine, where the snow which was swept from the hillocks had lodged so as to cover them completely; but it was none the less partly protected against the wind by the edge of the ravine. There were moments when the wind seemed to die down a little; but this did not last long, and, as though to make up for this rest, the storm swept down later with tenfold force, and bore down and whirled worse than ever. There was such a gust of wind at the moment when Vasíli Andréich, getting his breath back, climbed out of the sleigh and walked over to Nikíta, in order to speak about what they should do. Both involuntarily bent their heads and waited before speaking, until the fury of the gust should have passed. Yellow-muzzle, too, angrily let his ears drop and shook his head. As soon as the gust subsided a little, Nikíta took off his mittens, which he stuck into his belt, breathed into his hands and began to unstrap the bridle from the arch.

"What are you doing there?" asked Vasíli Andréich.

"I am unhitching, what else? I have no more strength," Nikíta answered, as though to excuse himself.

"Sha'n't we get out anywhere?"

"No, we sha'n't, and we shall only wear out the horse. The dear one is not himself now," said Nikíta, pointing to the horse, which was standing submissively, ready for anything, and breathing heavily with his sloping, wet sides. "We have to stay here overnight," he repeated, as though getting ready to stay overnight in an inn, and began to loosen the collar-strap.

The clamp sprang open.

"Sha'n't we freeze to death?" said Vasíli Andréich.

"Well, if I do, I sha'n't refuse," said Nikíta.

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VI.

VASÍLI ANDRÉICH was quite warm in his two fur coats, especially after he had tried to get through the drift; but the frost ran up and down his back when he understood that he would really have to stay there overnight. To calm himself, he sat down in the sleigh, and began to take out his cigarettes and matches.

In the meantime Nikíta unharnessed the horse. He unstrapped the belly-band and the saddle-straps, took out the reins, loosened the collar-straps, took out the arch, and kept all the time talking to the horse, to encourage him.

"Come out now, come," he said, taking him out from between the shafts. "We will tie you up here. I'll put some straw under you, and I'll take off the bridle," he said, while doing what he said. "You'll have a bite, and you'll feel better."

But Yellow-muzzle was apparently not quieted by Nikíta's talk, and was agitated: he kept stepping now on one foot, and now on another, pressed close to the sleigh, standing with his back against the wind, and rubbed his head against Nikíta's sleeve.

As though not to refuse Nikíta's treatment of straw, which Nikíta had shoved under his nose, Yellow-muzzle once jerked out a handful of straw from the sleigh, but immediately decided that this was no time for straw, and so dropped it, and the wind scattered it in a twinkle and covered it with snow.

"Now we will make a sign," said Nikíta. Turning the sleigh toward the wind, and tying up the shafts with

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the saddle-strap, he raised them up and drew them close to the foot-board. "If we are buried in the snow, good people will see the shafts, and will dig us out," said Nikíta, clapping his mittens together and putting them on. "That's the way the old people taught me."

Vasíli Andréich in the meantime opened his fur coat and covered himself with its skirts, and began to rub one sulphur match after another against the steel box; but his hands trembled, and the lighted matches one after another, even before burning up brightly, or at the very moment that he carried them to the cigarette, were blown out by the wind. Finally one match caught fire and for a moment lighted up the fur of his coat, his hand with the gold ring on the inwardly bent forefinger, and the snow-covered straw which peeped out underneath the matting, and the cigarette caught fire. He puffed at it two or three times, swallowed the smoke, breathed it out through his moustache, and wanted to take another puff, but the tobacco with the fire was caught in a gust and carried away in the same direction as the straw.

But even these few swallows of the tobacco smoke cheered up Vasíli Andréich.

"If we have to stay here overnight, — let it be so!" he said, with determination. "Wait, I'll make a flag," he said, taking up the kerchief, which he had loosened from his collar and had thrown down in the sleigh; he took off his gloves, stood up on the foot-board of the sleigh, and, stretching forward, in order to reach up to the saddle-strap, tightly tied the kerchief to it near the shaft.

The kerchief immediately began to flutter desperately, now sticking to the shaft, now blowing away, stretching out, and flapping.

"See how well it is done!" said Vasíli Andréich, admiring his work, as he let himself down into the sleigh. "It would be warmer together, but there is no room for both of us," he said.

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"I will find a place," replied Nikíta, "only I have to cover the horse first, for the dear one is all in a sweat. Let me have it!" he added, and, walking over to the sleigh, he pulled the matting away from underneath Vasíli Andréich.

When he had pulled it out, he doubled it, and, throwing off the crupper and taking off the saddle-bolster, covered Yellow-muzzle with it.

"You will be warmer now, silly one," he said, putting the saddle-bolster and the crupper back over the matting. "You won't need the blanket, will you? And let me have a little straw," said Nikíta, after finishing this work and again walking up to the sleigh.

And taking both away from underneath Vasíli Andréich, he went to the back of the sleigh, burrowed a hole for himself in the snow, put the straw into it, and pulling his cap over his face, and wrapping himself in the caftan, and covering himself with the blanket, sat down on the straw bed, leaning against the bast back of the sleigh, which protected him against the wind and the snow.

Vasíli Andréich disapprovingly shook his head at what Nikíta was doing, as he in general did not approve of the ignorance and stupidity of any peasant, and began to arrange himself for the night.

He straightened out what straw there was left in the sleigh, put a lot of it under him, and, sticking his hands into his sleeves, rested his head at the front of the sleigh, where he was protected against the wind.

He did not feel like sleeping. He lay there thinking: he kept thinking of one thing, which formed the only aim, meaning, joy, and pride of his life, — of how much money he had made and how much more he could make; how much other people, whom he knew, had earned and now possessed, and how these others had made their money, and how he could, like them, make as much. The purchase of the Goryáchkino forest was to him an

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affair of great moment. He expected to get rich at once from this forest, to make, probably, ten thousand. And he began mentally to estimate the value of the forest, which he had seen in the fall, and in which he had counted all the trees on an area of two desyatínas.

"The oak will be good for runners; and then the beams; and there will still be left some thirty sázhens to the desyatína," he said to himself. "There will be left at the least two hundred and a quarter to each desyatína. Fifty-six desyatínas, — fifty-six hundreds, and fifty-six hundreds, and fifty-six tens, and again fifty-six tens, and fifty-six fives." He saw that it amounted to at least twelve thousand, but he was unable without the abacus to make it out exactly. "Still, I won't give ten thousand; I will give eight, with the deduction of the clearings. I will bribe the surveyor, — I will give him one hundred, or even one hundred and fifty; he will make out some five desyatínas of clearing. He will let me have it for eight. I'll throw three thousand at once into his face. That will soften him surely," he thought, feeling the pocketbook in his pocket with the upper part of his arm. "God knows, how we have lost our way! The forest ought to be here and the guard-house. We should be hearing the dogs. They don't bark, the accursed ones, when you want them to."

He removed the collar from his ear, and began to listen; there could be heard the same whistling of the wind and the flapping of the kerchief, and the pattering of the falling snow against the bast of the sleigh. He covered himself again. "If I knew for sure, we could stay here overnight. Well, we shall get there to-morrow. It will be only one day lost. They will not travel in such weather, either." And he recalled that on the ninth he was to receive money from the butcher for the steers. "He intended to come himself; he will not find me at home, — my wife will not know how to receive the

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money. She is very ignorant. She does not know the right way to act," he continued to think, as he recalled that on the day before she had not known how to act in the presence of the rural judge, who had called on him for the holiday. "Of course, she is a woman! She has not seen anything! What kind of a house did we have, when my parents were alive? Just a wealthy peasant's house; a groats-sheller and an inn, — and that was all the property. And what have I done in fifteen years? A shop, two taverns, a mill, a grain-store, two rented estates, a house, and a granary under tin roofs," he thought, with pride. "It is different from what it was in the time of my father. Whose name is everywhere known in the district? Brekhunóv's!

"And why is this so? Because I attend to business, I work harder than others, who are lazy or busy themselves with foolish things. I do not sleep at nights. Storm or not, I go out. Well, that's the way to do business. They think that it is just play to make money. No, you have to work and trouble your head. And you have to stay overnight in the open, and not sleep nights. How your pillow is tossed under your head from much thinking," he reflected, proudly. "And people imagine that it is luck that makes men. There, the Mirónovs have millions now. Why? Work, and God will give you. If God only grants us health!"

And the thought that he, too, might be such a millionaire as Mirónov, who began with nothing, so agitated Vasíli Andréich that he felt the need of talking with somebody. But there was no one to talk to. If he could reach Goryáchkino, he would talk with the landed proprietor, — he would show him a thing or two.

"How it blows! There will be such a drift that we shall not be able to get out in the morning," he thought, listening to the gust of the wind, which blew against the front of the sleigh, and bent it, and whisked the snow

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against the bast. He rose a little and looked around: in the white, agitated darkness could be seen only Yellow-muzzle's black-looking head and his back, which was covered with the flapping matting, and his thick knotted tail, while all around, in front, behind, there was everywhere a monotonous, agitated darkness, which at times seemed barely lifted, and at times again more dense.

"I had no business listening to Nikíta," he thought. "We ought to be travelling, — we should somehow get somewhere. We could get back to Grishkino, and could stay overnight at Tarás's. We shall have to stay here all night. What good could come from this? Well, God rewards for labours, and gives nothing to vagabonds, lazybones, or fools. I must have a smoke!" He sat up, took out his cigarette-holder, lay with his belly downward, covering the fire from the wind with the skirt of his coat, but the wind none the less found its way in and put out one match after another. Finally, he managed to light one, and he began to smoke. He was very much pleased to have at last succeeded. Though it was the wind that smoked the most of the cigarette, he none the less took three or four puffs, and he again felt more cheerful. He again lay back against the sleigh, wrapped himself up, and began once more to bring back memories and reveries, and suddenly lost his consciousness and fell asleep.

But suddenly it was as though something gave him a push and woke him up. Whether it was Yellow-muzzle who had jerked out some straw under him, or something within him agitated him, he awoke, and his heart began to knock so rapidly and so strongly that it seemed to him that the sleigh was shaking under him. He opened his eyes. Around him all was as before, but it seemed to him to be lighter.

"It is growing lighter," he thought, "no doubt it is not far from daylight." But he immediately recalled that it was lighter because the moon was up. He raised himself

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a little and looked first at the horse. Yellow-muzzle was still standing with his back against the wind, and was all a-tremble. The snow-covered matting was turned to one side, the crupper had slipped down, and the snow-covered head with the fluttering forelock and mane could now be made out. Vasíli Andréich leaned against the back of the sleigh and glanced at the horse. Nikíta was still sitting in the same posture in which he had been sitting before. The blanket, with which he had covered himself, and his feet were thickly covered with snow.

"I am afraid the peasant will freeze to death; he has miserable clothes on. They will make me responsible for him. What shiftless people they are! Truly ignorant," thought Vasíli Andréich. He felt like taking the matting off the horse and covering Nikíta with it, but it was cold to get up or move around, and he was afraid the horse might freeze to death. "What did I take him for? It is all her silliness!" thought Vasíli Andréich, as he recalled his wife, whom he did not love, and he again rolled over to his former place in the front part of the sleigh. "Uncle once sat the whole night in the snow, just like me," he thought, "and he was all right. Well, when they dug out Sevastyán," another example occurred to him, "he was dead, as stiff as a frozen carcass."

"If I had remained overnight in Grishkino, nothing would have happened." And, wrapping himself carefully so that the warmth of the fur might not be wasted, but might warm him in the neck, at the knees, and in the soles of his feet, he closed his eyes, trying once more to fall asleep. But, no matter how much he tried now, he was unable to forget himself, but, on the contrary, felt himself entirely cheerful and animated. He began once more to count up his profit, the debts people owed him, and again boasted to himself and rejoiced at himself and at his position; but everything was now constantly interrupted by furtive fear and the annoying thought that he

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had not done right in not staying in Grishkino. "I should be lying on a bench and be warm now." He turned around several times and adjusted himself, trying to find a more comfortable position, which would be protected from the wind, but he felt all the time uncomfortable; he raised himself again, changed his position, wrapped his legs, closed his eyes, and grew silent. But either his cramped feet in their strong felt boots began to pain him, or the wind blew through, and he, lying awhile, again, with anger at himself, recalled how he might have been sleeping now peacefully in the warm hut at Grishkino, and he got up again, tossed about, wrapped himself, and again lay down.

At one time Vasíli Andréich was sure he heard the distant crowing of a cock. He was happy, opened his fur coat, and began to listen intently, but, no matter how much he strained his hearing, he could not hear anything but the sound of the wind, which whistled in the shafts and flapped the kerchief, and the sound of the snow swishing against the bast of the sleigh.

Nikíta remained sitting in the same posture that he had taken in the evening, and did not even make any reply to the words of Vasíli Andréich, who called to him two or three times. "He does not worry much, — no doubt he is asleep," Vasíli Andréich thought in anger as he looked over the back of his sleigh at Nikíta, who was covered with a thick layer of snow.

Vasíli Andréich got up and lay down again about twenty times. It seemed to him that there would be no end to this night. "Now it must be near to morning," he once thought, as he got up and looked around. "I will look at my watch. It will make me cold to unwrap myself. Well, when I know that it is near morning, I shall feel more at ease. We shall hitch up again."

In the depth of his heart Vasíli Andréich knew that it could not yet be morning, but he began to become more

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and more timid, and wanted at one and the same time to verify and to deceive himself. He carefully slipped the hooks off the eyes of his fur coat, and, putting his hand in the bosom of his coat, rummaged for a long time before he found his waistcoat. He with difficulty drew his silver watch with the enamelled flower design from his pocket, and tried to make out the time. He could not see anything without light. He again lay face downward on his elbows and knees, and just as when he had lighted his cigarette took out the matches and began to strike them. Now he went to work in a more methodical manner, and, feeling with his fingers for a match with the greatest amount of phosphorus, lighted it at once. He pushed the face of the watch toward the light, and when he looked at it he did not believe his eyes. It was only ten minutes past twelve. There was yet a whole night ahead of him.

"Oh, what a long night!" thought Vasíli Andréich, feeling the cold run up his spine; and, wrapping himself and covering himself again, he pressed into the corner of the sleigh, preparing himself to wait in patience. Suddenly he clearly heard a new, live sound through the monotonous noise of the wind. The sound increased evenly, and, upon reaching complete clearness, began just as evenly to die down. There was no doubt but that this was a wolf. And this wolf was so near that with the wind it was possible to hear how he, moving his jaws, changed the sound of his voice. Vasíli Andréich threw back his collar and listened attentively. Yellow-muzzle, too, listened intently, pricking his ears, and, when the wolf ended his tune, changed the position of his feet and gave a cautioning snort. After this Vasíli Andréich was absolutely unable to fall asleep, or even to calm himself. No matter how much he tried to think of his calculations, his business, and his fame, and of his worth and wealth, terror took even more possession of him, and above all his

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thoughts hovered, and to all his thoughts was added the thought as to why he had not stayed for the night at Grishkino.

"The devil take the forest! I have, thank God, enough business without it. Oh, if I could but pass the night!" he said to himself. "They say that drunken people freeze to death," he thought, "and I have had something to drink." And, watching his sense of feeling, he noticed that he was beginning to tremble, not knowing himself why he was trembling, whether from cold or from fear. He tried to cover himself and to lie as before, but he was unable to do so. He could not remain in one spot, — he felt like getting up, undertaking something, in order to drown the rising terror, against which he felt himself to be powerless. He again drew out his cigarettes and matches, but there were but three matches left, and they were all bad. All three sizzled, without catching fire.

"The devil take you, accursed one, — go to!" he cursed, himself not knowing whom, and flung away the crushed cigarette. He wanted to fling away the match-box, too, but he arrested the motion of his hand, and stuck it into his pocket. He was assailed by such unrest that he could no longer stay in one spot. He climbed out of the sleigh and, standing with his back against the wind, began to gird himself tightly low down in the waist.

"What sense is there in lying and waiting for death? I'll get on the horse and — march!" it suddenly occurred to him. "When I am on the horse's back, he will not stop. As for him," he thought, in reference to Nikíta, "it does not make much difference if he dies. What kind of a life is his, anyway? He does not even care much for life, while I, thank God, have something to live on."

And untying the horse, he threw the reins over his neck and tried to jump on him, but the fur coats and the boots were so heavy that he fell down. Then he stood

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up on the sleigh, and tried to mount from the sleigh. But the sleigh tottered under his weight, and he fell down again. Finally he moved the horse for the third time up to the sleigh, and, standing carefully on its edge, finally succeeded in getting on his belly across the horse. Lying thus awhile, he moved forward once, and twice, and finally threw his leg across the horse's back, and seated himself, pressing with the soles of his boots against the lower crupper strap. The motion of the tottering sleigh woke up Nikíta, and he got up, and Vasíli Andréich thought that he was saying something.

"To listen to you, fools! Why should I perish, for nothing?" shouted Vasíli Andréich, and, adjusting the flapping skirts of his fur coat under his knees, he turned the horse and drove him away from the sleigh, in the direction where, he supposed, was the forest and the guard-house.

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VII.

From the time that Nikíta had seated himself, after being covered with the blanket, against the back of the sleigh, he had remained motionless in the same posture. Like all men who live with Nature and know want, he was patient and could patiently wait for hours, even days, without experiencing either restlessness or irritation. He heard his master call him, but made no reply, because he did not want to move or talk. Though he was still warm from the tea he had drunk and from having moved about a great deal, when climbing over the snow-drifts, he knew that this heat would not last long and that he would not be able to warm himself by moving, because he felt himself as tired as a horse, when it stops and is unable, in spite of all the whipping, to move on, and the master sees that it has to be fed, to be able to work again. One foot in the torn boot was cold, and he no longer felt the big toe on it. Besides, he was getting colder and colder over his whole body. The thought that he might, and in all probability would, die that night, occurred to him, but this thought did not seem particularly disagreeable or terrible to him. This thought was not particularly disagreeable, because his whole life had not been a continuous holiday, but, on the contrary, an unceasing service, from which he was beginning to be tired. Nor was this thought particularly terrible to him, because, besides those masters, like Vasíli Andréich, whom he had been serving here, he felt himself always, in this life, dependent on the chief Master, who had sent him into this life, and he knew that even dying he would remain in

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the power of the same Master, and that this Master would not do him any harm. "It is a pity to give up what I am used to and accustomed to. Well, what is to be done? I shall have to get used to the new things."

"Sins?" he thought, and he recalled his drunkenness, the money wasted in drink, the insult to his wife, his cursing, non-attendance at church, non-observance of fasts, and all that for which the pope had rebuked him at the confession. "Of course, they are sins; but have I brought them down on myself? God has evidently made me such. Well, and the sins! Where can one go to?"

Thus he thought at first as to what might happen with him that night, and later he no longer returned to these thoughts, but abandoned himself to those recollections which naturally occurred to him. Now he recalled Márfa's arrival, and the drunkenness of the workmen, and his refusal to drink liquor; now again the present journey, and Tarás's hut, and the talk about dividing up; now again he thought of his boy, of Yellow-muzzle, who would now get warmed up under the blanket, and of his master, who made the sleigh creak, as he kept tossing about in it. "I suppose, dear man, you are not a bit glad you have gone out," he thought. "A man who leads such a life does not want to die. It is not like one of us fellows." And all these recollections began to become mixed in his head, and he fell asleep.

But when Vasíli Andréich, seating himself on his horse, shook the sleigh, and the back of it, against which Nikíta was leaning, rose, and a runner struck Nikíta in his back, he awoke and was involuntarily compelled to change his position. With difficulty straightening out his legs and shaking off the snow from them, he got up, and immediately a painful cold penetrated his body. When he saw what the matter was, he wanted Vasíli Andréich to leave him the matting, which the horse did not need

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any longer, so that he might cover himself with it, and he so called out to Vasíli Andréich.

But Vasíli Andréich did not stop, and disappeared in the powdery snow.

When Nikíta was left alone, he mused for awhile what to do. He did not feel himself strong enough to go and look for a house. He could no longer sit down in the old place, — it was all covered with snow. He felt that in the sleigh, too, he would not get warm, because he had nothing to cover himself with, and his caftan and fur coat no longer kept him warm. He was as cold as though he had nothing but his shirt on. He felt ill at ease. "Father, heavenly Father!" he muttered, and the consciousness that he was not alone, but that some one heard him and would not leave him, quieted him. He drew a deep breath and, without taking the blanket off his head, climbed into the sleigh and lay down where his master had been lying before.

But he could not warm himself in the sleigh, either. At first he trembled with his whole body, then the chill passed, and he began slowly to lose consciousness. He did not know whether he was dying or falling asleep, but he felt himself equally prepared for either.

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VIII.

In the meantime Vasíli Andréich drove the horse with his feet and with the reins in the direction where, for some reason, he assumed that the forest and the guard-house were. The snow blinded him, and the wind, it seemed, wanted to stop him, but he, bending forward and constantly wrapping himself in his fur coat and sticking it between himself and the cold saddle-bolster, which made it hard for him to sit up, continued to drive the horse. Though with difficulty, the horse went submissively at a pace whither he was directed to go.

For about five minutes he rode, as he thought, straight ahead, without seeing anything but the head of the horse and the white wilderness, and without hearing anything but the whistle of the wind about the ears of the horse and the collar of his fur coat.

Suddenly something black stood out in front of him. His heart fluttered with joy, and he rode toward the black spot, thinking that he could make out the walls of village houses. But the blackness was not motionless; it kept moving, and was not a village, but tall mugwort, which had grown out on a balk and was sticking out through the snow and desperately tossing about under the pressure of the wind, which carried it to one side and whistled through it. For some reason the sight of this mugwort, agitated by the merciless wind, made Vasíli Andréich tremble, and he began hurriedly to drive the horse, without noticing that, in riding up to the mugwort, he had changed the direction wholly and now was driving

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the horse in an entirely different direction, still thinking that he was riding to the place where the guard-house ought to be. But the horse kept turning to the right, and so he kept turning it to the left.

Again something black appeared in front. He rejoiced, being sure that this time it certainly was a village. But it was again a balk, which was overgrown with mugwort. The dry mugwort was fluttering in the wind as before, for some reason filling Vasíli Andréich with terror. But this was not only the same kind of mugwort: near by there was a horse track, which was just being drifted over. Vasíli Andréich stopped, bent over, looked close: it was a horse track that was just being covered up, and it could be nobody else's but his own. He was evidently going around in a circle, and within a small area. "I shall perish in this way!" he thought, but, not to submit to his terror, he began to drive his horse with more force, staring at the white snow mist, in which he thought he could discern points of light, which disappeared as soon as he looked close at them. At one time he thought he heard the barking of dogs or the howling of wolves, but these sounds were so feeble and so indefinite that he did not know whether he heard anything or whether it only seemed so to him, and he stopped and began to listen intently.

Suddenly a terrible, deafening noise was heard near his ears, and everything trembled and shook under him. Vasíli Andréich seized the horse's neck, but the horse's neck was also shaking, and the terrible sound became more terrible still. For a few seconds Vasíli Andréich could not regain his senses or make out what had happened. What had happened was, that Yellow-muzzle, either encouraging himself, or calling for somebody's aid, had neighed in his loud, melodious voice. "Pshaw, accursed one, how you have frightened me!" Vasíli Andréich said to himself. But even when he compre-

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hended the true cause of his fright, he was not able to dispel it.

"I must come to my senses and regain my composure," he said to himself, and yet he could not control himself, and kept driving his horse, without noticing that he was no longer travelling with the wind, but against it. His body, especially where it was uncovered and touched the saddle-bolster, was freezing and aching, his hands and feet trembled, and his breath came in gusts. He saw that he was perishing amidst this terrible snow wilderness, and he did not see any means of salvation.

Suddenly the horse lurched forward and, sticking fast in a snow-drift, began to struggle and fall sidewise. Vasíli Andréich jumped down from his horse, and in his leap pulled the crupper on which his foot was resting to one side, and jerked down the saddle-bolster, to which he was holding as he jumped down. The moment Vasíli Andréich jumped down, the horse straightened himself up, rushed forward, took a second leap, and, neighing and dragging along the loosened matting and harness, disappeared from view, leaving Vasíli Andréich by himself in the snow-drift. Vasíli Andréich started after him, but the snow was so deep, and the fur coats were so heavy on him, that, sinking with every leg above his knee into the snow, he, after taking not more than twenty steps, got out of breath and stopped. "The grove, the steers, the estate, the shop, the taverns, the tin-roofed house and granary, the heir," he thought, "how will all this be left? What is this? Impossible!" it flashed through his head. And for some reason he recalled the mugwort fluttering in the wind, past which he had ridden twice, and he was assailed by such terror that he did not believe the reality of what happened with him. He thought: "Is not all this in a dream?" and he wanted to wake up, but there was no need of waking. It was real snow, which lashed his face and covered him up and chilled his right hand,

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from which he had lost the glove, and this was a real wilderness, in which he was now left alone, like that mugwort, awaiting inevitable, imminent, senseless death.

"Queen of heaven, saintly Father Nicholas, teacher of abstinence," he recalled the mass of the previous day and the image with the black face in the gold-leaf, and the tapers which he had sold for this image and which were immediately brought back to him, and which he put away in the box almost untouched. And he began to beg this same Nicholas, the miracle-worker, to save him, promising him masses and tapers. But he at once understood clearly and indubitably, that this image, gold-leaf, tapers, priest, masses, — all these were very important and necessary there, in the church, but that here they could do nothing for him, that between these tapers and masses and his present distressed condition there was, and could be, no connection. "I must not lose my courage," he thought. "I must follow the horse's tracks, or they will soon be covered with snow," it suddenly occurred to him. "This will take me out, and I may catch him yet. Only I must not be in haste, or I shall stick fast and be lost worse than ever." But, in spite of his intention to go slowly, he rushed forward and started on a run, falling all the time, getting up again, and falling again. The horse track became barely visible in those places where the snow was not deep. "I am lost," thought Vasíli Andréich, "I shall lose the track, and I shall not catch the horse." But just at that moment he looked forward and saw something black. This was Yellow-muzzle, and not only Yellow-muzzle himself, but also the sleigh and the shafts with the kerchief. Yellow-muzzle, with the harness and matting knocked sidewise, now stood, not in the old place, but near the shafts, and was tossing his head, which was pulled down by the rein he was stepping upon. It turned out that Vasíli Andréich had stuck fast

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in the same ravine in which he had stuck fast with Nikíta, that the horse was taking him back to the sleigh, and that he had jumped off from him not more than fifty paces from where the sleigh was.

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IX.

MAKING his way with difficulty to the sleigh, Vasíli Andréich grasped it, and for a long time stood motionless, trying to calm himself and get his breath. Nikíta was not in his old place, but in the sleigh lay something which was covered with snow, and Vasíli Andréich guessed that this was Nikíta. Vasíli Andréich's terror was now completely gone, and if he was afraid of anything, it was of that terrible condition of terror, which he had experienced on the horse, and especially when he was left alone in the drift. It was necessary by no means to permit this terror, and in order not to permit it, it was necessary for him to do something, to busy himself with something. And so the first thing he did was to stand with his back against the wind and to open up his fur coat. Then, as soon as he got his wind back a little, he shook the snow out of his boots and the left glove, — the right glove was hopelessly lost and no doubt somewhere deep in the snow; then he again girded himself tightly low in the waist, as he was in the habit of girding himself when he went out of the shop to buy the grain which the peasants brought in their carts, and began to prepare himself for work. The first thing he thought he had to do was to get the horse's foot out of the rein. So he did, and, having freed the rein, he again tied Yellow-muzzle to the iron clamp in the front of the sleigh, where he had stood before, and began to get behind the horse, in order to straighten on him the crupper, the saddle-bolster, and the matting; but at that moment he noticed that something moved in the sleigh, and from under the snow, with which the mass

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was covered, rose Nikíta's head. It was evidently with great effort that Nikíta, who was freezing stiff, raised himself and sat up, in a strange manner, as though driving off the flies, swinging his hands in front of his face. He moved his hand and said something, — Vasíli Andréich thought he was calling him. Vasíli Andréich left the matting, without straightening it out, and walked over to the sleigh.

"What do you want?" he asked. "What did you say?"

"I am dy-dy-dying, that's what," Nikíta said, with difficulty, in a halting voice. "Give my earnings to my lad or to my woman, — it is all the same."

"Are you frozen?" asked Vasíli Andréich.

"I 'feel my death, — forgive, for Christ's sake," — Nikíta said, in a tearful voice, continuing to move his hands in front of his face, precisely as though he were warding off flies.

Vasíli Andréich for about half a minute stood silent and motionless, then suddenly, with the same determination with which he struck his hands at a profitable bargain, took a step backward, rolled up the sleeves of his fur coat, and began with both his hands to scrape the snow down from Nikíta and out of the sleigh. When he had finished the work, he hurriedly loosened his belt, spread the fur coat, and giving Nikíta a push, lay down on him, covering him not only with his fur coat, but also with his whole warm, heated-up body. Having with his hands fixed the skirts of the fur coat between the bast of the sleigh and Nikíta, and having caught the lower edge between his knees, Vasíli Andréich lay thus, face downward, pressing his head against the bast of the front of the sleigh, and now no longer heard the movement of the horse, nor the whistling of the storm, but only listened to Nikíta's breathing. Nikíta at first lay for a long time motionless, then heaved a loud sigh, and began to move.

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"That's it, — you said you were dying. Lie still, warm yourself, — we shall — " began Vasíli Andréich.

But, to his great surprise, he was not able to speak more, because tears had appeared in his eyes, and his lower jaw was moving rapidly. He stopped talking, and only swallowed what came to his throat. "I am frightened, it seems; I am very weak," he thought to himself. But this weakness was not only not disagreeable to him, it even afforded him a certain special joy, such as he had never experienced before.

"We shall — " he said to himself, experiencing a certain solemn meekness of spirit. He lay for quite awhile in silence, wiping his eyes against the fur of his fur coat, and catching between his knees the right skirt of the fur coat, which was being carried away by the wind.

But he felt so much like telling somebody about his joyous condition.

"Nikíta!" he said.

"All right, I am warm," the answer came from below.

"Yes, my friend, I was lost. You would have frozen to death, and so should I."

But just then his jaws began to tremble, and his eyes were again filled with tears, and he was unable to continue speaking.

"That's nothing," he thought. "I know about myself what I know."

And he grew silent. Thus he lay for a long time.

He felt warm underneath, from Nikíta, and warm above, from the fur coat; only his hands, with which he held down the skirts of the fur coat on each side of Nikíta, and his legs, from which the wind kept blowing his fur coat away all the time, began to freeze. Particularly his right hand, without the glove, began to freeze. But he was not thinking of his feet or of his hands, but only of how he might warm up the peasant who was lying under him.

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He looked several times at the horse, and saw that his back was uncovered and the matting and the harness were lying in the snow, and that it was necessary to get up and cover the horse, but he could not make up his mind to leave Nikíta for a minute and impair that joyous condition in which he was. He did not now experience any fear.

"Never mind, he can't get away," he said to himself about his warming up the peasant, with the same boasting with which he spoke of his purchases and sales.

Thus Vasíli Andréich lay an hour, and two and three hours, but he did not know how the time passed. At first there hovered in his imagination impressions of the snow-storm, a shaft, and horses under an arch, which were shaking before his eyes, and he thought of Nikíta, who was lying under him; then there were mingled in recollections of the holiday, his wife, the rural judge, the taper-box, and again Nikíta, who was lying under this box; then he saw peasants, who were buying and selling, and white walls, and houses roofed with tin, under which Nikíta was lying; then all this got mixed, — one thing entered into another, and, like the colours of the rainbow, which unite into one white colour, all the various impressions blended into one nothing, and he fell asleep. He slept for a long time, without dreams, but before daybreak the visions returned. He imagined he stood near the taper-box, and Tíkhon's wife was asking him for a five-kopek taper for the holiday, and he wanted to take the taper and give it to her, but his hands did not go up, but stuck fast in his pockets. He wanted to go around the box, but his legs did not move, and the new, clean galoshes stuck fast to the stone floor, and he could not lift them up or take his feet out of them. And suddenly the taper-box was not a box, but a bed, and Vasíli Andréich saw himself lying with his belly on the box, that is, in his bed, in his house. And he is lying on his bed and can-

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not get up, but he must get up, because Iván Matvyéich, the rural judge, will soon come in, and he must go with Iván Matvyéich to buy the forest, or fix the crupper on Yellow-muzzle. And he asks his wife, "Well, Nikoláevna, has he been here?" "No," she says, "he has not." And he hears some one driving up to the porch. It must be he. No, past. "Nikoláevna, oh, Nikoláevna, is he not yet here?" "No." And he lies on his bed, and cannot get up, and waits, and this waiting gives him pain and joy. And suddenly the joy is accomplished: the one he has been waiting for has come, but it is not Iván Matvyéich, the rural judge, but some one else; but still it is the one he is waiting for. He has come, and he calls him, and the one who calls him is the one who has called him and who has told him to lie down on Nikíta. And Vasíli Andréich is glad that this somebody has come for him. "I am coming!" he cries joyfully, and this cry awakens him. And he wakes up, but he wakes up a different man from what he was when he fell asleep. He wants to get up, and he cannot; he wants to move his hand, — he cannot; his foot, — and again he cannot. He wants to turn his head, and he cannot do that either. And he wonders, but is not in the least worried about it. He understands that it is death, and is not in the least worried about it. And he recalls that Nikíta is lying under him, that Nikíta is warmed up and alive, and it seems to him that he is Nikíta, and Nikíta he, and that his life is not in him, but in Nikíta. He strains his hearing, and he hears Nikíta's breathing and even a feeble snoring. "Nikíta is alive, consequently I am alive," he says to himself, triumphantly.

And he thinks of the money, the shop, the house, the purchases, the sales, Mirónov's millions: he finds it hard to understand why this man, whom they used to call Vasíli Brekhunóv, busied himself with all these things that he did busy himself with. "Well, he did not know

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what the matter was," he thinks of Vasíli Brekhunóv. "I did not know, but now I know. Now there is no mistake. Now I know." And again he hears the call of him who has called him before. "I am coming, I am coming!" his whole being says joyfully, meekly. And he feels that he is free and that nothing now holds him back.

And Vasíli Andréich saw and heard and felt nothing more in this world.

All about him there was the same snow mist as before. The same gusts of snow whirled about and covered the fur coat of dead Vasíli Andréich, and all of trembling Yellow-muzzle, and the barely visible sleigh, and warmed up Nikíta, who was lying deep down in it, under his dead master.

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X.

NIKÍTA awoke before morning. What wakened him was the cold which was beginning to go down his spine. He dreamt that he was coming from the mill with a wagon-load of his master's flour, and that, in passing a brook, he had missed the bridge and stuck fast in the mud. And he sees that he crawled under the wagon and is lifting it with his arched back. But, strange to say, the wagon does not move and is glued to his back, and he cannot raise the wagon, nor get away from under it. It is crushing his whole spine. And it is so cold! He certainly must get out from under it. "This will do," he says to him who is pressing the wagon down on him. "Take off the bags!" But the wagon presses him colder and colder, and suddenly something knocks with peculiar force, and he awakens completely and recalls everything. The cold wagon is the frozen dead master, who is lying on him. And the knock was produced by Yellow-muzzle, who twice struck his hoof against the sleigh.

"Andréich, oh, Andréich!" Nikíta calls his master, cautiously, with a presentiment of the truth, and arching his back.

But Andréich makes no reply, and his belly and his legs are stiff and cold and heavy, like weights.

"Dead, no doubt. The kingdom of heaven be his!" thinks Nikíta.

He turns his head, digs with his hand through the snow, and opens his eyes. It is light; the wind whistles as before through the shafts, and the snow falls as before, with this difference only, that it no longer lashes the bast

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of the sleigh, but noiselessly buries the sleigh and the horse, deeper and deeper, and neither the horse's motion nor his breathing can be heard. "He, too, must be frozen dead," Nikíta thought of Yellow-muzzle. And, indeed, those knocks with the hoofs against the sleigh, which awakened Nikíta, were the death-efforts of stiffly frozen Yellow-muzzle to keep on his feet.

"Lord, Father, apparently Thou art calling me too," Nikíta said to himself. "Thy holy will be done. I feel bad. Well, there is but one death, and that cannot be escaped. If it would only come soon —" And he again hid his hand, closing his eyes, and forgot himself, fully convinced that now he was certainly dying, the whole of him.

Not until noon of the following day did peasants dig Vasíli Andréich and Nikíta out with shovels, within thirty sázhens from the road, and half a verst from the village.

The snow was blown higher than the sleigh, but the shafts and the handkerchief could still be seen on it. Yellow-muzzle, up to his belly in the snow, with the crupper and matting pulled down from his back, stood all white, pressing his dead head against his stiff throat; his nostrils were frozen into icicles; the eyes were covered with hoarfrost, as though filled with tears. He had grown so thin in this one night that nothing but his hide and bones were left on him. Vasíli Andréich was cold, like a frozen carcass, and his legs were sprawling, and he remained bent, when he was rolled off Nikíta. His bulging hawk eyes were frozen, and his open mouth, beneath his clipped moustache, was filled with snow. But Nikíta was alive, though badly frozen. When Nikíta was awakened, he was sure that he was dead, and that what was taking place with him was happening in the other world, and not in this. But when he heard the shouting peasants, who were digging him out and rolling stiffened Vasíli Andréich off from him, he was at first surprised to

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find out that people shouted in the same way in the other world and had the same kind of a body; but when he comprehended that he was still in this world, he was rather sorry than glad, especially when he felt that his toes on both his feet were frozen off.

Nikíta lay in the hospital for two months. They cut off three of his toes, and the others healed up, so that he could work again, and he continued to work another twenty years, at first as a labourer, and later, in his old age, as a watchman. He died only this last year, at home, as he had desired, under the holy images, and with a burning taper in his hands. Before his death he asked his old wife's forgiveness and forgave her for the cooper; he bade good-bye also to his boy and his grandchildren, and died, sincerely happy because by his death he was freeing his son and daughter-in-law from the burden of additional bread, and because he was now in reality passing from this life, of which he had become tired, into that other life, which with every year and hour became more comprehensible and more attractive to him.

We shall soon find out whether he is better off, or worse, there where he awoke after his real death, whether he was disappointed, or whether he found what he had expected.

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EPILOGUE TO "DRÓZHZHIN'S LIFE AND DEATH"

1895

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EPILOGUE TO "DRÓZHZHIN'S LIFE AND DEATH"

Even Moses in his commandments, which were given to men five thousand years ago, proclaimed the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill." The same was preached by all the prophets; the same was preached by the sages and teachers of the whole world; the same was preached by Christ, who forbade men to commit not only murder, but everything which may lead to it, all irritation and anger against a brother; and the same is written in the heart of every man so clearly that there is no act which is more loathsome to the whole being of an uncorrupted man than the murder of one's like, — man.

And yet, despite the fact that this law of God was clearly revealed to us by Moses, by the prophets, and by Christ, and that it is so indelibly written in our hearts that there cannot be the slightest doubt of its obligatoriness for us, this law is not recognized in our world, but the very opposite law is recognized, that of the obligatoriness for every man of our time to enter military service, that is, to join the ranks of murderers, to swear to be ready to commit murder, to learn the art of killing, and actually to kill his like, when that is demanded of him.[1]

In pagan times, the Christians were commanded in

[1] In countries where there is no compulsory military service, the law of God and of conscience about not killing is also violated by all their citizens, though not so obviously, because the hiring, enlisting,

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words to renounce Christ and God, and in sign of the renunciation to bring sacrifices to the pagan gods.

But now, in our time, the Christians are commanded not only to renounce Christ and God by bringing sacrifices to pagan gods (a person may sacrifice to pagan gods, while remaining a Christian at heart), but also by committing an act which is unquestionably most contrary to Christ and to God and which is forbidden by Christ and by God, — to swear to be ready to commit murder, to prepare himself for murder, and frequently to commit murder itself.

And as formerly there were found men who refused to worship pagan gods, and for their loyalty to Christ and God sacrificed their lives, so there have been men who have not renounced Christ and God, who have not consented to take an oath that they would be ready to commit murder, who did not join the ranks of murderers, and who for this loyalty have perished in the most terrible sufferings, as was the case with Drózhzhin, whose life is described in this book.

And as in former times those who were considered half-witted and strange, the martyrs of Christianity, who perished because they did not wish to renounce Christ, by their loyalty to Christ alone destroyed the pagan world and opened a path for Christianity, so now people, like Drózhzhin, who are considered to be madmen and fanatics, who prefer sufferings and death to transgressing God's law, by their very loyalty to the law destroy the existing cruel order more surely than do the revolutions, and reveal to men the new joyful condition of universal brotherhood, of the kingdom of God, which was proclaimed by the prophets, and the foundations of which were laid eighteen hundred years ago by Christ.

and maintaining of armies, with the money consciously paid by all the citizens for the business of murder, which they all consider to be indispensable, is just as much a consent to killing and a coöperation with it as the personal participation in military service. — *Author's Note.*

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But such men as Drózhzhin, who now refuse to renounce God and Christ, by their activity not only contribute to the establishment of that kingdom of God which the prophets predicted, but by their example indicate the one unquestionable road by which this kingdom of God may be attained and all that may be destroyed which interferes with its establishment.

The difference between the ancient martyrs of Christianity and those of the present time consists only in this, that then it was the pagans who demanded pagan acts from the Christians, while now it is not pagans, but Christians, or at least those who call themselves so, that are demanding from the Christians pagan, the most terrible pagan acts, such as the pagans did not ask for, — murder; that then paganism found its strength in ignorance, because it did not know, did not understand Christianity, while now the cruelty of the so-called Christianity is based on deception, on conscious deception. To free Christianity from violence it was then necessary to convince the pagans of the truth of Christianity, but that was for the most part impossible to do. Julian the Apostate and many of the best men of the time were sincerely convinced that paganism was enlightenment and a good, and Christianity — darkness, ignorance, and evil. But to free Christianity now from violence and cruelty, it is necessary to arraign the deception of the false Christianity. This deception unanswerably arraigns itself through the one simple, imperturbable profession of the truth, which inevitably provokes the so-called Christian powers to the exercise of violence, to tortures, and to the killing of Christians for observing precisely what they themselves profess.

Formerly a Christian, in refusing to worship the pagan gods, said to the pagans, "I reject your faith; I am a Christian, and I cannot and will not serve your gods, but will serve the one true God and His son Jesus Christ,"

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and the pagan powers punished, because he professed a religion which they considered to be false and harmful, and his punishment had no contradiction in itself and did not undermine the paganism, in the name of which he was punished. But now a Christian who refuses to commit murder no longer makes his confession to pagans, but to men who call themselves Christians. And if he says, "I am a Christian, and I cannot and will not fulfil any demands for committing murder, which are contrary to the Christian law," he can no longer be told, as he was formerly told by the pagans, "You are professing a false and harmful teaching," but he is told, "We are also Christians, but you do not correctly understand Christianity, when you assert that a Christian may not kill. A Christian can and must kill, when he is commanded to do so by him who at a given moment is considered to be his chief. And because you do not agree with this, that a Christian must not love his enemies, and must kill all those whom he is commanded to kill, we, the Christians, who profess the law of humility, love, and forgiveness, punish you."

It turns out that the powers which recognize themselves as being Christian, at every such a conflict with men who refuse to commit murder, are compelled in the most obvious and solemn manner to renounce that Christianity and moral law on which alone their power is based.

Besides, unfortunately for the false powers, and fortunately for all humanity, the conditions of military service have of late become quite different from what they were before, and so the demands of the authorities have become even more obviously non-Christian, and the refusals to fulfil their demands have arraigned Christianity even more.

Formerly hardly one-hundredth part of all men was called to do military service, and the government was in

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a position to assume that men of a lower stage of morality took to military service, men for whom military service did not present anything contrary to their Christian conscience, as was partly the case when men were put in the army for a punishment. When at that time a man, who by his moral qualities could not be a murderer, was called to do military service, such a case was unfortunate and exceptional.

But now, when everybody has to do military service, the best men, those who are most Christian in their thoughts and who are far removed from the possibility of taking part in murder, must all recognize themselves as being murderers and apostates from God.

' Formerly the hired army of the ruler was formed by especially chosen, very coarse, non-Christian, and ignorant men, or volunteers and mercenaries; formerly no one or but few men read the Gospel, and men did not know its spirit, but only believed in what the priest told them; and formerly only the rarest people, who were peculiarly fanatical in spirit, the sectarians, considered military service to be a sin and refused to take part in it. But now there is not a man in any Christian state who is not obliged consciously, by means of his money, and in most countries of Europe directly, to take part in the preparations for murder, or in the murders themselves; now nearly all men know the Gospel and the spirit of Christ's teaching; all know that the priests are bribed deceivers, and none but the most ignorant men believe in them; and now it is not merely the sectarians, but also men who do not profess any special dogmas, cultured men, freethinkers, who refuse to do military service, and they do not refuse merely for their own sake, but openly and outspokenly say to all men that murder is not compatible with any profession of Christianity.

And so one such refusal to do military service as Drózhzhin's, which is sustained in spite of tortures and

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death, one such refusal shakes the whole enormous structure of violence, which is built on the lie, and threatens its destruction.

The governments have a terrible power in their hands, and it is not merely a material power, — a vast amount of money, institutions, wealth, submissive officials, the clergy, and the army, — but also vast spiritual powers of influencing men that are in the hands of the government. It can, if not bribe, at least crush and destroy all those who are opposed to it. A bribed clergy preaches militarism in the churches; bribed authors write books which justify militarism; in the schools, both the higher and the lower, they have introduced the obligatory instruction of deceptive catechisms, in which children are impressed with the idea that it is not only allowable, but even obligatory, to kill in war and after a trial; all those who enter the army are compelled to take an oath; everything which could reveal the deception is strictly prohibited and punished, — the most terrible punishments are imposed upon men who do not fulfil the demands of serving in the army, that is, of killing.

And, strange to say, all that enormous, mighty mass of men, which is vested with all the force of human power, trembles, hides itself, feeling its guilt, and shakes in its existence, and is ready any moment to go to pieces and turn to dust at the appearance of one man, like Drózhzhin, who does not yield to human demands, but obeys the demands of God and professes them openly.

In our time such men as Drózhzhin do not stand alone; there are thousands, tens of thousands of them, and their number and, above all else, their importance are growing with every year and every hour. In Russia we know tens of thousands of men who have refused to swear allegiance to the new Tsar, and who recognize military service to be murder, which is incompatible not only with Christianity, but even with the lowest demands of

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honour, justice, and morality. We know such men in all European countries: we know of the Nazarenes, who appeared less than fifty years ago in Austria and Servia and who from a few hundreds have grown to be more than thirty thousand strong, and who, in spite of all kinds of persecution, have refused to take part in military service. We have learned lately of a highly cultured surgeon of the army, who refused to do military service, because he considered it contrary to his conscience to serve such an institution as is the army, which is intended only for doing violence to men and killing them.

But even this is not important, that there are many of them and that they are growing more and more, but that the one true path has been found along which humanity will undoubtedly arrive at its liberation from evil, which has fettered it, and because on that path nothing and nobody can now stop it, because for liberation on this path no efforts are wanted for the destruction of evil: — it disperses of its own accord and melts like wax in the fire, — all that is needed is a *non-participation* in it. In order to stop taking part in this evil, from which we suffer, no special mental, nor bodily efforts are needed, — all that is needed is to abandon oneself to one's nature, to be good and true before God and oneself.

"You want me to become a murderer, but I cannot do so, and neither God nor my conscience permit me to do so. And so do with me what you please; but I will neither kill nor prepare myself for murder, nor be an accomplice in it." And this simple answer, which every man must inevitably make, because it arises from the consciousness of the men of our time, destroys all that evil of violence which has weighed heavily on the world for so long a time.

They say that in Holy Scripture it says:

"Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power

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resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation. For rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil. Wilt thou then not be afraid of the power? do that which is good, and thou shalt have praise of the same. For he is the minister of God to thee for good. But if thou do that which is evil, be afraid; for he beareth not the sword in vain: for he is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil. Wherefore ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience' sake. For, for this cause pay ye tribute also: for they are God's ministers, attending continually upon this very thing. Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honour to whom honour" (Rom. xiii. 1–7). Consequently it is necessary to submit to the powers.

But to say nothing of this, that the same politic Paul, who told the Romans that it is necessary to obey the authorities, told the Ephesians something quite different.

"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places" (Eph. vi. 10–12). Paul's words to the Romans about obeying the powers that be can in no way be harmonized with Christ's own teaching, the whole meaning of which consists in the liberation of men from the power of the world and their submission to the power of God.

"If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you (John xv. 18). They have persecuted me, they will also persecute you (John xv. 20). If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world,

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therefore the world hateth you (John xv. 19). And ye shall be brought before governors and kings for my sake, for a testimony against them and the Gentiles (Matt. x. 18, Mark xiii. 9). And ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake (Matt. x. 22). They shall lay their hands on you, and persecute you, delivering you up to the synagogues, and into prisons, being brought before kings and rulers for my name's sake (Luke xxi. 12). Whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service. And these things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father nor me. But these things have I told you, that when the time shall come, ye may remember that I told you of them (John xvi. 2–4). Fear them not therefore: for there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known (Matt. x. 26). And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body (Matt. x. 28). The prince of this world is judged (John xvi. 11). Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world (John xvi. 33)."

Christ's whole teaching is an indication of the path of liberation from the power of the world, and Christ, when He was himself persecuted, reminded His disciples that, if they would be true to His teaching, the world would persecute them, and advised them to have courage and not be afraid of their persecutors. He not only taught them this in words, but with His whole life and relation to the powers gave them an example of how those must act who wished to follow Him. Christ not only did not obey the powers, but kept all the time arraigning them: He arraigned the Pharisees for violating God's law with their human traditions; He arraigned them for falsely observing the Sabbath, for falsely sacrificing in the temple; He arraigned them for their hypocrisy and cruelty; He arraigned the cities of Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum; He arraigned Jerusalem and predicted its ruin.

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In reply to the question as to whether He shall give the established tax upon entering Capernaum, He says distinctly that the sons, that is, His disciples, are free from every tax and are not obliged to pay it, and only not to tempt the collectors of the taxes, not to provoke them to commit the sin of violence, He orders His disciples to give that stater, which is accidentally found in the fish, and which does not belong to any one and is not taken from any one.

But in reply to the cunning question as to whether the tribute is to be paid to Cæsar, He says, "To Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's and to God the things which are God's," that is, give to Cæsar what belongs to him and is made by him, — the coin, — and to God give what is made by God and is implanted in you, — your soul, your conscience; give this to no one but God, and so do not do for Cæsar what is forbidden by God. And this answer surprises all by its boldness — and at the same time by its unanswerableness.[1]

When Christ is brought before Pilate, as a mutineer who has been perverting the nation and forbidding to give tribute to Cæsar (Luke xxiii. 2), He, after saying what He found necessary to say, surprises and provokes all the chiefs with this, that He pays no attention to all their questions, and makes no reply to any of their questions.

For this arraignment of the power and disobedience to it, Christ is sentenced and crucified.

[1] Not only the complete misunderstanding of Christ's teaching, but also a complete unwillingness to understand it could have admitted that striking misinterpretation, according to which the words, "To Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," signify the necessity of obeying Cæsar. In the first place, there is no mention there of obedience; in the second place, if Christ recognized the obligatoriness of paying tribute, and so of obedience, He would have said directly, "Yes, it should be paid;" but He says, "Give to Cæsar what is his, that is, the money, and give your life to God," and with these latter words He not only does not encourage any obedience to power, but, on the contrary, points out that in everything which belongs to God it is not right to obey Cæsar. — *Author's Note.*

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The whole story of Christ's sufferings and death is nothing but the story of those calamities to which inevitably every man will be subjected, if he follows Christ's example of obedience to God and not to the powers of the world. Suddenly we are assured that the whole of Christ's teaching must not only be corrected, but even be abolished in consequence of the thoughtless and cunning words which Paul wrote to the Romans.

But Paul's words contradict Christ's teaching and life, with all the desire to obey the powers, as Paul commands us to do, not only from fear, but also from conviction, and in our time such an obedience has become absolutely impossible.

To say nothing of the inner contradiction between Christianity and the obedience to the powers, such obedience to the powers, not from fear, but from conviction, has become impossible in our day, because, in consequence of the universal diffusion of enlightenment, the power, as something worthy of respect, something exalted, and, above all, something definite and whole, has been completely destroyed in our time, and there is no possibility of reëstablishing it.

It was all very well not only from fear, but also from conviction, to obey the power, when the men under the power saw what the Romans saw in it, — the emperor-god, or what the Chinese see in their emperor, — the sun of heaven; or when men in the Middle Ages, and even down to the Revolution, saw in the kings and emperors divinely anointed men, just as until lately in Russia the masses saw in the Tsar an earthly God, when tsars, kings, and emperors were not represented otherwise than in majestic situations, doing wise and great things. But it is quite different to-day, when, in spite of all the efforts of the powers and their friends and even the subjects themselves to reëstablish the awe for the power, enlightenment, history, experience, the intercourse of men among

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themselves have destroyed this awe, so that it is as impossible to reëstablish it as it is in the spring to reëstablish the melted snow, and as impossible to construct anything firm upon it as it is to travel in a sleigh over a widely spreading river, from which the ice has disappeared.

It cannot be otherwise, since now all men, with the exception of the coarsest and most uncultured of men, whose number is growing less and less, know what immoral persons were Louis XI., Elizabeth of England, John IV., Catherine, Napoleon, Nicholas I., who ruled and decided the fates of millions, and who did not rule thanks to some sacred, invariable law, as people used to think formerly, but only because these people were able by means of all kinds of deceptions, by cunning, and by rascalities so to strengthen their power that it was impossible to dethrone, kill, or drive them away, as was done in the case of Charles I., Louis XVI., Maximilian of Mexico, Louis Philippe, and others.

It cannot be otherwise, since all men know that even the kings and emperors who rule at the present time are not only not some especial, holy, great, wise people, who are interested in the good of their nations, but, on the contrary, for the most part very badly educated, ignorant, vainglorious, immoral, frequently very stupid and bad men, who are always corrupted by luxury and flattery, who are not at all interested in the good of their subjects, but in their own personal affairs, and are, above all else, without cessation concerned in maintaining their tottering power, which is upheld only by means of cunning and deception.

Not only do men now see the material of which are made their rulers, who formerly presented themselves to them as especial beings, and not only have men peeped behind the curtain, so that it is impossible to reconstruct the old illusion, they also see and know, besides, that it

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is not really these rulers that rule, but, in constitutional states, the members of the Chambers, the ministers, who attain their positions by means of intrigues and bribes, and in unconstitutional countries, the wives, paramours, favourites, flatterers, and all kinds of parasitic accomplices.

How can a man respect the power and obey it, not from fear, but from conviction, when he knows that this power is not something which exists separately from him, but is the product of men's intrigues and cunning, and constantly passes from one person to another? Knowing this, a man can not only not obey the power from conviction, but cannot even help trying to destroy the existing power and himself to become it, that is, making his way into power, to seize as much of it as he can. And this is actually taking place.

The power of which Paul spoke, the power which one can obey from conviction, has outlived its day. It no longer exists. It has melted like the ice, and it will not support anything. What formerly was a solid surface of the river is now liquid, and in order to journey over it we do not need a sleigh and horses, but a boat and oars. Even so the composition of life has so completely changed, as the result of education, that the power, in the sense in which it used to be understood, has no longer any place in our world, and all there is left is rude violence and deception. But violence and deception cannot be obeyed, "not from fear, but from conviction."

"But how can we help obeying the powers? If we do not obey the powers, there will happen terrible calamities, and bad men will torment, oppress, and kill the good."

"How can we help but obey the power?" say I myself. "How can we make up our minds not to obey the power, the one unquestionable power, from which we shall never get away, under which we always are, and the demands of which we know incontestably and unerringly?"

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They say: "How can we make up our minds not to obey the powers?"

What powers? In the time of Catherine, when Pugachév rebelled, half the people swore allegiance to Pugachév and were under his power. Well, what power had to be obeyed? Catherine's or Pugachév's? And again, who was to be obeyed in the time of the same Catherine, who usurped the power from her husband, the Tsar, to whom people had sworn allegiance? Was it Peter III. or Catherine?

Not one Russian Tsar, from Peter I. to Nicholas I. included, assumed the throne in such a way that it was clear what power was to be obeyed. Who was to be obeyed, Peter I. or Sophia, or John, Peter's elder brother? Sophia had just as much right to the throne, and the proof of it is this, that after her ruled women who had even less right to it, — the two Catherines, Anna, Elizabeth. Whose power was to be obeyed after Peter, when some courtiers raised to the throne a soldier woman, the paramour of Ménshikov, Sheremétev, and Peter, — Catherine I., — and then Peter II., and then Anna and Elizabeth, and finally Catherine II., who had no more right to the throne than had Pugachév, since during her reign the legitimate heir, John, was kept in prison and was killed by her order, and there was another, unquestionably a legitimate heir, Paul, who was of age? And whose power had to be obeyed, Paul's or Alexander's, at the time that the conspirators, who killed Paul, were just getting ready to kill him? And whose power had to be obeyed, Constantine's or Nicholas's, when Nicholas took the power away from Constantine? All history is the history of the struggle of one power against another, not only in Russia, but also in all the other countries.

More than this: must we, not in time of civil war and the dethronement of one set of rulers and the substitution of another set in their place, but in the most peaceful

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times, obey Arakchéev, who seized the power, or must we try to overthrow him and convince the Tsar of the worthlessness of his ministers? Not the supreme power, but its servants control men: must we obey these servants, when their demands are obviously bad and detrimental?

Thus, no matter how much we may desire to obey the power, we cannot do so, because there is not one definite earthly power, but all the powers of the earth waver, change, fight among themselves. What power is the real one, and when is it real? And so, what power is to be obeyed?

But not only is the power which demands obedience doubtful, and we cannot know whether it is the real one or not, — it also demands of us not indifferent, harmless acts, such as this, that we should build a pyramid, a temple, a castle, or even should serve the mighty of this earth and should satisfy their lusts and their luxury. That would still be possible to do. But this doubtful power demands of us that we should commit the most terrible act for a man, — murder, the preparation for it, the acknowledgment of our readiness for it; it demands an act which is obviously prohibited by God, and which, therefore, causes our souls to perish. Is it possible that I must, out of obedience to this human, accidental, wavering, discordant power, forget the demands of that one divine power, which is so clearly and so indubitably known to me, and cause my soul to perish?

"We cannot help obeying the power."

"Yes, we cannot help obeying the power," say I myself, "only it is not the power of an emperor, king, president, parliament, and the chiefs chosen by them, whom I do not know and with whom I have nothing in common, but the power of God whom I know, with whom I live, from whom I received my soul, and to whom I shall return it to-morrow, if not to-day."

I am told, "There will be calamities, if we are not going to obey the power." And they tell the actual truth

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if by power they mean the real power, and not the human deception which is called power. There are those calamities, and they are terrible, horrible calamities, through which we are passing now, for the very reason that we do not obey the one unquestionable power of God which was clearly revealed to us in Scripture and in our hearts.

We say: "Our calamities consist in this, that the rich and the idle are growing richer, and the poor, the labouring people are growing poorer; that the masses are deprived of the land, and so are compelled to do convict labour in the factories which manufacture articles that they do not use; that the masses are made drunk on whiskey, which the government sells to them; that young men go into the army, become corrupted, spread diseases, and are made unfit for a simple life of labour; that the rich sit in judgment in the courts, while the poor sit in prisons; that the masses are stultified in the schools and churches, and that officials and the clergy are rewarded for this by means of the money taken from the masses; that all the popular forces, men and money, are used for war and the army, and this army is in the hands of the rulers, who by means of this army crush everything which is not in harmony with their advantage."

These calamities are terrible. But whence do they come? On what are they based? Only on this, that men do not obey the one true power and its law, which is written in their hearts, but obey invented human statutes which they call the law. If men obeyed this one true power of God and His law, they would not take upon themselves the obligation to kill their like, would not enter the army and would not give money for the hire and support of an army. If there were no army, there would not be all those cruelties and all that injustice, which it supports. Only by means of an army is it possible to establish and maintain such an order that all the

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land is in the hands of those who do not work it, and those who work are deprived of it; only by means of an army is it possible to take away the labours of the poor and give them to the rich; only by means of an army is it possible purposely to stupefy the masses and deprive them of the possibility of real enlightenment. All that is supported by means of an army. But the army consists of soldiers, and we are the soldiers. If there were no soldiers, there would not be anything of the kind.

The condition of men is now such that nothing can change it but obedience to the true, and not to the false, power.

"But this new condition without an army, without a government, will be many times worse than the one we are in now," we are told. "Worse for whom?" ask I. "For those who now rule, for one-hundreth part of the whole nation? For that part of the nation, of course, it will be worse, but not for all the mass of working people, who are deprived of the land and of the products of their labour, for the simple reason that for these ninety-nine-hundredths of the people the condition cannot be worse than it now is."

And by what right do we assume that the condition of men will become worse, if they obey the law of not committing murder, which is revealed to them by God and is implanted in their hearts? To say that everything in this world will get worse, if the men in it shall follow the law which God gave them for the life in this world, is the same as though we should say that it will be worse, if men are going to use a machine which is given to them, not according to their arbitrary will, but according to the instruction as regards the use of the machine, which is given them by him who invented and constructed the machine.

There was a time when humanity lived like wild beasts, and everybody took for himself in life everything which

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he could, taking away from others what he wanted, and killing and annihilating his neighbours. Then there came a time, when men united into societies and states, and began to establish themselves as nations, defending themselves against other nations. Men became less similar to beasts, but still considered it not only possible, but even indispensable, and so proper to kill their domestic and foreign enemies. Now the time is at hand and is already here, when men, according to Christ's words, are entering into the new condition of the brotherhood of all men, into that new condition which was long ago predicted by the prophets, when all men shall be taught by God, shall forget how to fight, shall forge the swords into ploughshares and the spears into pruning-hooks, and there will come the kingdom of God, the kingdom of union and of peace. This condition was predicted by the prophets, but Christ's teaching showed how and through what it can be materialized, namely, through brotherly union, one of the first manifestations of which must be the abolition of violence. The necessity of the destruction of violence is already recognized by men, and so this condition will arrive as inevitably as formerly the political condition followed after the savage state.

Humanity is in our time in the child-labour of this nascent kingdom of God, and this labour will inevitably end in birth. But the arrival of this new life will not take place of its own accord, — it depends on us. We must do it all. The kingdom of God is within us.

In order to produce this kingdom of God within us, we do not need, I repeat, any special mental or physical conditions; we need only be what we are, what God made us, that is, rational and, above all, good beings, who follow the voice of our conscience.

"But that is where the trouble is: men are neither rational nor good beings," I already hear the voice of those men who, to have the right to be bad, assert that the

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whole human race is bad, and that this is not merely an experimental, but also a divine, revealed, religious truth. "Men are all evil and irrational," they assert, "and so it is necessary for the rational and good men to maintain order."

But if all men are irrational and bad, whence shall we take the rational and the good? And if there are such, how are we going to tell them? And if we can tell them, by what means shall we (who are those "we" going to be?) put them at the head of other men? But if even we shall be able to put these especial, rational, and good men at the head of the others, will not these rational and good men stop being such, if they are going to exert violence and punish the irrational and the bad? And, above all else, you say that, in order to keep some thieves, pillagers, and murderers from violating and killing men, you are going to establish courts, a police, an army, which will constantly violate and kill men, and whose duty will consist in nothing else, and into these institutions you will draw all men. But in such a case you are putting in the place of a small and assumed evil another which is greater, a universal and a certain evil. In order to defend ourselves against some imaginary murderers, you compel all men certainly to become murderers. And so I repeat that for the realization of a brotherly intercourse among men we need no special efforts, no mental or bodily efforts, but need only be what God made us, — rational and good beings, — and act in conformity with these properties.

It is not for every one of us to bear all the trials which Drózhzhin endured (although, if this shall be our fate, — may God help us to bear it all, without being false to Him); but whether we want it or not, — even if we live in a country where there is no military duty or we are not called upon to perform such duty, — every one is called in one way or another to subject himself, though

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in other, much easier forms, to the same trial and, whether he wills so or not, to stand on the side of the oppressors or himself to become an oppressor, or on the side of the oppressed and to help them to bear their trials, or himself to undergo them. Every one of us, even if we do not take any direct part in the persecutions against these new martyrs, as do the emperors, ministers, governors, judges, who sign the decrees for the torturing of these martyrs, or as still more directly do the tormentors themselves, such as the jailers, guards, executioners, — every one of us has none the less to take an active part in these affairs by means of those opinions which we pass upon them in print, in letters, and in conversations. Frequently we, out of laziness, do not reflect on the significance of such a phenomenon, only because we do not wish to impair our peace by a lively representation of what is being suffered by those men who on account of their truthfulness, sincerity, and love of men are pining away in prisons and in places of deportation, and we repeat, without thinking of what we are saying, opinions which we have heard or read elsewhere, "What is to be done? It serves them right. They are harmful fanatics and the government must suppress such attempts," and similar words, which support the persecutors and increase the sufferings of the persecuted. We will think ten times about an act of ours, about the disbursement of a certain sum, about the destruction or construction of a house, but it seems of so little consequence to say a few words that we generally speak without thinking. And yet, speech is the most significant of all the acts which we can do. Public opinion is composed from what is said. And public opinion more than all the kings and sovereigns rules all the affairs of men. And so every opinion of ours, concerning acts such as Drózhzhin's act, may be a work of God, which contributes to the realization of the kingdom of God, the brotherhood of men, and which helps those ad-

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vanced men who give their lives for its realization, or may be a work which is hostile to God, which works against Him, and which contributes to the torments of those men who abandon themselves to His service.

Drózhzhin tells in his diary of one such cruel effect produced upon him by frivolous words that were hostile to God. He tells how in the first of his incarceration, when he, in spite of all his physical sufferings and all his humiliation, continued to experience joyous peace, in the consciousness that he had done what he ought to have done, he was affected by a letter from a friend of his, a revolutionist, who, *out of love for him*, tried to persuade him to have pity on himself, to recant, and to do the will of the authorities, — to take the oath and serve. Apparently this young man, who had the spirit of a revolutionist and according to the customary code of the revolutionists admitted as a principle that the end justifies the means and that all kinds of compromises with his conscience were allowable, absolutely failed to understand those religious sentiments which guided Drózhzhin, and so had written him frivolously, asking him not to throw away his life, which was a useful tool for the revolution, and to fulfil all the demands of the authorities. These words, it would seem, ought not to have had any special significance, and yet Drózhzhin writes that these words deprived him of his peace and that he fell ill in consequence of them.

This is quite comprehensible. All men who move humanity forward and who are the first and foremost to step out on the path on which all men will soon walk, do not come out on this path lightly, but always with suffering and with an internal struggle. An inner voice draws them on to the new path, and all their attachments, the traditions of weakness, draw them back. In such moments of unstable balance every word of support or, on the contrary, of retardation has an enormous importance.

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The strongest man can be pulled over by a child, when this man is straining all his strength in order to move a burden which is above his strength.

Drózhzhin experienced terrible despair from these apparently unimportant words of his friend, and quieted down only when he received a letter from his friend Izyumchénko, who joyfully bore the same fate, and who expressed a firm conviction of the righteousness of his act.[1] And so, no matter how far we may personally stand from events of this character, we always involuntarily take part in them, influence them through our relation to them, through our judgments of them.

Let us take the standpoint of his friend the revolutionist, and consider that, to be able at some time, somewhere, to influence the external conditions of life, we can and must depart from the very first demands of our conscience, and we not only do not alleviate the sufferings and the struggle of men who strive to serve God, but we also prepare these sufferings of an inner discord for all those who will have to solve the dilemma in life. And there is not one who will not have to solve it. And so all of us, no matter how far we may be removed from such events, take part in them with our opinions and judgments. A thoughtless, careless word may become the source of the greatest sufferings for the best men in the world. We cannot be too careful in the use of this tool: "By thy words shalt thou be justified, and by thy words shalt thou be condemned."

But many of us are called to take part in such events not with words alone, but in a still more direct way. I am speaking of those who serve, who in one way or

[1] This friend was for the same refusal to do military service locked up in the guard-house in Kursk. Just now, while I am writing these lines, this friend is kept in strictest secrecy, having no permission to see any one, in the Moscow transportation prison, on his way to the Government of Tobólsk, whither he is deported by order of the Tsar. — *Author's Note.*

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another take part in those hopeless oppressions, by means of which the government persecutes such men as Drózhzhin, and which only strengthen the movement; I am speaking of the participants in these persecutions, beginning with the emperor, the ministers, the judges, the prosecuting attorneys, and ending with the guards and jailers, who torture these martyrs. You all, participants in these torments, know that this man, whom you torture, is not only not a malefactor, but also an exceptionally good man, that he is being tormented for the very reason that he wants with all the forces of his heart to be good; you know that he is young, that he has friends, a mother, that he loves you and forgives you. And you will put him in a lockup, will take away his clothes, starve him, not give him to eat, not let him sleep, deprive him of his communion with his neighbours, his friends.

How can you, emperor, who have signed such a decree, minister, prosecutor, superintendent of the prison, jailer, sit down to your dinner, knowing that he is lying on a cold floor and in exhaustion is weeping on account of your malice? How can you fondle your child? How can you think of God, of death, which will lead you to Him? No matter how much you may pretend to be the executors of some invariable laws, you are simply men, and good men, and you are to be pitied, and you show pity, and only in this pity and love for one another does our life consist.

You say that necessity compels you to serve in your capacity. You know yourselves that that is not true. You know that there is no necessity, that necessity is a conventional word, that what for you is a necessity, is for another a luxury; you know that you can find another position, one in which you will have no need to torture people, and what people! Precisely in this way did they torture the prophets, and later Christ, and later His disciples; thus have they always tortured those who,

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loving them, lead them ahead to their good. If you could only refrain from being participants in these tortures!

It is terrible to torture an innocent bird, an animal. How much more terrible it is to torture a good, pure youth, who loves men and wishes them well. It is terrible to be a participant in this matter.

And, above all, to be a participant for nothing, — to ruin his body, oneself, one's soul, and yet not only not to put a stop to the consummation of the establishment of the kingdom of God, but, on the contrary, against one's will to contribute to its triumph.

It has come and is already here.

Moscow, March 4, 1895.

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RELIGION AND MORALITY

1894

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RELIGION AND MORALITY

You asked me: (1) what I understand by the word "religion," and (2) whether I consider morality possible apart from religion, as I understand it.

I will try to the best of my ability to answer these extremely important and beautifully put questions.

Among the majority of the men of modern culture it is considered a settled question that the essence of every religion consists in the personification and deification of the forces of Nature, resulting from superstitious fear before the incomprehensible phenomena of Nature, and in the worship of these forces.

This opinion is accepted without criticism, upon faith, by the cultured crowd of our time, and not only does not meet with any opposition from the men of science, but for the most part finds among them the most definite confirmations. Though now and then voices, like those of Max Müller and of others, who ascribe to religion a different origin and meaning, are raised, they are not heard or noticed amidst the universal, unanimous recognition of religion as a manifestation of superstition in general. Even recently, in the beginning of the present century, the most advanced men, who rejected Catholicism and Protestantism, as did the Encyclopædists at the end of the last century, did not deny that religion in general was

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a necessary condition of the life of every man. To say nothing of the Deists, such as Bernardin de St. Pierre, Diderot, and Rousseau, Voltaire erected a monument to God, and Robespierre established the holiday of the supreme being. But in our time, thanks to the frivolous and superficial teaching of Auguste Comte, who, like the majority of the French, sincerely believed that Christianity was nothing but Catholicism, and who, therefore, saw in Catholicism a full realization of Christianity, it has been decided and recognized by the cultured crowd, which is always prone to accept the basest representations, that religion is nothing but a certain outlived phase of the evolution of humanity. It is assumed that humanity has already passed through two periods, the religious and the metaphysical, and that it has now entered on the third, the highest, the scientific period, and that all the religious phenomena among men are only the functions of some unnecessary spiritual organ of humanity, which has long ago lost its meaning and significance, like the nail of a horse's fifth toe. It is assumed that the essence of religion consists in the recognition of imaginary beings, evoked by fear in the presence of the incomprehensible forces of Nature, and in the worship of them, an opinion which even in antiquity was held by Democritus, and is now reiterated by the most modern philosophers and historians of religion.

But, to say nothing of the fact that the recognition of invisible supernatural beings, or of one such being, has not always originated in the fear of the unknown forces of Nature, as is witnessed by hundreds of the most advanced and highly cultured men of the past, such as Socrates, Descartes, Newton, and by similar men of our time, who certainly do not recognize a higher supernatural being out of fear of the unknown forces of Nature, the assertion that religion originated in the superstitious fear of the incomprehensible forces of Nature in reality gives

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no answer to the main question as to whence men have taken the conception of the invisible supernatural beings.

If men were afraid of thunder and lightning, they would still be afraid of thunder and lightning, but why did they invent a certain invisible, supernatural being, Jupiter, who is somewhere, and at times casts his arrows down upon men?

If men were startled by the sight of death, they would continue to be afraid of death, but why did they "invent" the souls of the dead, with whom they entered into imaginary relations? From thunder people could conceal themselves, from the terror of death they could run away, but they invented an eternal and powerful being, on which they consider themselves to be dependent, and the living souls of the dead, not through fear alone, but for some other reason. It is in these reasons that, obviously, the essence of what is called religion is contained. Besides, every man who at any time, be it only in childhood, has experienced the religious feeling, knows from his personal experience that this feeling has always been evoked in him, not by external, terrible material phenomena, but by an internal consciousness of his insignificance, solitude, and sinfulness, which has nothing in common with the fear of the incomprehensible forces of Nature. And so a man may know from external observation and from personal experience that religion is not a worship of divinities, provoked by a superstitious fear of the unknown forces of Nature, which is proper to men only in a certain period of their evolution, but something quite independent of fear and the degree of a man's culture, and something which cannot be destroyed by any evolution of enlightenment, because man's recognition of his finiteness amidst an infinite world, and of his sinfulness, that is, of the non-fulfilment of everything he could and should do, but has not done, has always existed, and will always exist so long as man remains man.

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Indeed, as soon as a man leaves his animal condition of babyhood and first childhood, during which time he lives only by being guided by those demands which present themselves to his animal nature, and as soon as he awakens to a rational consciousness, he cannot help but notice that everything about him lives, renewing itself, without dying, and unswervingly submitting to one definite, eternal law, and that only he alone, in recognizing himself as a distinct being from the rest of the world, is doomed to death, to disappearance in unlimited space and infinite time, and to the agonizing consciousness of responsibility for his acts, that is, to the consciousness that, having acted badly, he might have acted better. Having come to see this, every rational man cannot help but reflect and ask himself what this momentary, indefinite, and wavering existence of his is doing amidst this eternal, firmly established, and infinite world. Upon entering into the true human life, a man cannot avoid this question.

This question always confronts every man, and every man always answers it in one way or another. Now the answer to this question is that which forms the essence of every religion. The essence of every religion consists in nothing but an answer to the question why I live and what my relation is to the infinite world which surrounds me.

And the whole metaphysics of religion, all the doctrines about the divinities, about the origin of the world, are only different symptoms of religion, accompanying it according to the different geographical, ethnographical, and historical conditions. There is not a single religion, from the most exalted to the crudest, which has not for its base this establishment of man's relation to the world around him or to its prime cause. There is not a crude religious rite or a refined cult, which has not the same for its base. Every religious teaching is an expression by the founder of the religion of that relation which he recog-

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nizes as existing between himself, as a man, and consequently between all other men, and the world, or its beginning and prime cause.

The expressions of these relations are very varied, in accordance with the ethnographic and historical conditions in which the founder of the religion and the nation adopting it find themselves; besides, these expressions are always differently interpreted and distorted by the followers of the teacher, who anticipates the comprehension of the masses generally for hundreds, and sometimes even for thousands of years; and so there seem to be very many such relations of man to the world, that is, religions, but in reality there are but three fundamental relations of man to the world or to its beginning: (1) the primitive personal, (2) the pagan social, and (3) the Christian, or divine relation.

Strictly speaking, there are but two fundamental relations which man bears toward the world, — the personal one, which consists in the recognition of the meaning of life as being in the good of personality, which may be attained separately or in conjunction with other personalities, and the Christian, which recognizes the meaning of life to consist in serving Him who sent man into the world. Man's second relation to the world — the social one — is in reality nothing but an expansion of the first.

The first of these relations, the most ancient one, which is now found among men standing on the lowest stage of development, consists in this, that man recognizes himself to be a self-sufficient being, which lives in the world for the purpose of acquiring in it the greatest possible personal good, independently of how much the good of other beings may suffer from it.

From this very first relation to the world, in which every child entering into the world finds himself, and in which humanity lived in its first, the pagan stage of its

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evolution, and in which now live many separate morally very coarse people and savage nations, result all the ancient pagan religions, as also the lower forms of the later religions in their corrupted form, — Buddhism,[1] Taoism, Mohammedanism, and others. From this same relation results also the modern spiritualism, which has for its base the preservation of personality and of its good. All the pagan cults of deification of beings which enjoy themselves like man, all the sacrifices and prayers for the acquisition of worldly goods, result from this relation to life.

The second pagan relation of man to the world, the social one, which establishes itself at the next stage of evolution, a relation which is more especially characteristic of full-grown men, consists in this, that the significance of life is not recognized in the good of one separate personality, but in the good of a certain aggregate of personalities, — the family, the race, the nation, even humanity (the positivists' attempt at religion).

The meaning of life with this relation of man to the world is transferred from the personality to the family, the race, to a certain aggregate of personalities, whose good is considered by it to be the purpose of existence. From this relation result all the patriarchal and public religions, which are all of one character, — the Chinese and the Japanese religions, the religion of the chosen nation, the Jewish, the state religion of the Romans, the presumptive religion of humanity of the positivists. All the rites of ancestral worship in China and in Japan,

[1] Though Buddhism demands from its followers the renunciation of all the good of the world and of life itself, it is based on the same relation of the self-sufficient personality, which is intended for the good, to the world surrounding it, but with this difference, that simple paganism recognizes man's right to enjoy himself, while Buddhism recognizes the right to avoid suffering. Paganism thinks that the world must serve the good of the individual; while Buddhism thinks that the world must disappear, since it produces the sufferings of personality. Buddhism is only negative paganism. — *Author's Note.*

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of the worship of the emperors in Rome, are based on this relation of man to the world.

Man's third relation to the world, the Christian, the one in which involuntarily every old man feels himself to be, and which, in my opinion, is now being entered upon by humanity, consists in this, that the significance of life is no longer cognized by man as consisting in the attainment of his personal purpose or of the purpose of any aggregate of men, but only in the service of that Will which has produced him and the whole world, not for the attainment of his purposes, but of the purposes of this Will.

From this relation to the world results the highest known religious teaching, the germs of which may be found among the Pythagoreans, Therapeutæ, Essenes, among the Egyptians, Persians, Brahmins, Buddhists, and Taoists in their highest representatives, but which received its full and final expression only in Christianity in its true and uncorrupted significance.

All possible religions, whatever they may be, inevitably classify themselves among these three relations of men to the world.

Every man who has left the animal condition inevitably recognizes one of these three relations, and in this recognition does the true religion of every man consist, in spite of the profession to which he nominally counts himself as belonging.

Every man has inevitably some idea about his relation to the world, because a rational being cannot live in the world which surrounds him, without having some relation to it. And since so far only three such relations to the world have been worked out by humanity and are known to us, every man inevitably holds to one of the three existing relations, and, whether he wants or not, belongs to one of these three fundamental religions, among which the whole human race is distributed.

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And so the very common assertion of the men of the cultured crowd of the Christian world, that they have risen to such a height of evolution that they no longer are in need of any religion and do not possess it, in reality means this, that these men, in not recognizing the Christian religion, the only one which is proper for our time, are holding to a lower, the public or the primitive pagan religion, without being conscious of the fact. A man without religion, that is, without any relation to the world, is as impossible as a man without a heart. He may not know that he has a religion, just as a man may not know that he has a heart; but a man cannot live without religion, just as he cannot live without a heart.

Religion is that relation which a man recognizes as existing between himself and the infinite world surrounding him, or to its beginning and prime cause, and a rational man cannot help but be in some relation to it.

But you will, perhaps, say that the establishment of man's relation to the world is not the business of religion, but of philosophy, or in general of science, if philosophy is to be considered a part of it. I do not think so. I think, on the contrary, that the assumption that science in general, including philosophy in it, is able to establish man's relation to the world is quite faulty and serves as the chief cause of that confusion of ideas concerning religion, science, and morality, which exists in the cultured strata of our society.

Science, with the inclusion of philosophy, cannot establish any relation of man to the infinite world or to its beginning, for the simple reason that before any philosophy or science could have originated, there had already to exist that without which no activity of the mind and no relation whatsoever of man to the world are possible.

Just as no man can by means of any movement find the direction in which he is to move, while every motion inevitably takes place in some direction, so it is impos-

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sible by means of the mental labour of philosophy or science to find the direction in which this labour is to be performed, whereas every mental labour has inevitably to be performed in some one given direction. Such a direction is for every mental work always pointed out by religion. All philosophies known to us, beginning with Plato and ending with Schopenhauer, have inevitably always followed the direction given to them by religion. The philosophy of Plato and of his followers was a pagan philosophy, which investigated the means for the attainment of the highest good for the separate personality, as also for the aggregate of personalities in the state. The mediæval philosophy, which resulted from the same pagan conception of life, investigated the means for the salvation of the personality, that is, for the attainment of the highest good of the personality in the future life, and only in its theocratic endeavours did it treat about the structure of societies.

Modern philosophy, both Hegel's and Comte's, has for its basis the social religious concept of life. Schopenhauer's and Hartmann's philosophy of pessimism, which wanted to free itself from the Jewish religious world-conception, involuntarily fell a prey to the religious foundations of Buddhism. Philosophy has always been and will always be an investigation of what results from man's relation to the world as established by religion, because previous to the establishment of this relation there does not exist any material for the philosophic investigation.

Even so it is with positive science in the narrower sense of this word. Such a science has always been and always will be nothing but an investigation and study of all those subjects and phenomena which present themselves as subject to investigation, in consequence of a certain relation of man to the world, as established by religion.

Science has always been and always will be, not the

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study of "everything," as men of science naïvely think now (that, indeed, is impossible, since there are an infinite number of subjects for investigation), but only of that which religion in regular order and according to the degree of its importance segregates from the infinite number of subjects, phenomena, and conditions that are subject to investigation. And so there is not merely one science, but there are as many sciences as there are degrees of the development of religion. Every religion segregates a certain circle of subjects of investigation, and so the science of every separate time and nation inevitably bears the character of the religion from the standpoint from which it views the subject.

Thus the pagan science which was resuscitated during the Renascence, and which even now flourishes in our society, has always been and continues to be nothing but an investigation of all those conditions under which a man receives the highest good, and of all those phenomena of the world which can furnish it. The Brahmin and the Buddhistic philosophic sciences have always been nothing but an investigation of those conditions under which a man is freed from the sufferings which crush him.. The Jewish science (Talmud) has always been nothing but the study and elucidation of those conditions which must be observed by a man, in order to fulfil his compact with God and keep the chosen people on the height of its calling. The true Christian science, the one which is just germinating, is the investigation of those conditions under which man can know the demands of the higher Will which sent him, and apply them to life.

Neither philosophy nor science can establish man's relations to the world, because such a relation must be established before any philosophy or science can begin. They cannot yet do so, for this other reason also, because science, with the inclusion of philosophy, investigates phenomena intellectually and independently of the posi-

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tion of the investigator and of the sensations experienced by him. But man's relation to the world is not defined by reason alone, but also by feeling, by the whole aggregate of man's spiritual forces. No matter how much people may try to make it clear to a man that everything in existence is only ideas, that everything consists of atoms, or that the essence of life is substance or will, or that heat, light, motion, electricity are different manifestations of one and the same energy, all that will not explain to him, a feeling, suffering, rejoicing, fearing, and hoping being, his place in the universe. Such a place, and so his relation to the world, is pointed out to him only by religion, which says to him: "The universe exists for you, and so take from this life everything you can take from it;" or: "You are a member of the nation which is beloved by God, so serve this nation, do everything prescribed by God, and you will, together with your nation, receive the highest possible good;" or: "You are a tool of the highest Will, which sent you into the world for the purpose of doing the work laid out for you, so get acquainted with this Will and do it, and you will do for yourself the best you can do."

For the comprehension of the data of philosophy and of science, preparation and study are necessary; for the religious comprehension this is not necessary: it is given to every man, even though he be most limited in compresion and most ignorant.

For a man to know his relation to the surrounding world or to its beginning, he does not need any philosophical or scientific knowledge, — a mass of knowledge, by clogging consciousness, is often only in its way, — but only a renunciation of the vanity of the world, even though but for a time, the consciousness of his material insignificance, and righteousness, which is most frequently found, as it says in the Gospel, among children and the simplest, least informed men. For this reason we see

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that frequently the simplest, most uncultured, and uneducated people quite clearly, consciously, and easily accept the highest Christian life-conception, while the most learned and cultured of people continue to persist in the crudest paganism. Thus, for example, we see the most refined and highly cultured people assume the meaning of life to consist in personal enjoyment or in the liberation of self from sufferings, as was assumed by the very clever and highly cultured Schopenhauer, while a half-educated Russian peasant sectarian, without the slightest effort, takes the meaning of life to consist in the same that the greatest sages of the world, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Seneca, took it to consist in, — in the recognition of oneself as the tool of God's will, as the son of God.

But you will ask me: In what does the essence of this unscientific and unphilosophical method of cognition consist? If this cognition is not philosophical and not scientific, what is it? By what is it defined? To these questions I can reply only this, that, since the religious cognition is that on which every other is based, and that which precedes every other cognition, we cannot define it, since we have for it no instrument of definition. In theological parlance this cognition is called revelation. And this appellation, if we do not ascribe to the word "revelation" any false meaning, is quite exact, because this cognition is acquired, not through study, nor through the efforts of an individual person or of individual persons, but only through the comprehension by an individual man or by individual men of the manifestation of infinite reason, which gradually reveals itself to men.

Why could not men ten thousand years ago comprehend that the meaning of their lives is not exhausted by the good of the personality, and why did there then come a time when the higher conception of life, the social, national, political, was revealed to men? Why has the Christian life-conception been revealed to men within our

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historical memory? Why was it revealed to such a man or men, in such and such a time, in such and such a place, in such and such a form? To try to answer these questions, by finding the causes of this life-conception in the historical conditions of the time, life, and character of those people who were the first to make it their own and to express it, — in the peculiar properties of these men, — is the same as trying to answer the question as to why the rising sun first lighted up such objects and no other. The sun of truth, rising higher and higher above the world, illuminates it more and more, and is reflected on those objects which first come under the illumination of the sun's rays and which are most capable of reflecting them. But the qualities which make certain men more capable of receiving this rising truth are not any special active properties of the mind, but, on the contrary, passive qualities of the heart, which rarely coincide with a great and curious mind, — renunciation of the vanity of the world, the recognition of his material insignificance, righteousness, as we see it in the case of all the founders of religion, who never were distinguished for any philosophic or scientific attainments.

In my opinion, the chief error, which more than any other interferes with the true progress of our Christian humanity, consists in this, that the men of science in our time, who are sitting in the seat of Moses, are guided by the pagan world-conception, which was regenerated during the Renascence, and have decided that Christianity is a condition which people have outlived, and that, on the contrary, that pagan, social, antique conception of life, which humanity has actually outlived, and to which they hold, is the highest conception of life, and one which humanity ought unswervingly to profess. With this they not only do not understand the true Christianity, which forms that higher life-conception toward which all humanity moves, but even do not try to understand it.

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The chief source of this misunderstanding consists in this, that the men of science, differing from Christianity and seeing the lack of correspondence between their science and Christianity, have found guilty of it, not their science, but Christianity; that is, they have considered not what is the fact, namely, that their science is eighteen hundred years behind Christianity, which has already taken possession of a great part of modern society, but that Christianity has fallen behind science for eighteen hundred years.

From this exchange of rôles arises that striking phenomenon that no people have more confused conceptions about the essence of the true significance of religions, about religion, about morality, about life, than the men of science; and a still more striking phenomenon is this, that the science of our time, which in its field of the investigation of the conditions of the material world has indeed accomplished great results, has appeared as quite useless in the life of men, and sometimes even produces harmful results.

And so I think that it is not philosophy and not science, but religion that establishes man's relation to the world.

And so, in response to your first question, as to what I understand by the word "religion," I will say: religion is a certain relation which is established by man between himself and the eternal, infinite world, or its beginning and prime cause.

From this answer to the first question naturally results the answer to the second:

If religion is an established relation between man and the world, which determines the meaning of his life, morality is the indication and elucidation of that activity of man which naturally results from this or that relation of man to the world. But since we know only two such

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fundamental relations to the world or to its beginning, if we consider the pagan social relation as an expansion of the personal, or three, if we consider the pagan social relation separately, there exist but three moral teachings: the primitive savage moral teaching, the pagan personal, or social, moral teaching, and the Christian moral teaching, that is, the service of God, or the divine teaching.

From man's first relation to the world arise the moral teaching common to all the pagan religions, which have for their basis the striving after the good of the separate personality, and which, therefore, define all the conditions which give the highest good to the personality and point out the means for the attainment of this good. From this relation to the world result the Epicurean moral teaching in its lowest manifestation, the Mohammedan teaching or morality, which promises a gross good to the personality in this world and in the world to come, and the teaching of the worldly utilitarian morality, which has for its aim only the good of the personality in this world.

From the same teaching, which regards as the aim of life the good of the individual person, and so liberation from the sufferings of the personality, arises the moral teaching of Buddhism in its gross form, and the worldly teaching of pessimism.

From the second, the pagan relation of man to the world, which sets as the aim of life the good of a certain aggregate of personalities, there result the moral teachings which demand of man the service to this aggregate, whose good is recognized to be the aim of life. According to this teaching the enjoyment of the personal good is admitted only to the extent to which it is acquired by the whole aggregate which forms the religious foundation of life. From this relation to the world arise the familiar moral teachings of the ancient Roman and Greek worlds, where the personality always sacrificed itself for society,

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and such is also the Chinese morality; from this same relation arises the Jewish morality, — the subordination of one's good to the good of the chosen nation, and the morality of our time, which demands the sacrifices of the personality for the conventional good of the majority. From the same relation to the universe arises the morality of the majority of women, who sacrifice their personalities for the good of the family, and chiefly of their children.

All ancient history, and partly mediæval and modern history, is full of descriptions of the exploits of this domestic-social morality. And in our time the majority of men, who imagine that, by professing Christianity, they are practising Christian morality, in reality follow nothing but the pagan morality, and this morality they take as the ideal of the education of the younger generation.

From the third, the Christian relation to the world, which consists in man's recognition of himself as a tool of the higher will for the fulfilment of its purposes, there result the moral teachings corresponding to this comprehension of life, which elucidate man's dependence on the higher will, and which determine the demands of this will. From this relation of man to the world result all the higher moral teachings known to humanity, — the Pythagorean, Stoic, Buddhistic, Brahmin, Taoist, in their highest manifestations, and the Christian in its true meaning, which demands the renunciation of the personal will, and not only of the personal, but also of the domestic and the social good, for the sake of doing the will of Him who sent us into this life, as revealed to us in our consciousness. From this second or third relation to the infinite world or its beginning arises the true, unhypocritical morality of every man, independently of what he nominally professes or preaches as morality, or what he wants to seem.

Thus in the case of a man who recognizes the essence of his relation to the world to be the acquisition of the

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highest good for himself, no matter how much he may say about considering it moral to live for the family, for society, for the state, for humanity, or for the fulfilment of God's will, may artfully dissemble before people, deceiving them, the real motive of his activity will always be only the good of his personality, so that, when the necessity of the choice presents itself, he will not sacrifice his personality for the family, for the state, for the fulfilment of God's will, but will sacrifice everything for himself, because, seeing the meaning of his life only in the good of his personality, he cannot act differently, so long as he does not change his relation to the world.

Similarly, no matter how much a man, whose relation to the world consists in serving his family (women are preëminently such), or his race, his nation (such are the men of the oppressed nationalities or politicians in the time of struggle), may say that he is a Christian, his morality will always be either domestic or national, but not Christian, and when the necessity comes of choosing between the domestic, the social, and the personal good, or between the social good and the fulfilment of God's will, he will inevitably choose the service of the good of that aggregate of men for which he exists, according to his world-conception, because only in this service does he see the meaning of his life. And similarly, no matter how much a man who takes his relation to the world to consist in the fulfilment of the will of Him who sent him, may be impressed with the idea that he should, in conformity with the demands of personality, family, the nation, humanity, commit acts that are contrary to this higher will, which is cognized by him in the name of the qualities of reason and love implanted in him, he will always sacrifice all his human ties only not to transgress the will of Him who sent him, because only in the fulfilment of this will does he see the meaning of his life.

Morality cannot be independent of religion, because it

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is not only the consequence of religion, that is, of the relation which a man recognizes himself to have to the world, but is already included, implied, in religion. Every religion is an answer to the question as to what constitutes the meaning of one's life. And the religious answer includes a certain moral demand which at times may arise after the explanation of the meaning of life, and at times before it. In response to the question as to the meaning of life we may say: the meaning of life is in the good of personality, and so enjoy all the goods that are accessible to you; or: the meaning of life is in the good of a certain group of men, and so serve this group with all your strength; or: the meaning of life is in the doing of the will of Him who sent you, and so try with all your strength to know this will and to do it. The same question may also be answered as follows: the meaning of your life is in your personal enjoyment, because in this does man's destiny lie; or: the meaning of your life is in the service of that aggregate of which you consider yourself to be a member, because in this does your destiny lie; or: the meaning of your life is in the service of God, because in this does your destiny lie.

Morality is contained in the explanation of life as given by religion, and so it can in no way be separated from religion. This truth is particularly evident in the attempts of the non-Christian philosophers to deduce the teaching of the highest morality from their philosophy. These philosophers see that the Christian philosophy is indispensable, that it is impossible to live without it; more than that: they see that it exists, and they want in some way to connect it with their non-Christian philosophy and even to represent matters in such a form as though the Christian philosophy resulted from their pagan or social philosophy. This they try to do, but it is these very attempts that more obviously than anything else show, not only the independence of the Christian morality, but

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even the complete contradiction between it and the pagan philosophy.

The Christian ethics, the one which we recognize in consequence of our religious world-conception, not only demands the sacrifice of the personality for the aggregate of personalities, but also the renunciation of one's own personality and of the aggregate of personalities for the purpose of serving God; but the pagan philosophy investigates only the means for attaining the greatest good of the personality or of the aggregate of personalities, and so the contradiction is inevitable. In order to conceal this contradiction, there is but one means, — and that is, to heap abstract conventional concepts upon one another. Thus preëminently have acted the philosophers since the time of the Renascence, and to this circumstance — to the impossibility of harmonizing the demands of the Christian morality, which is assumed in advance as given, with philosophy, which starts from pagan foundations — has to be ascribed that terrible abstraction, obscurity, incomprehensibility, and estrangement from life, which are displayed by the modern philosophy. With the exception of Spinoza, who in his philosophy, in spite of his not being a Christian, starts from truly Christian foundations, and of ingenious Kant, who established his ethics independently of his metaphysics, all the other philosophers, even brilliant Schopenhauer, apparently invent an artificial connection between their ethics and their metaphysics.

It is felt that the Christian ethics is something given in advance, which stands quite firmly and independently of philosophy and is in no need of the fictitious supports which are put under it, and that philosophy only invents such propositions that the given ethics may not contradict it, but may combine with it and, as it were, result from it. But all these propositions seem to justify the Christian ethics only so long as they are viewed in the

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abstract. The moment they are applied to questions of practical life, not only the disagreement, but even the obvious contradiction, between the philosophic bases with what we consider to be morality comes out in full force.

Unfortunate Nietzsche, who has of late become so famous, is precious in so far as he points out this contradiction. He is incontrovertible, when he says that all the rules of morality, from the standpoint of the existing non-Christian philosophy, are nothing but lying and hypocrisy, and that it is more advantageous, more agreeable, and more rational for people to form a society of *Uebermenschen* and be such, than to be that crowd which must serve only as a scaffolding for these *Uebermenschen*. No structures of philosophy, which starts from the pagan philosophical world-conception, can prove to man that it is more advantageous and rational for him to live, not for his desirable, comprehensible, and possible good, or for the good of his family, his society, but for a foreign, undesirable, and incomprehensible good, which is inaccessible by any human insignificant means. A philosophy which is based on the comprehension of life as to be contained in the good of man will never be able to prove to a rational man, who knows that he may die any moment, that it is good and proper for him to renounce his desirable, comprehensible, and undoubted good, not even for the good of others, because he can never know what the consequences from his sacrifice will be, but only because it is proper and good, because it is a categorical imperative.

It is impossible to prove this from the standpoint of pagan philosophy. To prove that all men are equal, that it is better for a man to give his life in the service of others than to make other men serve him, by treading on their lives, it is necessary differently to define one's relation to the world: it is necessary to prove that man's position is such that he has nothing else to do, because the meaning of his life is only in the fulfilment of the will

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of Him who sent him; but the will of Him who sent him is that he should give his life for the service of men. It is only religion which makes this change in man's relation to the world.

The same is true of the attempts to deduce Christian morality from the fundamental positions of pagan science, and to harmonize the two. No sophisms and no sinuosities of thought will destroy the simple and obvious position that the law of evolution, which lies at the foundation of the whole science of our time, is based on a general, eternal, and unchangeable law, on the law of the struggle for existence and of the survival of the fittest, and that, therefore, every man, for the attainment of his good or of the good of his society, must be this fittest and must make his society such, in order that not he and not his society, but some other, less fitted one, may perish.

No matter how much certain naturalists, who have become frightened at the logical conclusions from this law, and from their application to human life, may try to bury this law under words and circumvent it, all their attempts only show more obviously the ineradicability of this law, which guides the life of the whole organic world, and so also of man viewed as an animal.

Just as I was writing this, there appeared a Russian translation of Mr. Huxley's article, composed from a late lecture of his on evolution and ethics, which he delivered before some English society.

In this article the learned professor, like our well-known Professor Bekétov and many others who have written on the same subject with the same lack of success as their predecessors, tries to prove that the struggle for existence does not impair morality, and that with the recognition of the law of the struggle for existence as the fundamental law of life, morality can not only exist, but even be perfected. Mr. Huxley's article is full of all kinds of jests, verses, and general considerations of the

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religion and the philosophy of the ancients, and in consequence of this is so full of flourishes, and so confused, that it is only with great difficulty that one can get at its fundamental idea. This idea is as follows: the law of evolution is contrary to the law of morality, — this was known to the ancients, both of the Greek and of the Indian world. The philosophy and the religion of the two nations brought them to the teaching of self-renunciation. This teaching, according to the author's view, is incorrect, and this is what is correct: there exists a law, which the author calls the cosmic law, according to which all beings fight among themselves, and only the fittest survives. Man, too, is subject to this law, and only thanks to this law has man developed into what he now is. But this law is contrary to morality. How is this law to be harmonized with morality? Like this: there exists a social progress, which strives to retard the cosmic and to substitute for it another process, the ethical, whose purpose is no longer the survival of the fittest, but of the best in the ethical sense. Mr. Huxley does not explain whence comes this ethical process, but in the nineteenth note he says that the basis of this progress consists in this, that on the one hand men, like the animals, themselves like to be in society, and repress in themselves the property which is detrimental for society, and on the other, the members of society forcibly suppress the acts which are contrary to the good of society. It appears to Mr. Huxley that this process, which causes people to bridle their passions for the preservation of the aggregate of which they are members, and the fear of being punished for the violation of the orders of the aggregate, are the same ethical law, the existence of which he has to prove.

Morality is something constantly developing and growing, and so the non-violation of the established rules of a certain society, their retention by any external means, of which Mr. Huxley speaks as of tools of morality, will not

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only fail to be a confirmation, but will even be a violation of morality. Every cannibal who stops eating his like, and acts in conformity with this, will violate the order of his society. And it is unquestionable that every truly moral act, which advances morality, will always be a violation of the habits of society. And so, if in society there has appeared a law according to which men sacrifice their advantages for the preservation of the integrity of their society, this law is not an ethical law, but, on the contrary, generally a law which is opposed to every ethics, the same law of the struggle for existence, only in a latent condition. It is the same struggle for existence, only that it is transferred from the units to their aggregate. It is not the cessation of fighting, but the swinging of the hand in order to strike more powerfully.

If the law of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest is an eternal law of everything living (and it cannot be viewed otherwise in the case of man considered as an animal), no confused reflections concerning the social progress and the ethical law, which, like the *deus ex machina*, leaping out no one knows whence, is supposed to result from it, can impair this law.

If social progress, as Mr. Huxley asserts, collects people into groups, the same struggle and the same survival will take place among families, tribes, nations, and this struggle will not only not be more moral, but will be much more cruel and immoral, than the struggle of individuals, as we see to be the case in reality.

If we assume the impossible, namely, that all humanity will in a thousand years, through the one social progress, be united into one whole, will form one nation and one state, even then, to say nothing of the fact that the struggle, made void between the nations, will pass into the struggle between humanity and the world of animals, struggle will always remain struggle, that is, an activity which radically excludes the possibility of the Christian

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morality as recognized by us. To say nothing of this, even then the struggle between the individuals forming aggregates, and between the aggregates of families, tribes, nationalities, will not in the least be diminished, but will only take place in another form, as we see in all the combinations of men into social groups. Members of a family quarrel and struggle among themselves as much as outsiders, and frequently more savagely and more furiously.

Similarly in the state: among the men who live in the state there is continued the same struggle as among the men living outside the state, only under different forms. If the feeble are saved in the family and in the state, this does not happen at all in consequence of their social union, but because among the men united into families and states there is self-sacrifice and love. If outside the family only the fittest of two children survives, while in the family, with a good mother, both will remain alive, this is not at all due to the combination of men into families, but because mothers have love and self-sacrifice. But neither self-sacrifice nor love can in any way result from social progress.

To assert that social progress produces morality is the same as to assert that the construction of stoves produces heat.

Heat is produced by the sun, and stoves produce heat only when wood, that is, sun's work, is put into them. Similarly morality results from religion, while the special forms of life produce morality only when into these forms of life have been put the consequences of the religious influence upon people, — morality.

Fires may be made in stoves, and then they will give heat, or no fires may be made in them, and then they will remain cold; similarly the social forms may include morality and then morally affect society, or not include morality and then remain without any effect upon society.

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Christian morality cannot be based on the pagan comprehension of life, and cannot be deduced from philosophy, nor from non-Christian science; it not only cannot be deduced from them, but cannot even be harmonized with them.

Thus every serious, severe, consistent philosophy and science have always understood the matter. "If our propositions do not agree with morality, so much the worse for it," quite correctly say such philosophy and science, and they continue to carry on their investigations.

Ethical treatises, which are not based on religion, and even lay catechisms are written and taught, and people may imagine that humanity is guided by them, but that only seems so, because in reality men are not guided by these treatises and catechisms, but by religion, which they have always had, while the treatises and catechisms only imitate what naturally results from religion.

The prescriptions of the lay morality that are not based on the religious teaching are very much like what a man would do if, not knowing music, he should take the director's place and swing his arms in front of the musicians doing their usual work. The music, thanks to inertia and to what the musicians have learned from previous directors, would last a little while longer; but it is evident that the swaying of the baton by him who does not know music would not only not be useful, but would in time certainly confuse the musicians and break up the orchestra. A similar confusion is beginning to take place in the minds of the men of our time, in consequence of the attempts of the leaders to teach a morality which is not based on that higher religion which is being adopted and partly is already adopted by the Christian morality. The attempts at founding a morality outside of religion are like what children do, when, wishing to transplant a plant to which they have taken a fancy, they tear off the root, which they do not like and which seems super-

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fluous, and without the root stick the plant into the ground. Without a religious foundation there can be no real, sincere morality, just as without a root there can be no real plant.

And so, replying to your two questions, I say: "Religion is a certain relation, established by man, of his separate personality to the infinite world or to its beginning; but morality is a constant guide of life, resulting from this relation."

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Kingdom of God Is within You	1
Christianity and Patriotism	381
Reason and Religion	459
Patriotism or Peace	467
Letter to Ernest Howard Crosby	481

INTRODUCTIONS TO BOOKS

A. Stockham's Tokology	499
Amiel's Diary	501
S. T. Seménov's Peasant Stories	506
Works of Guy de Maupassant	509

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THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU

Or, Christianity Not as a Mystical Teaching but as a New Concept of Life

1893

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THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU

Or, Christianity Not as a Mystical Teaching but as a New Concept of Life

And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free (John viii. 23).

And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell (Matt. x. 28).

Ye are bought with a price; be not ye the servants of men (1. Cor. vii. 23).

In the year 1884 I wrote a book under the title, *My Religion*. In this book I really expounded what my religion is.

In expounding my belief in Christ's teaching, I could not help but express the reason why I do not believe in the ecclesiastic faith, which is generally called Christianity, and why I consider it to be a delusion.

Among the many deviations of this teaching of Christ, I pointed out the chief deviation, namely, the failure to acknowledge the commandment of non-resistance to evil, which more obviously than any other shows the distortion of Christ's teaching in the church doctrine.

I knew very little, like the rest of us, as to what had

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been done and preached and written in former days on this subject of non-resistance to evil. I knew what had been said on this subject by the fathers of the church, Origen, Tertullian, and others, and I knew also that there have existed certain so-called sects of the Mennonites, Herrnhuters, Quakers, who do not admit for a Christian the use of weapons and who do not enter military service, but what had been done by these so-called sects for the solution of this question was quite unknown to me.

My book, as I expected, was held back by the Russian censor, but, partly in consequence of my reputation as a writer, partly because it interested people, this book was disseminated in manuscripts and lithographic reprints in Russia and in translations abroad, and called forth, on the one hand, on the part of men who shared my views, a series of references to works written on the subject, and, on the other, a series of criticisms on the thoughts expressed in that book itself.

Both, together with the historical phenomena of recent times, have made many things clear to me and have brought me to new deductions and conclusions, which I wish to express.

First I shall tell of the information which I received concerning the history of the question of non-resistance to evil, then of the opinions on this subject which were expressed by ecclesiastic critics, that is, such as profess the Christian religion, and also by laymen, that is, such as do not profess the Christian religion; and finally, those deductions to which I was brought by both and by the historical events of recent times.

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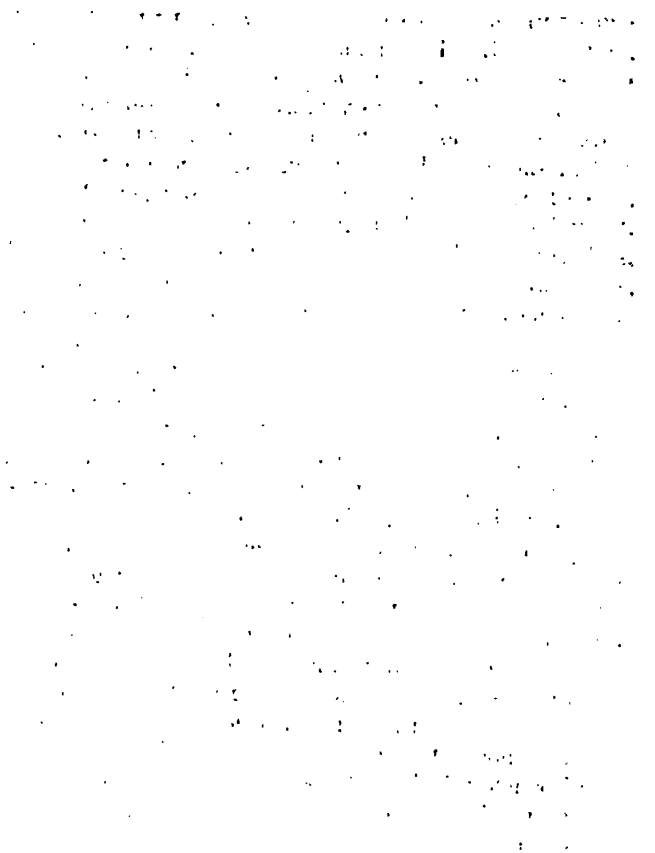

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I.

Among the first answers to my book there came some letters from the American Quakers. In these letters, which express their sympathy with my views concerning the unlawfulness for Christianity of all violence and war, the Quakers informed me of the details of their so-called sect, which for more than two hundred years has in fact professed Christ's teaching about non-resistance to evil, and which has used no arms in order to defend itself. With their letters, the Quakers sent me their pamphlets, periodicals, and books. From these periodicals, pamphlets, and books which they sent me I learned to what extent they had many years ago incontestably proved the obligation for a Christian to fulfil the commandment about non-resistance to evil and had laid bare the incorrectness of the church teaching, which admitted executions and wars.

Having proved, by a whole series of considerations and texts, that war, that is, the maiming and killing of men, is incompatible with a religion which is based on love of peace and good-will to men, the Quakers affirm and prove that nothing has so much contributed to the obscuration of Christ's truth in the eyes of the pagans and impeded the dissemination of Christianity in the world as the non-acknowledgment of this commandment by men who called themselves Christians, — as the permission granted to a Christian to wage war and use violence.

"Christ's teaching, which entered into the consciousness of men, not by means of the sword and of violence," they say, "but by means of non-resistance to evil, can be disseminated in the world only through humility, meekness, peace, concord, and love among its followers.

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"A Christian, according to the teaching of God Himself, can be guided in his relations to men by peace only, and so there cannot be such an authority as would compel a Christian to act contrary to God's teaching and contrary to the chief property of a Christian in relation to those who are near to him.

"The rule of state necessity," they say, "may compel those to become untrue to God's law, who for the sake of worldly advantages try to harmonize what cannot be harmonized, but for a Christian, who sincerely believes in this, that the adherence to Christ's teaching gives him salvation, this rule can have no meaning."

My acquaintance with the activity of the Quakers and with their writings, — with Fox, Paine, and especially with Dymond's book (1827), — showed me that not only had the impossibility of uniting Christianity with violence and war been recognized long ago, but that this incompatibility had long ago been proved so clearly and so incontestably that one has only to marvel how this impossible connection of the Christian teaching with violence, which has been preached all this time by the churches, could have been continued.

Besides the information received by me from the Quakers, I, at about the same time, received, again from America, information in regard to the same subject from an entirely different source, which had been quite unknown to me before.

The son of William Lloyd Garrison, the famous champion for the liberation of the negroes, wrote to me that, when he read my book, in which he found ideas resembling those expressed by his father in 1838, he, assuming that it might be interesting for me to know this, sent me the "Declaration of Non-resistance," which his father had made about fifty years ago.

This declaration had its origin under the following conditions: William Lloyd Garrison, in speaking before a

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society for the establishment of peace among men, which existed in America in 1838, about the measures for abolishing war, came to the conclusion that the establishment of universal peace could be based only on the obvious recognition of the commandment of non-resistance to evil (Matt. v. 39) in all its significance, as this was understood by the Quakers, with whom Garrison stood in friendly relations. When he came to this conclusion, he formulated and proposed to the society the following declaration, which was then, in 1838, signed by many members.

DECLARATION OF SENTIMENTS ADOPTED BY THE PEACE CONVENTION, HELD IN BOSTON IN 1838

"We, the undersigned, regard it as due to ourselves, to the cause which we love, to the country in which we live, and to the world, to publish a Declaration, expressive of the principles we cherish, the purposes we aim to accomplish, and the measures we shall adopt to carry forward the work of peaceful and universal reformation.

"We cannot acknowledge allegiance to any human government. . . . We recognize but one King and Lawgiver, one Judge and Ruler of mankind. . . .

"Our country is the world, our countrymen are all mankind. We love the land of our nativity, only as we love all other lands. The interests, rights, and liberties of American citizens are no more dear to us than are those of the whole human race. Hence we can allow no appeal to patriotism, to revenge any national insult or injury. . . .

"We conceive, that if a nation has no right to defend itself against foreign enemies, or to punish its invaders, no individual possesses that right in his own case. The unit cannot be of greater importance than the aggregate. . . . But if a rapacious and bloodthirsty soldiery, throng-

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ing these shores from abroad, with intent to commit rapine and destroy life, may not be resisted by the people or magistracy, then ought no resistance to be offered to domestic troublers of the public peace, or of private security. . . .

"The dogma, that all the governments of the world are approvingly ordained of God, and that the powers that be in the United States, in Russia, in Turkey, are in accordance with His will, is not less absurd than impious. It makes the impartial Author of human freedom and equality unequal and tyrannical. It cannot be affirmed that the powers that be, in any nation, are actuated by the spirit, or guided by the example of Christ, in the treatment of enemies: therefore, they cannot be agreeable to the will of God: and, therefore, their overthrow, by a spiritual regeneration of their subjects, is inevitable.

"We register our testimony, not only against all wars, whether offensive or defensive, but all preparations for war; against every naval ship, every arsenal, every fortification; against the militia system and a standing army; against all military chieftains and soldiers; against all monuments commemorative of victory over a foreign foe, all trophies won in battle, all celebrations in honour of military or naval exploits: against all appropriations for the defence of a nation by force and arms on the part of any legislative body; against every edict of government, requiring of its subjects military service. Hence, we deem it unlawful to bear arms, or to hold a military office.

"As every human government is upheld by physical strength, and its laws are enforced virtually at the point of the bayonet, we cannot hold any office which imposes upon its incumbent the obligation to do right, on pain of imprisonment or death. We therefore voluntarily exclude ourselves from every legislative and judicial body, and repudiate all human politics, worldly honours, and stations of authority. If we cannot occupy a seat in the legisla-

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ture, or on the bench, neither can we elect others to act as our substitutes in any such capacity.

"It follows that we cannot sue any man at law, to compel him by force to restore anything which he may have wrongfully taken from us or others; but, if he has seized our coat, we shall surrender up our cloak, rather than subject him to punishment.

"We believe that the penal code of the old covenant, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, has been abrogated by Jesus Christ; and that, under the new covenant, the forgiveness, instead of the punishment of enemies, has been enjoined upon all His disciples, in all cases whatsoever. To extort money from enemies, or set them upon a pillory, or cast them into prison, or hang them upon a gallows, is obviously not to forgive, but to take retribution. . . .

"The history of mankind is crowded with evidences, proving that physical coercion is not adapted to moral regeneration; that the sinful disposition of man can be subdued only by love; that evil can be exterminated from the earth only by goodness; that it is not safe to rely upon an arm of flesh. . . . to preserve us from harm; that there is great security in being gentle, harmless, long-suffering, and abundant in mercy; that it is only the meek who shall inherit the earth, for the violent, who resort to the sword, shall perish with the sword. Hence, as a measure of sound policy, of safety to property, life, and liberty, of public quietude, and private enjoyment, as well as on the ground of allegiance to Him who is King of kings, and Lord of lords, we cordially adopt the non-resistance principle; being confident that it provides for all possible consequences, will ensure all things needful to us, is armed with omnipotent power, and must ultimately triumph over every assailing foe.

"We advocate no jacobinical doctrines. The spirit of jacobinism is the spirit of retaliation, violence, and mur-

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der. It neither fears God, nor regards man. We would be filled with the spirit of Christ. If we abide by our principles, it is impossible for us to be disorderly, or plot treason, or participate in any evil work: we shall submit to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake; obey all the requirements of government, except such as we deem contrary to the commands of the gospel; and in no wise resist the operation of law, except by meekly submitting to the penalty of disobedience.

"But, while we shall adhere to the doctrines of non-resistance and passive submission to enemies, we purpose, in a moral and spiritual sense, to speak and act boldly in the cause of God; to assail iniquity in high places and in low places; to apply our principles to all existing civil, political, legal, and ecclesiastical institutions; and to hasten the time when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever.

"It appears to us as a self-evident truth, that, whatever the gospel is designed to destroy, any period of the world, being contrary to it, ought now to be abandoned. If, then, the time is predicted, when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks, and men shall not learn the art of war any more, it follows that all who manufacture, sell, or wield these deadly weapons do thus array themselves against the peaceful dominion of the Son of God on earth.

"Having thus briefly, but frankly, stated our principles and purposes, we proceed to specify the measures we propose to adopt, in carrying our object into effect.

"We expect to prevail through the foolishness of preaching — striving to commend ourselves unto every man's conscience, in the sight of God. From the press, we shall promulgate our sentiments as widely as practicable. We shall endeavour to secure the coöperation of all persons, of whatever name or sect. . . . Hence we shall employ

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lectures, circulate tracts and publications, form societies, and petition our State and national governments in relation to the subject of universal peace. It will be our leading object to devise ways and means for effecting a radical change in the views, feelings, and practices of society respecting the sinfulness of war, and the treatment of enemies.

"In entering upon the great work before us, we are not unmindful that, in its prosecution, we may be called to test our sincerity, even as in a fiery ordeal. It may subject us to insult, outrage, suffering, yea, even death itself. We anticipate no small amount of misconception, misrepresentation, calumny. Tumults may arise against us. The ungodly and the violent, the proud and pharisaical, the ambitious and tyrannical, principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places, may combine to crush us. So they treated the Messiah, whose example we are humbly striving to imitate. . . . We shall not be afraid of their terror, neither be troubled. Our confidence is in the Lord Almighty, not in man. Having withdrawn from human protection, what can sustain us but that faith which overcomes the world? We shall not think it strange concerning the fiery ordeal which is to try us, as though some strange thing had happened unto us; but rejoice, inasmuch as we are partakers of Christ's sufferings. Wherefore, we commit the keeping of our souls to God, in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator. 'For every one that forsakes houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for Christ's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life.'

"Firmly relying upon the certain and universal triumph of the sentiments contained in this Declaration, however formidable may be the opposition arrayed against them, in solemn testimony of our faith in their divine origin, we hereby affix our signatures to it; commending it to the

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reason and conscience of mankind, giving ourselves no anxiety as to what may befall us, and resolving, in the strength of the Lord God, calmly and meekly to abide the issue."

Immediately after this declaration Garrison founded a society of non-resistance, and a periodical, called *The Non-Resistant*, in which was preached the doctrine of non-resistance in all its significance and with all its consequences, as it had been expressed in the "Declaration." The information as to the later fate of the society and the periodical of non-resistance I received from the beautiful biography of William Lloyd Garrison, written by his sons.

The society and the periodical did not exist long: the majority of Garrison's collaborators in matters of freeing the slaves, fearing lest the too radical demands, as expressed in *The Non-Resistant*, might repel people from the practical work of the liberation of the negroes, refused to profess the principle of non-resistance, as it had been expressed in the "Declaration," and the society and the periodical ceased to exist.

This "Declaration" by Garrison, which so powerfully and so beautifully expressed such an important profession of faith, ought, it seems, to have startled men and to have become universally known and a subject of wide discussion. But nothing of the kind happened. It is not only unknown in Europe, but even among the Americans, who so highly esteem Garrison's memory, this declaration is almost unknown.

The same ingloriousness has fallen to the share of another champion of non-resistance to evil, the American Adin Ballou, who lately died, and who preached this doctrine for fifty years. How little is known of what refers to the question of non-resistance may be seen from the fact that Garrison's son, who has written an excellent biography of his father in four volumes, this son of Garrison, in reply to my question whether the society of non-

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resistance was still in existence, and whether there were any followers of it, answered me that so far as he knew the society had fallen to pieces, and there existed no followers of this doctrine, whereas at the time of his writing, there lived in Hopedale, Massachusetts, Adin Ballou, who had taken part in Garrison's labours and had devoted fifty years of his life to the oral and printed propaganda of the doctrine of non-resistance. Later on I received a letter from Wilson, a disciple and assistant of Ballou, and entered into direct communication with Ballou himself. I wrote to Ballou, and he answered me and sent me his writings. Here are a few extracts from them:

"Jesus Christ is my Lord and Master," says Ballou in one of the articles,[1] in which he arraigns the inconsistency of the Christians who recognize the right of defence and war. "I have covenanted to forsake all and follow Him, through good and evil report, until death. But I am nevertheless a Democratic-Republican citizen of the United States, implicitly sworn to bear true allegiance to my country, and to support its Constitution, if need be, with my life. Jesus Christ requires me to do unto others as I would that others should do unto me. The Constitution of the United States requires me to do unto twenty-seven hundred slaves" (there were slaves then, now we may put the working people in their place) "the very contrary of what I would have them do unto me, viz., assist to keep them in a grievous bondage. . . . But I am quite easy. I vote on. I help govern on. I am willing to hold any office I may be elected to under the Constitution. And I am still a Christian. I profess on. I find no difficulty in keeping covenant both with Christ and the Constitution. . . .

"Jesus Christ forbids me to resist evil-doers by taking eye for eye, tooth for tooth, blood for blood, and life for

[1] In *The Non-Resistant*, Vol. I., No. 4, Hopedale, Milford, Mass., Feb. 15, 1845.

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life.' My government requires the very reverse, and depends, for its own self-preservation, on the halter, the musket, and the sword, seasonably employed against its domestic and foreign enemies. Accordingly, the land is well furnished with gibbets, prisons, arsenals, train-bands, soldiers, and ships-of-war. In the maintenance and use of this expensive life-destroying apparatus, we can exemplify the virtues of forgiving our injurers, loving our enemies, blessing them that curse us, and doing good to those that hate us. For this reason, we have regular Christian chaplains to pray for us, and call down the sins of God on our holy murderers. . . .

"I see it all; and yet I insist that I am as good a Christian as ever. I fellowship all; I vote on; I help govern on; I profess on; and I glory in being at once a devoted Christian, and a no less devoted adherent to the existing government. I will not give in to those miserable non-resistant notions. I will not throw away my political influence, and leave unprincipled men to carry on government alone. . . .

"The Constitution says, 'Congress shall have power to declare war.' . . . I agree to this. I endorse it. I swear to help carry it through. . . . What then, am I less a Christian? Is not war a Christian service? Is it not perfectly Christian to murder hundreds of thousands of fellow human beings; to ravish defenceless females, sack and burn cities, and exact all the other cruelties of war? Out upon these new-fangled scruples! This is the very way to forgive injuries, and love our enemies! If we only do it all in true love, nothing can be more Christian than wholesale murder!"

In another pamphlet, under the title, *How Many Does It Take?*[1] he says, "How many does it take to metamorphose wickedness into righteousness? One man must

[1] Not a pamphlet, but an article in *The Non-Resistant*, Vol. i. No. 4, and very imperfectly quoted by Tolstóy.

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not kill. If he does, it is murder. Two, ten, one hundred men, acting on their own responsibility, must not kill. If they do, it is still murder. But a state or nation may kill as many as they please, and it is no murder. It is just, necessary, commendable, and right. Only get people enough to agree to it, and the butchery of myriads of human beings is perfectly innocent. But how many men does it take? This is the question. Just so with theft, robbery, burglary, and all other crimes. . . . But a whole nation can commit it. . . . But how many does it take?"[1]

Here is Ballou's catechism, composed for his flock (*The Catechism of Non-Resistance*[2]):

Q. Whence originated the term "non-resistance?"

A. From the injunction, "Resist not evil," Matt. v. 39.

Q. What does the term signify?

A. It expresses a high Christian virtue, prescribed by Christ.

Q. Is the word "resistance" to be taken in its widest meaning, that is, as showing that no resistance whatever is to be shown to evil?

A. No, it is to be taken in the strict sense of the Saviour's injunction; that is, we are not to retaliate evil with evil. Evil is to be resisted by all just means, but never with evil.

Q. From what can we see that Christ in such cases prescribed non-resistance?

A. From the words which He then used. He said,

[1] To this Tolstóy adds, on his own responsibility: "Why must one, ten, one hundred men not violate God's law, while very many may?"

[2] Translated freely, with some omissions. — *Author's Note.* I fail to find this *Catechism* in any of Ballou's writings accessible in and about Boston. The nearest approach to these questions and answers is found scattered throughout his *Christian Non-Resistance, in Its Important Bearings, Illustrated and Defended*, Philadelphia, 1846.

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"Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also."

Q. To whom does Jesus refer in the words, "It has been said?"

A. To the patriarchs and prophets, to what they said,—to what is contained in the writings of the Old Testament, which the Jews generally call the Law and the Prophets.

Q. What injunctions did Christ mean by "It hath been said?"

A. Those injunctions by which Noah, Moses, and other prophets authorize men to inflict personal injury on injurers, in order to punish and destroy evil.

Q. Quote these precepts.

A. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made He man (Gen. ix. 6). He that smiteth a man, so that he die, shall be surely put to death, and if any mischief follow, then thou shalt give life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe (Ex. xxi. 12, 23–25).

And he that killeth any man shall surely be put to death. And if a man cause a blemish in his neighbour; as he hath done, so shall it be done to him: breach for breach, eye for eye, tooth for tooth: as he hath caused a blemish in a man, so shall it be done to him again (Lev. xxiv. 17, 19, 20).

And the judges shall make diligent inquisition: and, behold, if the witness be a false witness, and hath testified falsely against his brother; then shall ye do unto him, as he had thought to have done unto his brother: and thine eye shall not pity; but life shall go for life,

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eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot (Deut. xix. 18, 19, 21). These are the precepts of which Jesus is speaking.

Noah, Moses, and the prophets taught that he who kills, maims, and tortures his neighbours does evil. To resist such evil and destroy it, the doer of evil is to be punished by death or maiming or some personal injury. Insult is to be opposed to insult, murder to murder, torture to torture, evil to evil. Thus taught Noah, Moses, and the prophets. But Christ denies it all. "But I say unto you," it says in the Gospel, "that ye resist not evil, resist not an insult with an insult, but rather bear the repeated insult from the doer of evil." What was authorized is prohibited. If we understand what kind of resistance they taught, we clearly see what we are taught by Christ's non-resistance.

Q. Did the ancients authorize the resistance of insult with insult?

A. Yes; but Jesus prohibited this. A Christian has under no condition the right to deprive of life or to subject to insult him who does evil to his neighbour.

Q. May a man kill or maim another in self-defence?

A. No.

Q. May he enter a court with a complaint, to have his insulter punished?

A. No; for what he is doing through others, he is in reality doing in his own person.

Q. May he fight with an army against enemies, or against domestic rebels?

A. Of course not. He cannot take any part in war or warlike preparations. He cannot use death-dealing arms. He cannot resist injury with injury, no matter whether he be alone or with others, through himself or through others.

Q. May he choose or fit out military men for the government?

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A. He can do nothing of the kind, if he wishes to be true to Christ's law.

Q. May he voluntarily give money, to aid the government, which is supported by military forces, capital punishment, and violence in general?

A. No, if the money is not intended for some special object, just in itself, where the aim and means are good.

Q. May he pay taxes to such a government?

A. No; he must not voluntarily pay the taxes, but he must also not resist their collection. The taxes imposed by the government are collected independently of the will of the subjects. It is impossible to resist the collection, without having recourse to violence; but a Christian must not use violence, and so he must give up his property to the violence which is exerted by the powers.

Q. May a Christian vote at elections and take part in a court or in the government?

A. No; the participation in elections, in the court, or in the government, is a participation in governmental violence.

Q. In what does the chief significance of the doctrine of non-resistance consist?

A. In that it alone makes it possible to tear the evil out by the root, both out of one's own heart and out of the neighbour's heart. This doctrine forbids doing that by which evil is perpetuated and multiplied. He who attacks another and insults him, engenders in another the sentiment of hatred, the root of all evil. To offend another, because he offended us, for the specious reason of removing an evil, means to repeat an evil deed, both against him and against ourselves, — to beget, or at least to free, to encourage, the very demon whom we claim we wish to expel. Satan cannot be driven out by Satan, untruth cannot be cleansed by untruth, and evil cannot be vanquished by evil.

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True non-resistance is the one true resistance to evil. It kills and finally destroys the evil sentiment.

Q. But, if the idea of the doctrine is right, is it practicable?

A. It is as practicable as any good prescribed by the Law of God. The good cannot under all circumstances be executed without self-renunciation, privation, suffering, and, in extreme cases, without the loss of life itself. But he who values life more than the fulfilment of God's will is already dead to the one true life. Such a man, in trying to save his life, shall lose it. Besides, in general, where non-resistance costs the sacrifice of one life, or the sacrifice of some essential good of life, resistance costs thousands of such sacrifices.

Non-resistance preserves, resistance destroys.

It is incomparably safer to act justly than unjustly; to bear an insult than to resist it with violence, — it is safer even in relation to the present life. If all men did not resist evil with evil, the world would be blessed.

Q. But if only a few shall act thus, what will become of them?

A. If only one man acted thus, and all the others agreed to crucify him, would it not be more glorious for him to die in the triumph of non-resisting love, praying for his enemies, than to live wearing the crown of Cæsar, bespattered with the blood of the slain? But one or thousands who have firmly determined not to resist evil with evil, whether among the enlightened or among savage neighbours, are much safer from violence than those who rely on violence. A robber, murderer, deceiver, will more quickly leave them alone than those who resist with weapons. They who take the sword perish with the sword, and those who seek peace, who act in a friendly manner, inoffensively, who forget and forgive offences, for the most part enjoy peace or, if they die, die blessed.

Thus, if all kept the commandment of non-resistance, it

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is evident that there would be no offences, no evil deeds. If these formed a majority, they would establish the reign of love and good-will, even toward the ill-disposed, by never resisting evil with evil, never using violence. If there were a considerable minority of these, they would have such a corrective, moral effect upon society that every cruel punishment would be abolished, and violence and enmity would be changed to peace and love. If there were but a small minority of them, they would rarely experience anything worse than the contempt of the world, and the world would in the meantime, without noticing it, and without feeling itself under obligation, become wiser and better from this secret influence. And if, in the very worst case, a few members of the minority should be persecuted to death, these men, dying for the truth, would leave behind them their teaching, which is already sanctified by their martyr's death.

Peace be with all who seek peace, and all-conquering love be the imperishable inheritance of every soul, which voluntarily submits to the Law of Christ: "Resist not evil." In the course of fifty years, Ballou wrote and edited books dealing mainly with the question of non-resistance to evil. In these works, which are beautiful in their lucidity of thought and elegance of expression, the question is discussed from every possible side. He establishes the obligatoriness of this commandment for every Christian who professes the Bible as a divine revelation. He adduces all the customary retorts to the commandment of non-resistance, both from the Old Testament and from the New, as, for example, the expulsion from the temple, and so forth, and all these are overthrown; he shows, independently of Scripture, the practical wisdom of this rule, and adduces all the objections which are usually made to it, and meets all these objections. Thus one chapter of a work of his treats of non-resistance to evil in exclusive cases, and here he acknowledges that,

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if there were cases when the application of non-resistance to evil were impossible, this would prove that the rule is altogether untenable. In adducing these special cases, he proves that it is precisely in them that the application of this rule is necessary and rational. There is not a single side of the question, either for his followers or for his adversaries, which is not investigated in these works. I say all this, in order to show the unquestionable interest which such works ought to have for men who profess Christianity, and that, therefore, one would think Ballou's activity ought to have been known, and the thoughts expressed by him ought to have been accepted or refuted; but there has been nothing of the kind.

The activity of Garrison the father, with his foundation of a society of non-resistants and his declaration, convinced me even more than my relations with the Quakers, that the departure of state Christianity from Christ's law about non-resistance to evil is something that has been observed and pointed out long ago, and that men have without cessation worked to arraign it. Ballou's activity still more confirmed this fact to me. But the fate of Garrison and especially of Ballou, who is not known to any one, in spite of his fifty years of stubborn and constant work in one and the same direction, has also confirmed to me the other fact, that there exists some kind of unexpressed but firm understanding as to passing all such attempts in silence.

Ballou died in August, 1890, and his obituary was given in an American periodical with a Christian tendency (*Religio-Philosophical Journal*, August 23d).

In this eulogistic obituary it says that Ballou was a spiritual guide of a community, that he delivered between eight and nine thousand sermons, married one thousand pairs, and wrote about five hundred articles, but not a word is said about the aim to which he devoted all his life, — the word "non-resistance" is not even used.

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Like all that which the Quakers have been preaching for two hundred years, like the activity of Garrison the father, the foundation of his society and periodical, and his declaration, so Ballou's whole activity does not seem to have existed at all.

A striking example of such an ingloriousness of writings intended to elucidate non-resistance to evil, and to arraign those who do not recognize this commandment, is found in the fate of the book by the Bohemian Chelcický, which has but lately become known and has so far not yet been printed.

Soon after the publication of my book in German, I received a letter from a professor of the Prague University, which informed me of the existence of a still unpublished work by the Bohemian Chelcický, of the fifteenth century, by the name of *The Drawnet of Faith*. In this work, as the professor wrote me, Chelcický about four centuries ago expressed the same view in regard to the true and the false Christianity, which I had expressed in my work, *My Religion*. The professor wrote to me that Chelcický's work was for the first time to be published in Bohemian in the periodical of the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences. As I was unable to procure the work itself, I tried to become acquainted with what was known of Chelcický, and such information I got from a German book sent me by the same Prague professor, and from Pýpin's "History of Bohemian Literature." This is what Pýpin says:

"*The Drawnet of Faith* is that teaching of Christ which is to draw man out from the dark depths of the sea of life and its untruths. True faith consists in believing in God's words; but now there has come a time when men consider the true faith to be heresy, and so reason must show wherein the true faith consists, if one does not know it. Darkness has concealed it from men, and they do not know Christ's true law.

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"To explain this law, Chelcický points out the original structure of Christian society, which, he says, is now regarded as rank heresy by the Roman Church.

"This primitive church was his own ideal of a social structure, based on equality, freedom, and brotherhood. Christianity, according to Chelcický, still treasures these principles, and all that is necessary is, that society should return to its pure teaching, and then any other order, in which kings and popes are needed, would seem superfluous: in everything the law of love alone is sufficient.

"Historically Chelcický refers the fall of Christianity to the times of Constantine the Great, whom Pope Sylvester introduced into Christianity with all the pagan customs and life. Constantine, in his turn, invested the Pope with worldly wealth and power. Since then both powers have been aiding one another and have striven after external glory. Doctors and masters and the clergy have begun to care only for the subjugation of the whole world to their dominion, have armed men against one another for the purpose of murdering and plundering, and have completely destroyed Christianity in faith and in life. Chelcický absolutely denies the right to wage war and administer capital punishment; every warrior and even 'knight' is only an oppressor, malefactor, and murderer."

The same, except for some biographical details and excerpts from Chelcický's correspondence, is said in the German book.

Having thus learned the essence of Chelcický's teaching, I with much greater impatience waited for the appearance of *The Drawnet of Faith* in the journal of the Academy. But a year, two, three years passed, and the book did not appear. Only in 1888 I learned that the printing of the book, which had been begun, had come to a stop. I got the proof-sheets of as much as had been printed, and I read the book. The book is in every respect remarkable.

The contents are quite correctly rendered by Pýpin.

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Chelcický's fundamental idea is this, that Christianity, having united with the power in the time of Constantine and having continued to develop under these conditions, has become absolutely corrupt and has ceased to be Christianity. The title "The Drawnet of Faith," was given by Chelcický to his work, because, taking for his motto the verse of the Gospel about calling the disciples to become fishers of men, Chelcický, continuing this comparison, says, "Christ by means of His disciples caught in His drawnet of faith the whole world, but the larger fish, tearing the net, jumped out of it, and through the holes, which these larger fish had made, all the others went away, and the net was left almost empty."

The large fish that broke through the net are the rulers, emperors, popes, kings, who, in not renouncing their power, did not accept Christianity, but its semblance only.

Chelcický taught what has been taught until the present by the Mennonites and Quakers, and what in former years was taught by the Bogomils, Paulicians, and many others. He teaches that Christianity, which demands from its followers meekness, humility, kindness, forgiveness of sins, the offering of the other cheek when one cheek has been smitten, love of enemies, is incompatible with violence, which forms an indispensable condition of power.

A Christian, according to Chelcický's interpretation, can not only not be a chief or a soldier, but cannot even take part in the government, be a merchant or even a landowner; he can be only an artisan or an agriculturist.

This book is one of the extremely few that have survived the auto-da-fés of books in which the official Christianity is arraigned. All such books, which are called heretical, have been burned together with the authors, so that there are very few ancient works which arraign the departure of official Christianity, and so this book is especially interesting.

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But besides being interesting, no matter how we look upon it, this book is one of the most remarkable productions of thoughts, as judged by the depth of its contents, and the wonderful force and beauty of the popular language, and its antiquity. And yet this book has for more than four centuries remained unprinted, and continues to be unknown, except to learned specialists.

One would think that all these kinds of works, by the Quakers, and Garrison, and Ballou, and Chelcický, which assert and prove, on the basis of the Gospel, that our world comprehends Christ's teaching falsely, ought to rouse interest, agitation, discussions, in the midst of the pastors and of the flock.

Works of this kind, which touch on the essence of the Christian teaching, ought, it seems, to be analyzed and recognized as true, or to be rejected and overthrown.

But nothing of the kind has happened. One and the same thing is repeated with all these works. People of the most different views, both those who believe and, what is most surprising, those who are unbelieving liberals, seem to have an agreement to pass them stubbornly in silence, and all that has been done by men to elucidate the true meaning of Christ's teaching remains unknown or forgotten.

But still more startling is the ingloriousness of two works, of which I learned also in connection with the appearance of my book. These are Dymond's book *On War*, published for the first time in London, in 1824, and Daniel Musser's book *On Non-Resistance*, written in 1864. The ignorance about these two books is particularly remarkable, because, to say nothing of their worth, both books treat not so much of the theory as of the practical application of the theory to life, of the relation of Christianity to military service, which is particularly important and interesting now, in connection with the universal liability to do military service.

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People will, perhaps, ask: "What are the duties of a subject, who believes that war is incompatible with his religion, but of whom the government demands a participation in military service?"

It seems that this is a very living question, one, the answer to which is particularly important in connection with the military service of the present time. All, or a vast majority of men, — Christians, — all males, are called on to perform military service. What must a man, as a Christian, answer in reply to this demand? Dymond's answer is as follows:

"It is his duty, mildly and temperately, yet firmly, to refuse to serve.

"There are some persons, who, without any determinate process of reasoning, appear to conclude that responsibility for national measures attaches solely to those who direct them; that it is the business of governments to consider what is good for the community, and that, in these cases, the duty of the subject is merged in the will of the sovereign. Considerations like these are, I believe, often voluntarily permitted to become opiates of the conscience. 'I have no part,' it is said, 'in the councils of the government, and am not therefore responsible for its crimes.' We are, indeed, not responsible for the crimes of our rulers, but we are responsible for our own; and the crimes of our rulers are our own, if, whilst we believe them to be crimes, we promote them by our cooperation.

"But those who suppose that obedience in all things is required, or that responsibility in political affairs is transferred from the subject to the sovereign, reduce themselves to a great dilemma.

"It is to say that we must resign our conduct and our consciences to the will of others, and act wickedly or well, as their good or evil may preponderate, without merit for virtue, or responsibility for crime."

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What is remarkable is this, that precisely the same is expressed in the instruction to the soldiers, which they are made to learn by rote: it says there that only the general is responsible for the consequences of his command. But this is not true. A man cannot shift the responsibility for his acts. And this may be seen from what follows:

"If the government direct you to fire your neighbour's property, or to throw him over a precipice, will you obey?[1] If you will not, there is an end of the argument, for if you may reject its authority in one instance, where is the limit to rejection? There is no rational limit but that which is assigned by Christianity, and that is both rational and practicable.

"We think, then, that it is the business of every man, who believes that war is inconsistent with our religion, respectfully, but steadfastly, to refuse to engage in it. Let such as these remember that an honourable and an awful duty is laid upon them. It is upon their fidelity, so far as human agency is concerned, that the cause of peace is suspended. Let them be willing to avow their opinions and to defend them. Neither let them be contented with words, if more than words, if suffering also, is required. If you believe that Jesus Christ has prohibited slaughter, let not the opinion or the commands of a world induce you to join in it. By this 'steady and determinate pursuit of virtue,' the benediction which attaches to those who hear the sayings of God and do them, will rest upon you, and the time will come when even the world will honour you, as contributors to the work of human reformation."

Musser's book is called *Non-Resistance Asserted; or,*

[1] Tolstóy's translation from the English, which is generally loose, here departs entirely from the text. Tolstóy writes: "If a chief direct you to kill your neighbour's child, or your father, or your mother, will you obey?"

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Kingdom of Christ and Kingdom of This World Separated, 1864.[1]

The book is devoted to the same question, which it analyzes in relation with the demand made by the government of the United States on its citizens as regards military service during that Civil War, and it has the same contemporary importance, in that it analyzes the question as to how and under what conditions men must and can refuse to do military service. In the introduction the author says:

"It is well known that in the United States there are many people who consciously deny war. They are called 'non-resistant' or 'defenceless' Christians. These Christians refuse to defend their country or to bear arms, or to engage, at the request of the government, in war against its enemies. Until now this religious cause has been respected by the government, and those who professed it were excused from service. But with the beginning of our civil war public opinion has been wrought up by this state of affairs. Naturally, people who consider it their duty to bear all the burdens and perils of a military life for the defence of their country feel harsh toward those who for a long time have with them enjoyed the protection and the advantages of the government, but in time of necessity and danger do not wish to share in bearing the labours and dangers in its defence. It is also natural for the condition of such men to be considered irrational, monstrous, and suspicious.

"Many orators and writers," says the author, "have raised their voice against this state and have tried to prove the injustice of non-resistance from common sense and from Scripture; and this is quite natural, and in

[1] A thorough search through bibliographies, catalogues, and libraries has failed to reveal such a book or such an author, and as Tolstóy speaks above of the book as being written, it may be that Tolstóy had a manuscript before him.

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many cases these authors are right, — they are right in relation to those persons who, declining the labours connected with military service, do not decline the advantages which they receive from the governments, — but they are not right in relation to the principle of non-resistance itself."

First of all the author proves the obligatoriness of the rule of non-resistance for every Christian in that it is clear and that it is given to a Christian beyond any possibility of misinterpretation. "Judge yourselves whether it is right to obey man more than God," said Peter and John. Similarly every man who wants to be a Christian must act in relation to the demand that he should go to war, since Christ has told him, "Resist not evil with violence."

With this the author considers the question as to principle itself completely solved. The author analyzes in detail the other question as to whether persons, who do not decline the advantages which are obtained through the violence of government, have a right to refuse to do military service, and comes to the conclusion that a Christian, who follows Christ's law and refuses to go to war, can just as little take part in any governmental affairs, — either in courts or in elections, — nor can he in private matters have recourse to power, police or court. Then the book proceeds to analyze the relation of the Old Testament to the New, — the significance of government for non-Christians; there are offered objections to the doctrine of non-resistance, and these are refuted. The author concludes his book with the following:

"Christ chose His disciples in the world," he says. "They do not expect any worldly goods or worldly happiness, but, on the contrary, everlasting life. The spirit in which they live makes them satisfied and happy in every situation. If the world tolerates them, they are always satisfied. But if the world will not leave them

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in peace, they will go elsewhere, since they are wanderers on the earth and have no definite place of abode. They consider that the dead can bury the dead, — they need but one thing, and that is to follow their teacher."

Without touching the question whether the duty of a Christian in relation to war, as established in these two books, is correct or not, it is impossible not to see the practical importance and urgency of the solution of this question.

There are some people, — hundreds of thousands of Quakers, — and all our Spirit Wrestlers and Milkers, and people belonging to no definite sects, who assert that violence — and so military service — is not compatible with Christianity, and therefore every year several recruits in Russia refuse to do military service on the basis of their religious convictions. What does the government do? Does it excuse them? No. Does it compel them to serve, and, in case of a refusal, punish them? No. In 1818 the government acted as follows. Here is an excerpt, which is almost unknown in Russia, from a diary by N. N. Muravév-Kárski, which was not sanctioned by the censor.

"TIFLIS, October 2, 1818.

"In the morning the commandant told me that lately five manorial peasants from the Government of Támbóv had been sent to Georgia. These men had been sent to the army, but they refused to serve; they have been flogged several times and have been sent between the rows, but they gladly undergo the most cruel torments and are prepared for death, if only they can avoid serving. 'Send us away,' they say, 'and do not touch us; we shall not touch any one. All men are equal and the Tsar is just such a man as we are. Why should we pay him tribute? Why should I subject my life to danger in order to kill in war a man who has done me no wrong? You may cut us into small pieces, but we will not change our

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ideas, we will not put on the military cloak, and will not eat rations. He who will pity us will give us an alms, but we have nothing belonging to the Crown and we want nothing.' Such are the words of these peasants, who assert that there is a large number like them in Russia. They have four times been taken before the Committee of Ministers, and it was finally decided to refer the matter to the Tsar, who commanded that they be sent to Georgia to mend their ways, and ordered the commander-in-chief to report to him every month concerning the gradual success in turning these peasants to the proper ideas."

It is not known how this improvement ended, just as nothing is known of the whole episode, which was kept a profound secret.

Thus the government acted seventy-five years ago, — thus it has acted in the vast majority of cases, which are always cautiously concealed from the people. Thus it acts even at present, except in relation to the German Mennonites, who live in the Government of Khersón, for their refusal to do military service is heeded and they are made to serve their time in connection with forestry work.

In the late cases of refusal to do military service in consequence of religious convictions, other than those of the Mennonites, the authorities have acted as follows:

At first they use all means of violence employed in our time for the purpose of "mending" them and bringing them back to "the proper ideas," and the whole matter is kept a profound secret. I know that in the case of one man in Moscow, who in 1884 refused to serve, they wrote up voluminous documents two months after his refusal, and these were kept in the ministry as the greatest secret.

They generally begin by sending the one who refuses

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to the priests, who, to their shame be it said, always admonish the person refusing. But since the admonition, in the name of Christ, to renounce Christ is generally fruitless, the refusing person is after the admonition by the clergy sent to the gendarmes. The gendarmes, finding nothing of a political nature in the case, generally return him, and then the refusing person is sent to the learned, to the physicians, and into the insane asylum. In all these recommitments the refuser, who is deprived of his liberty, undergoes all kinds of humiliations and sufferings, like a condemned criminal. (This was repeated in four cases.) The physicians dismiss the refuser from the insane asylum, and then begin all kinds of secret, cunning measures, in order not to dismiss the refuser and thus encourage others to refuse like him, and at the same time not to leave him amidst the soldiers, lest the soldiers might find out from him that the levy for military service does not at all take place in accordance with God's law, as they are assured, but contrary to it.

The most convenient thing for the government to do would be to have the refuser executed, beaten to death with sticks, as they used to do of old, or executed in some other manner. But it is impossible openly to execute a man for being true to a teaching which we all profess, and it is equally impossible to let a man alone, who refuses to serve. And so the government tries either through suffering to compel the man to renounce Christ, or in some way imperceptibly to get rid of the man, without having him publicly executed, — in some way to conceal this man's act and the man himself from other people. And so there begin all kinds of devices and cunning and tortures of this man. Either he is sent to some outlying region, or he is provoked to commit some act of insubordination, and then he is tried for breach of discipline and is locked up in prison, in a disciplinary battal-

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ion, where he is freely tortured in secret, or he is declared insane and is locked up in an insane asylum. Thus one man was sent to Tashként, that is, as though he were transferred to the Tashként army, another to Omsk, a third was tried for insubordination and sent to prison, and a fourth was put into a lunatic asylum.

Everywhere the same is repeated. Not only the government, but also the majority of liberals, of freethinkers, as though by agreement, carefully turn away from everything which has been said, written, and done by men to show the incompatibility of violence in its most terrible, rude, and lurid form, in the form of militarism, that is, the readiness to kill anybody, with the teaching, not only of Christianity, but even of humanitarianism, which society pretends to be professing.

Thus the information which I received concerning the extent to which the true significance of Christ's teaching has been elucidated and is being elucidated more and more, and concerning the attitude which the highest ruling classes, not only in Russia, but also in Europe and in America, take toward this elucidation and execution of the teaching, convinced me that in these ruling classes there existed a consciously hostile relation toward true Christianity, which found its expression mainly in the silence observed concerning all its manifestations.

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II.

THE same impression of a desire to conceal, to pass in silence, what I attempted so carefully to express in my book, has been produced on me by the criticisms upon it.

When my book appeared, it was, as I had expected, prohibited, and according to the law it ought to have been burned. But, instead of being burned, it was distributed among the officials, and it was disseminated in a large number of written copies and lithographic reprints, and in translations printed abroad. Very soon there appeared criticisms upon the book, not only by the clergy, but also by the laity, which the government not only sanctioned, but even encouraged, so that the refutation of the book, which was assumed to be unknown to any one, was made a theme for theological essays in the academies.

The critics upon my books, both the Russian and the foreign critics, can be divided into two classes: into the religious critics, — people who consider themselves to be believers, — and lay critics, who are freethinkers.

I shall begin with the first:

In my book I accuse the church teachers of teaching contrary to Christ's commandments, which are clearly and definitely expressed in the Sermon on the Mount, and especially contrary to the commandment about non-resistance to evil, thus depriving Christ's teaching of all significance. The church teachers recognize the Sermon on the Mount with the commandment about non-resistance to evil as a divine revelation, and so, if they have found it necessary to write about my book at all, they ought, it would seem, first of all to answer this chief

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point of accusation and say outright whether they consider the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount and of the commandment about non-resistance to evil obligatory for a Christian, or not, — and they must not answer it as this is generally done, that is, by saying that, although on the one hand it cannot properly be denied, on the other it cannot be affirmed, the more so that, and so forth, — but must answer it just as the question is put by me in my book: did Christ actually demand from His disciples the fulfilment of what He taught in the Sermon on the Mount? and so, can a Christian, remaining a Christian, go to court, taking part in it and condemning people, or seeking in it defence by means of violence, or can he not? Can a Christian, still remaining a Christian, take part in the government, using violence against his neighbours, or not? And the chief question, which now, with the universal military service, stands before all men, — can a Christian, remaining a Christian, contrary to Christ's injunction, make any promises as to future acts, which are directly contrary to the teaching, and, taking part in military service, prepare himself for the murder of men and commit it?

The questions are put clearly and frankly, and, it would seem, they ought to be answered clearly and frankly. But nothing of the kind has been done in all the criticisms upon my book, just as nothing of the kind has been done in the case of all those arraignments of the church teachers for departing from Christ's law, with which history is filled since the time of Constantine.

Very much has been said in reference to my book about how incorrectly I interpret this or that passage in the Gospel, how I err in not acknowledging the Trinity, the redemption, and the immortality of the soul; very much has been said, but this one thing, which for every Christian forms the chief, essential question of life: how to harmonize what was clearly expressed in the teacher's

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words and is clearly expressed in the heart of every one of us, — the teaching about forgiveness, humility, renunciation, and love of all men, of our neighbours and of our enemies, — with the demand of military violence exerted against the men of one's own nation or another nation.

Everything which may be called semblances of answers to this question may be reduced to the five following divisions. I have tried in this respect to collect everything I could, not only in reference to the criticisms upon my book, but also in reference to what has been written upon the subject in former times.

The first, the rudest way of answering, consists in the bold assertion that violence does not contradict Christ's teaching, and that it is permitted and even prescribed by the Old and the New Testament.

Assertions of this kind issue for the most part from people high up in the governmental or ecclesiastic hierarchy, who are, therefore, quite convinced that no one will dare to contradict their assertions, and that if one actually dared to do so, they would not hear these objections. These men have, in consequence of their intoxication with their power, for the most part to such an extent lost the concept of what that Christianity is, in the name of which they occupy their places, that everything of a Christian nature in Christianity presents itself to them as sectarian; but everything which in the writings of the Old and the New Testament may be interpreted in an anti-Christian and pagan sense, they consider to be the foundation of Christianity. In favour of their assertion that Christianity does not contradict violence, these men with the greatest boldness generally bring forward the most offensive passages from the Old and the New Testament, and interpret them in the most non-Christian manner: the execution of Ananias and Sapphira, the execution of Simon Magus, and so forth. They adduce all those

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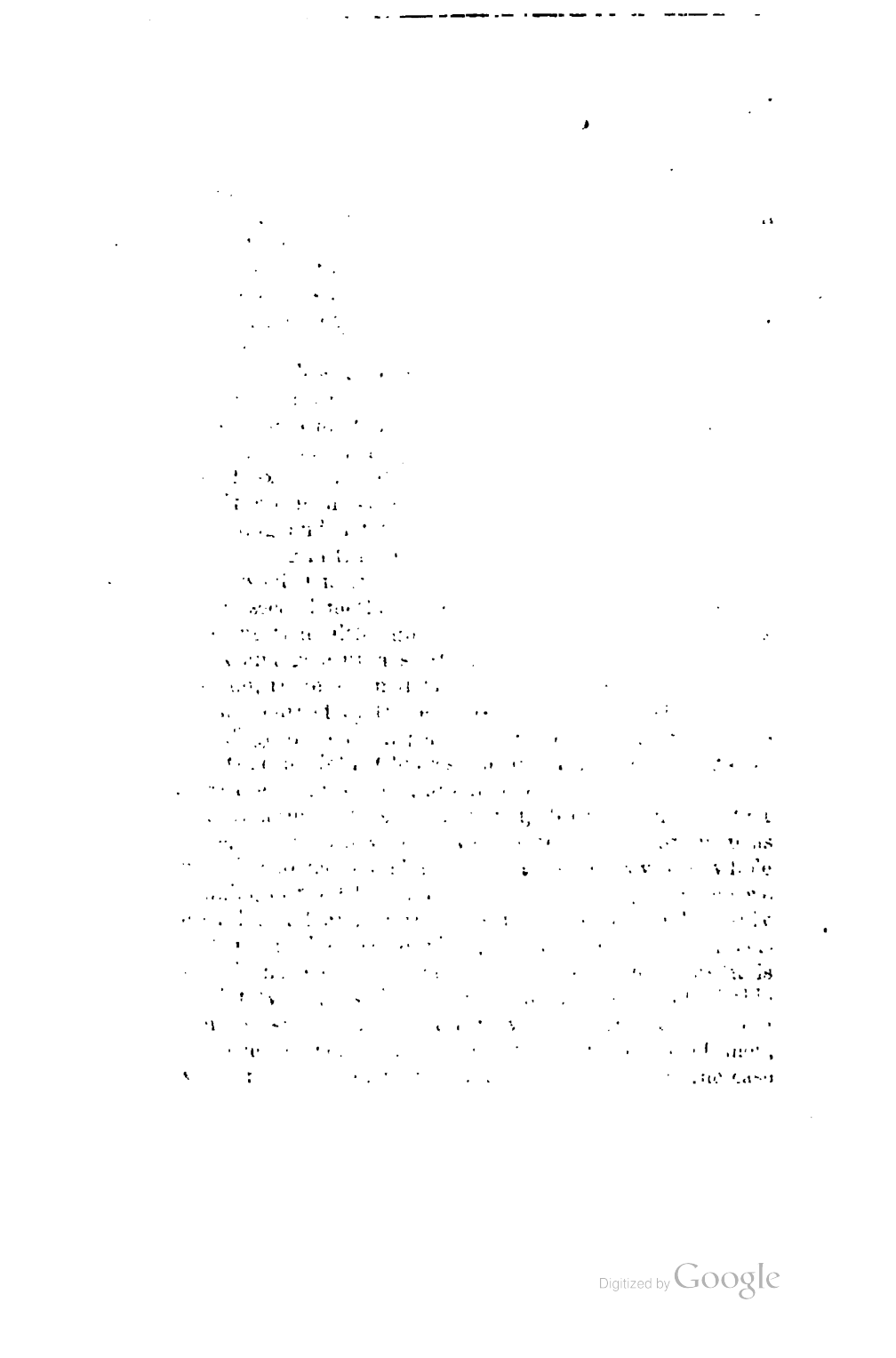

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words of Christ which may be interpreted as a justification of cruelty, such as the expulsion from the temple, "It shall be more tolerable on that day for Sodom, than for that city," and so forth.

According to the concepts of these men, the Christian government is not in the least obliged to be guided by the spirit of humility, forgiveness of offences, and love of our enemies.

It is useless to refute such an assertion, because the men who assert this refute themselves, or rather, turn away from Christ, inventing their own Christ and their own Christianity in place of Him in whose name the church exists and also the position which they occupy in it. If all men knew that the church preaches Christ punishing, and not forgiving, and warring, no one would be believing in this church, and there would be no one to prove what it is proving.

The second method is a little less rude. It consists in asserting that, although Christ really taught to offer one's cheek and give up a shirt, and this is a very high moral demand, there are malefactors in the world, and if these are not curbed by the exercise of force, the whole world and all good men will perish. This proof I found for the first time in John Chrysostom and I pointed out its incorrectness in my book, *My Religion.*

This argument is ungrounded, because, in the first place, if we allow ourselves to recognize any men as special malefactors (Raca), we thus destroy the whole meaning of the Christian teaching, according to which we are all equal and brothers, as the sons of one heavenly Father; in the second place, because, even if God permitted the exertion of violence against malefactors, it is absolutely impossible to find that safe and indubitable sign by which a malefactor may be unerringly told from one who is not, and so every man, or society of men, would recognize another as a malefactor, which is the case

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now; in the third place, because even if it were possible unerringly to tell malefactors from those who are not malefactors, it would still not be possible in a Christian society to execute, or maim, or lock up these malefactors, because in Christian society there would be no one to do this, because every Christian, as a Christian, is enjoined not to use violence against a malefactor.

The third method of answering is still shrewder than the previous one. It consists in asserting that, although the commandment of non-resistance to evil is obligatory for a Christian when the evil is directed against him personally, it ceases to be obligatory when the evil is directed against his neighbours, and that then a Christian is not only not obliged to fulfil the commandments, but is also obliged in the defence of his neighbours, contrary to the commandment, to use violence against the violators.

This assertion is quite arbitrary, and in the whole of Christ's teaching no confirmation of such an interpretation can be found. Such an interpretation is not only a limitation of the commandment, but a direct negation and annihilation of it. If any man has a right to use violence when another is threatened by danger, then the question as to the use of violence reduces itself to the question of defining what constitutes a danger for another person. But if my private judgment decides the question of danger for another, then there does not exist such a case of violence that it could not be explained on the basis of a danger with which another is threatened. Wizards were executed and burned, aristocrats and Girondists were executed, and so were their enemies, because those who were in power considered them to be dangerous for others.

If this important limitation, which radically undermines the meaning of the commandment, entered Christ's mind, there ought somewhere to be mention made of it. But in all the preaching and the life of the teacher there is

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not only no such limitation, but, on the contrary, there is expressed a particular caution against such a false and offensive limitation, which destroys the commandment. The mistake and the blunder of such a limitation is with particular clearness shown in the Gospel in connection with the judgment of Caiaphas, who made this very limitation. He recognized that it was not good to execute innocent Jesus, but he saw in Him danger, not for himself, but for the whole nation, and so he said: "It is expedient for us that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not." And more clearly still was the negation of such a limitation expressed in the words said to Peter when he attempted with violence to resist the evil which was directed against Jesus (Matt. xxvi. 52). Peter was not defending himself, but his beloved and divine teacher. And Christ directly forbade him to do so, saying that he who takes the sword shall perish with the sword.

Besides, the justification of violence used against a neighbour for the sake of defending another man against worse violence is always incorrect, because in using violence against an evil which is not yet accomplished, it is impossible to know which evil will be greater, — whether the evil of my violence or of that against which I wish to defend my neighbour. We execute a criminal, thus freeing society from him, and we are positively unable to tell whether the criminal would not have changed on the morrow and whether our execution is not a useless cruelty. We lock up a man whom we suppose to be a dangerous member of society, but beginning with to-morrow this man may cease to be dangerous, and his incarceration is futile. I see that a man whom I know to be a robber is pursuing a girl, and I have a gun in my hand, — I kill the robber and save the girl; the robber has certainly been killed or wounded, but it is unknown to me what would happen if that were not the case. What an

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enormous amount of evil must take place, as it actually does, as the result of arrogating to ourselves the right to prevent an evil that may occur! Ninety-nine hundredths of the evil of the world, from the Inquisition to dynamite bombs and the executions and sufferings of tens of thousands of so-called political criminals, are based on this reflection.

The fourth, still more refined answer to the question as to how a Christian should act toward Christ's commandment of non-resistance to evil consists in asserting that the commandment of non-resistance to evil is not denied by them, but is accepted like any other; but that they do not ascribe to this commandment any special exclusive significance, as the sectarians do. To ascribe to this commandment an invariable condition of Christian life, as do Garrison, Ballou, Dymond, the Quakers, the Mennonites, the Shakers, and as did the Moravian brothers, the Waldenses, Albigenses, Bogomils, Paulicians, is one-sided sectarianism. This commandment has neither more nor less significance than all the others, and a man who in his weakness transgresses any one of the commandments about non-resistance does not cease to be a Christian, provided he believes correctly. This subterfuge is very clever, and men who wish to be deceived are easily deceived by it. The subterfuge consists in reducing the direct conscious negation of the commandment to an accidental violation of the same. But we need only compare the relation of the church teachers to this commandment and to others, which they actually recognize, in order that we may convince ourselves that the relation of the church teachers to the commandments which they recognize is quite different from their relation to this one.

They actually recognize the commandment against fornication, and so never, under any condition, admit that fornication is not an evil. The preachers of the church never point out any cases when the commandment against

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fornication ought to be broken, and they always teach that we must avoid the offences which lead to the temptation of fornication. But this is not the case with the commandment about non-resistance. All the church preachers know cases when this commandment may be broken. And thus they teach men. And they not only do not teach how to avoid these offences, of which the chief one is the oath, but themselves commit them. The church preachers never and under no condition preach the violation of any other commandment; but in relation to the commandment of non-resistance they teach outright that this prohibition must not be understood in too direct a sense, and not only that this commandment must not be carried out at all times, but that there are conditions, situations, when directly the opposite should be done, that is, that we should judge, wage war, execute. Thus, in reference to the commandment about non-resistance to evil, they in the majority of cases preach how not to fulfil it. The fulfilment of this commandment, they say, is very difficult and is characteristic only of perfection. But how can it help but be difficult, when its breach is not only not prohibited, but is also directly encouraged, when they directly bless the courts, prisons, guns, cannon, armies, battles? Consequently it is not true that this commandment is recognized by the church preachers as of equal significance with the other commandments. The church preachers simply do not recognize it, and only because they do not dare to confess it, try to conceal their failure to recognize it.

Such is the fourth method of answers.

The fifth method, the most refined, most popular, and most powerful one, consists in begging the question, in making it appear as though the question had long ago been decided by some one in an absolutely clear and satisfactory manner, and as though it were not worth while to speak of it. This method is employed by more or less

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cultivated ecclesiastic writers, that is, such as feel the laws of logic to be obligatory for them. Knowing that the contradiction which exists between Christ's teaching, which we profess in words, and the whole structure of our life cannot be solved with words, and that, by touching it, we can only make it more obvious, they with greater or lesser agility get around it, making it appear that the question about the connection of Christianity with violence has been decided or does not exist at all.[1]

The majority of the ecclesiastic critics of my book employ this method. I could adduce dozens of such criticisms, in which without exception one and the same thing is repeated: they speak of everything but the chief subject of the book. As a characteristic example of such criticisms, I shall quote an article by the famous, refined English writer and preacher, Farrar, a great master, like many learned theologians, of evasions and reticence. This article was printed in the American periodical, *Forum*, in October, 1888.

Having conscientiously given a short review of my book, Farrar says:

"Tolstóy came to the conclusion that a coarse deceit was palmed upon the world when these words were held by civil society to be compatible with war, courts of

[1] I know but one piece of writing, not a criticism in the strict sense of the word, but an article which treats the same subject, and which has my book in view, that departs from this common definition. It is Tróitski's pamphlet (Kazán) *The Sermon on the Mount*. The author obviously recognizes Christ's teaching in its real significance. He says that the commandment about non-resistance to evil means what it does, and the same is true of the commandment about swearing; he does not deny, as others do, the significance of Christ's teaching, but unfortunately he does not make from this recognition those inevitable deductions, which in our life beg for recognition in connection with such a comprehension of Christ's teaching. If it is not right to resist evil and to swear, every man will naturally ask: "How about military service?" And to this question the author gives no answer, though an answer is demanded. And if it cannot be answered, it is best not to speak at all, because silence produces error. — *Author's Note.*

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justice, capital punishment, divorce, oaths, national prejudice, and indeed with most of the institutions of civil and social life. He now believes that the kingdom of God would come if all men kept these five commandments, . . . (1) Live in peace with all men; (2) be pure; (3) take no oaths; (4) never resist evil; (5) renounce national distinctions.

"Tolstóy," he says, "rejects the divine inspiration of the Old Testament and of the epistles; he rejects all the dogmas of the church, that of the atonement by blood, that of the Trinity, that of the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the apostles . . . and recognizes only the words and commandments of Christ.

"Is this interpretation of Christ a true one?" he asks. "Are all men bound, or is any man bound, to act as Tolstóy has taught, that is, to fulfil the five commandments of Christ?"

One just hopes that in reply to this essential question, which alone could have urged the man to write an article on the book, he will say that this interpretation of Christ's teaching is correct, or that it is not correct, and so will prove why, and will give another, a correct interpretation to the words which I interpret incorrectly. But nothing of the kind is done. Farrar only expresses his conviction that, "though actuated by the noblest sincerity, Tolstóy has been misled by partial and one-sided interpretations of the meaning of the Gospel and the mind and will of Christ."

No explanation is given as to what this error consists in, but all there is said, is:

"To enter into the proof of this is impossible in this article, for I have already exceeded the space at my command."

And he concludes with an easy mind:

"Meanwhile the reader who feels troubled lest it should be his duty also to forsake all conditions of his life, and

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to take up the position and work of a common labourer, may rest for the present on the principle, *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* With few and rare exceptions," he continues, "the whole of Christendom, from the days of the apostles down to our own, has come to the firm conclusion that it was the object of Christ to lay down great eternal principles, but not disturb the bases and revolutionize the institutions of all human society, which themselves rest on divine sanction as well as on inevitable conditions. Were it my object to prove how untenable is the doctrine of communism, based by Tolstóy upon the divine paradoxes (*sic !*), which can be interpreted on only historical principles in accordance with the whole method of the teaching of Jesus, it would require an ampler canvas than I have here at my disposal."

What a misfortune, — he has not any space! And, strange to say, space has been lacking for fifteen centuries, to prove that Christ, whom we profess, said something different from what He said. They could prove it, if they only wanted to. However, it does not pay to prove what everybody knows. It is enough to say: "*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*"

And such are, without exception, all the criticisms of the cultivated believers, who, therefore, do not understand the perilousness of their position. The only way out for them is the hope that, by using the authority of the church, of antiquity, of holiness, they may be able to confuse the reader and draw him away from the thought of reading the Gospel for himself and of considering the question with his own mind. And in this they are successful. To whom, indeed, will it occur that all that which with such assurance and solemnity is repeated from century to century by all these archdeacons, bishops, archbishops, most holy synods, and Popes, is a base lie and calumny, which they foist on Christ in order to secure the money which they need for the purpose of lead-

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ing a life of pleasure, while sitting on the backs of others, — a lie and a calumny, which is so obvious, especially now that the only possibility of continuing this lie consists in frightening men into belief by their assurance, their unscrupulousness? It is precisely the same that of late years has taken place in the Recruiting Sessions: at the head of the table, with the Mirror of Laws upon it, and beneath the full-sized portrait of the emperor, sit dignified old officials in their regalia, conversing freely and unreservedly, noting down, commanding, calling out. Here also, with the cross over his breast and in silk vestments, with his gray hair falling down straight over his scapulary, stands an imposing old man, the priest, in front of the pulpit, on which lies a gold cross and a gold-trimmed Gospel.

Iván Petróv is called out. A young man steps out. He is poorly and dirtily dressed and looks frightened, and the muscles of his face tremble, and his fugitive eyes sparkle, and in a faltering voice, almost in a whisper, he says: "I — according to the law I, a Christian — I cannot — "

"What is he muttering there?" impatiently asks the presiding officer, half-closing his eyes and listening, as he raises his head from the book.

"Speak louder!" shouts to him the colonel with the shining shoulder-straps.

"I — I — I — as a Christian — "

It finally turns out that the young man refuses to do military service, because he is a Christian.

"Talk no nonsense! Get your measure! Doctor, be so kind as to take his measure. Is he fit for the army?"

"He is."

"Reverend father, have him sworn in."

No one is confused; no one even pays any attention to what this frightened, pitiable young man is muttering.

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"They all mutter something, but we have no time: we have to receive so many recruits."

The recruit wants to say something again.

"This is against Christ's law."

"Go, go, we know without you what is according to the law, — but you get out of here. Reverend father, admonish him. Next: Vasíli Nikítin."

And the trembling youth is taken away. And to whom — whether the janitor, or Vasíli Nikítin, who is being brought in, or any one else who witnessed this scene from the side — will it occur that those indistinct, short words of the youth, which were at once put out of court by the authorities, contain the truth, while those loud, solemn speeches of the self-possessed, calm officials and of the priest are a lie, a deception?

A similar impression is produced, not only by the articles of a Farrar but by all those solemn sermons, articles, and books, which appear on all sides, the moment the truth peeps out and arraigns the ruling lie. Immediately there begin long, clever, elegant conversations or writings about questions which touch closely upon the subject with a shrewd reticence concerning the question itself.

In this consists the fifth and most effective means for removing the contradiction in which the ecclesiastic Christianity has placed itself by professing Christ in words and denying His teaching in life, and teaching the same to others.

Those who justify themselves by the first method, asserting outright and rudely that Christ has permitted violence, — wars, murder, — withdraw themselves from Christ's teaching; those who defend themselves according to the second, the third, and the fourth methods get themselves entangled, and it is easy to point out their untruth; but these last, who do not discuss, who do not condescend to discuss, but hide themselves behind their greatness and make it appear that all this has been decided

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long ago by them, or by somebody else, and that it no longer is subject to any doubt, seem invulnerable, and they will be invulnerable so long as people will remain under the influence of hypnotic suggestion, which is induced in them by governments and churches, and will not shake it off.

Such was the attitude which the ecclesiastics, that is, those who profess Christ's faith, assumed toward me. Nor could they have acted otherwise: they are bound by the contradiction in which they live,— the faith in the divinity of the teacher and the unbelief in His clearest words,— from which they must in some way extricate themselves, and so it was not possible to expect from them any free opinion concerning the essence of the question, concerning that change in the lives of men which results from the application of Christ's teaching to the existing order. Such opinions I expected from the freethinking lay critics, who are in no way bound to Christ's teaching and who can look upon it without restraint. I expected that the freethinking writers would look upon Christ not only as the establisher of a religion of worship and personal salvation (as which the ecclesiastics understand him), but, to express myself in their language, as a reformer, who destroys the old, and gives the new foundations of life, the reform of which is not yet accomplished, but continues until the present.

Such a view of Christ and His teaching results from my book, but, to my surprise, out of the large number of criticisms upon my book, there was *not one*, either Russian or foreign, which treated the subject from the same side from which it is expounded in my book, that is, which looked upon Christ's teaching as a philosophical, moral, and social doctrine (again to speak in the language of the learned). This was not the case in a single criticism.

The Russian lay critics, who understood my book in

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such a way that all its contents reduced themselves to non-resistance to evil, and who understood the teaching about non-resistance to evil itself (apparently for convenience of refutal) as meaning that it prohibited any struggle against evil, furiously attacked this teaching and very successfully proved for the period of several years that Christ's teaching was incorrect, since it taught us not to resist evil. Their refutals of this supposed teaching of Christ were the more successful, since they knew in advance that their views could neither be overthrown nor corrected, because the censorship, having failed to sanction the book itself, did not sanction the articles in its defence either.

What is remarkable in connection with the matter is this, that with us, where not a word may be said about the Holy Scripture without a prohibition by the censorship, the clearly and directly expressed commandment of Matt. v. 39 has for several years been openly contorted, criticized, condemned, and ridiculed in all the periodicals.

The Russian lay critics, who evidently did not know all that had been done in the development of the question as to non-resistance to evil, and who at times even seemed to assume that I personally invented the rule of not resisting evil with violence, attacked the idea itself, rejecting and contorting it, and with much fervour advancing arguments which have long ago been analyzed from every side and rejected, proved that a man is obliged (with violence) to defend all the insulted and the oppressed, and that, therefore, the doctrine about not resisting evil with violence is immoral.

The whole significance of Christ's preaching presented itself to the Russian critics as though maliciously interfering with a certain activity, which was directed against what they at a given moment considered to be an evil, so that it turned out that the principle of not resisting evil with violence was attacked by two opposite camps,—

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by the conservatives, because this principle interfered with their activity of resisting the evil which was produced by the revolutionists, and with their persecutions and executions; and by the revolutionists, because this principle interfered with the resistance to the evil which was produced by the conservatives, and with the overthrow of the conservatives. The conservatives were provoked, because the doctrine of non-resistance to evil interfered with the energetic suppression of the revolutionary elements, who are likely to ruin the welfare of the nation; while the revolutionists were provoked, because the doctrine of non-resistance to evil interfered with the overthrow of the conservatives, who were ruining the well-being of the nation.

What is remarkable is, that the revolutionists attacked the principle of non-resistance, although it is most terrible and most dangerous for every despotism, because ever since the beginning of the world the opposite principle of the necessity of resisting evil with violence has been lying at the basis of all violence, from the Inquisition to the Schlüsselburg Fortress.

Besides, the Russian critics pointed out that the application to life of the commandment about non-resistance to evil would turn humanity away from the path of civilization, on which it was marching now; but the path of civilization, on which the European civilization is marching, is, in their opinion, the one on which all humanity must always march.

Such was the chief character of the Russian criticisms.

The foreign critics proceeded from the same bases, but their reviews of my book differed from those of the Russian critics not only in a lesser degree of irritability and a greater degree of culture, but also in the essence of the matter.

In discussing my book and the Gospel teaching in general, as it is expressed in the Sermon on the Mount,

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the foreign critics asserted that such a teaching is really not Christian (Christian in their opinion is Catholicism and Protestantism), and that the doctrine of the Sermon on the Mount is only a series of very charming, impracticable reveries "*du charmant docteur*," as Renan used to say, which were good enough for the naïve and half-wild inhabitants of Galilee, who lived eighteen hundred years ago, and for the Russian peasants, Syutáev and Bondarév, and the Russian mystic, Tolstóy, but can in no way be applied to the high degree of European culture.

The foreign lay critics tried, in a refined manner, without giving me any offence, to let me know that my opinion that humanity can be guided by such a naïve teaching as the Sermon on the Mount is due partly to my ignorance, lack of acquaintance with history, lack of knowledge of all those vain attempts to realize in life the principles of the Sermon on the Mount, which have been made in history, and have led to nothing, thanks to ignorance concerning the whole significance of that high degree of culture on which European civilization now stands, with its Krupp guns, smokeless powder, the colonization of Africa, the government of Ireland, parliaments, journalism, strikes, constitutions, and Eiffel Tower.

Thus wrote Vogüé, and Leroy Beaulieu, and Matthew Arnold, and the American writer Savage, and Ingersoll, a popular American preacher of free thought, and many others.

"Christ's teaching is no good, because it does not harmonize with our industrial age," naïvely says Ingersoll, thus expressing with absolute precision and naïveté what the refined and cultured men of our time think about Christ's teaching. The teaching is no good for our industrial age, as though the existence of the industrial age is something sacred which must not and cannot be changed. It is something like what drunkards would do, if, in response to advice about how to get themselves

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into a sober state, they should reply that the advice is out of place in connection with their present alcoholic state.

The discussions of all the lay writers, both Russian and foreign, no matter how different their tone and the manner of their arguments may be, in reality reduce themselves to one and the same strange misunderstanding, namely, that Christ's teaching, one of the consequences of which is non-resistance to evil, is useless to us, because it demands that our life be changed.

Christ's teaching is useless, because, if it were put into practice, our life could not continue; in other words, — if we began to live well, as Christ has taught us, we could not continue to live badly, as we live and are accustomed to live. The question of non-resistance to evil is not discussed, and the very mention of the fact that the demand for non-resistance to evil enters into Christ's teaching is considered a sufficient proof of the inapplicability of the whole teaching.

And yet, it would seem, it is indispensable to point out some kind of a solution to this question, because it lies at the foundation of nearly all affairs which interest us.

The question consists in this: how are we to harmonize the conflicts of men, when some consider an evil what others consider to be good, and vice versa? And so, to consider that an evil which I consider an evil, although my adversary may consider it good, is no answer. There can be but two answers: either we have to find a true and indisputable criterion of what an evil is, or we must not resist evil with violence.

The first solution has been tried since the beginning of historical times, and, as we all know, has so far led to no satisfactory results.

The second answer, not to resist with violence what we consider evil, so long as we have found no common criterion, was proposed by Christ.

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It may be found that Christ's answer is not correct: it may be possible to put in its place another, better answer, by finding a criterion which would indubitably and simultaneously for all define the evil; we may simply not recognize the essence of the question, as it is not recognized by the savage nations, — but it is impossible, as the learned critics of the Christian teaching do, to make it appear that such a question does not at all exist, or that the relegation of the right to determine the evil and resist it with violence to certain persons or assemblies of men (much less, if we are these men), solves the question; whereas we all know that such a relegation does not at all solve the question, since there are some people who do not recognize this right as belonging to certain people or to assemblies of men.

But it is this recognition that what to us appears evil is evil, or an absolute failure to comprehend the question, which serves as a foundation for the judgment of the lay critics concerning the Christian teaching, so that the opinions concerning my book, both of the ecclesiastic and the lay critics, showed me that the majority of men absolutely fail to comprehend, not only Christ's very teaching, but even those questions to which it serves as an answer.

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III.

THUS, both the information received by me after the publication of my book, as to how the Christian teaching in its direct and true sense has without interruption been understood by the minority of men, and the criticisms upon it, both the ecclesiastic and the lay criticisms, which denied the possibility of understanding Christ's teaching in the direct sense, convinced me that, while, on the one hand, the true comprehension of this teaching never ceased for the minority, and became clearer and clearer to them, on the other hand, for the majority, its meaning became more and more obscure, finally reaching such a degree of obscuration that men no longer comprehend the simplest propositions, which are expressed in the Gospel in the simplest words.

The failure to comprehend Christ's teaching in its true, simple, and direct sense in our time, when the light of this teaching has penetrated all the darkest corners of human consciousness; when, as Christ has said, that which He has spoken in the ear, they now proclaim upon the housetops; when this teaching permeates all the sides of human life, — the domestic, the economic, the civil, the political, and the international, — this failure to comprehend would be incomprehensible, if there were no causes for it.

One of these causes is this, that both the believers and the unbelievers are firmly convinced that Christ's teaching has been comprehended by them long ago, and so completely, indubitably, and finally, that there can be no other meaning in it than the one they ascribe to it. This

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cause is due to the duration of the tradition of the false comprehension, and so of the failure to understand the true teaching.

The most powerful stream of water cannot add a drop to a vessel that is full.

It is possible to explain the most intricate matters to a man of very hard comprehension, so long as he has not formed any idea about them; but it is impossible to explain the simplest thing to a very clever man, if he is firmly convinced that he knows, and, besides, incontestably knows, what has been transmitted to him.

The Christian teaching presents itself to the men of our world precisely as such a teaching, which has for a long time and in a most indubitable manner been known in its minutest details, and which cannot be comprehended in any other manner than it now is.

Christianity is now understood by those who profess the church doctrines as a supernatural, miraculous revelation concerning everything which is given in the symbol of faith, and by those who do not believe, as an obsolete manifestation of humanity's need of believing in something supernatural, as a historical phenomenon, which is completely expressed in Catholicism, Orthodoxy, Protestantism, and which has no longer any vital meaning for us. For the believers the meaning of the teaching is concealed by the church, for unbelievers by science.

I shall begin with the first:

Eighteen hundred years ago there appeared in the pagan Roman world a strange, new teaching, which resembled nothing which preceded it, and which was ascribed to the man Christ.

This new teaching was absolutely new, both in form and in contents, for the European world, in the midst of which it arose, and especially in the Roman world, where it was preached and became diffused.

Amidst the elaborateness of the religious rules of Juda-

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ism, where, according to Isaiah, there was rule upon rule, and amidst the Roman legislation, which was worked out to a great degree of perfection, there appeared a teaching which not only denied all the divinities, — every fear of them, every divination and faith in them, — but also all human institutions and every necessity for them. In the place of all the rules of former faiths, this teaching advanced only the model of an inner perfection of truth and of love in the person of Christ, and the consequences of this inner perfection, attainable by men, — the external perfection, as predicted by the prophets, — the kingdom of God, in which all men will stop warring, and all will be taught by God and united in love, and the lion will lie with the lamb. In place of the threats of punishments for the non-compliance with the rules, which were made by the former laws, both religious and political, in place of the enticement of rewards for fulfilling them, this teaching called men to itself only by its being the truth. John vii. 17: "If any man wants to know of this doctrine, whether it be of God, let him fulfil it." John viii. 46: "If I say the truth, why do ye not believe me?" Why do you seek to kill a man who has told you the truth? The truth alone will free you. God must be professed in truth only. The whole teaching will be revealed and will be made clear by the spirit of truth. Do what I say, and you will know whether what I say is true.

No proofs were given of the teaching, except the truth, except the correspondence of the teaching with the truth. The whole teaching consisted in the knowledge of the truth and in following it, in a greater and ever greater approximation to it, in matters of life. According to this teaching, there are no acts which can justify a man, make him righteous; there is only the model of truth which attracts all hearts, for the inner perfection — in the person of Christ, and for the outer — in the realization of the

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kingdom of God. The fulfilment of the teaching is only in the motion along a given path, in the approximation to perfection, — the inner, — the imitation of Christ, and the outer, — the establishment of the kingdom of God. A man's greater or lesser good, according to this teaching, depends, not on the degree of perfection which he attains, but on the greater or lesser acceleration of motion.

The motion toward perfection of the publican, of Zacchæus, of the harlot, of the robber on the cross, is, according to this teaching, a greater good than the immovable righteousness of the Pharisee. A sheep gone astray is more precious than ninety-nine who have not. The prodigal son, the lost coin which is found again, is more precious, more loved by God than those who were not lost.

Every condition is, according to this teaching, only a certain step on the road toward the unattainable inner and outer perfection, and so has no meaning. The good is only in the motion toward perfection; but the stopping at any stage whatsoever is only a cessation of the good.

"Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," and "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." "Rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."

"Be ye perfect as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect." "Seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness."

The fulfilment of the teaching is only in unceasing motion, — in the attainment of a higher and ever higher truth, and in an ever greater realization of the same in oneself by means of an ever increasing love, and outside of oneself by an ever greater realization of the kingdom of God.

It is evident that, having appeared in the midst of the Jewish and the pagan world, this teaching could not have

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been accepted by the majority of men, who lived a life entirely different from the one which this teaching demanded; and that it could not even be comprehended in its full significance by those who accepted it, as it was diametrically opposed to their former views.

Only by a series of misconceptions, blunders, one-sided explanations, corrected and supplemented by generations of men, was the meaning of the Christian teaching made more and more clear to men. The Christian world-conception affected the Jewish and the pagan conceptions, and the Jewish and pagan conceptions affected the Christian world-conception. And the Christian, as being vital, penetrated the reviving Jewish and pagan conceptions more and more, and stood forth more and more clearly, freeing itself from the false admixture, which was imposed upon it. Men came to comprehend the meaning better and better, and more and more realized it in life.

The longer humanity lived, the more and more was the meaning of Christianity made clear to it, as indeed it could not and cannot be otherwise with any teaching about life.

The subsequent generations corrected the mistakes of their predecessors, and more and more approached the comprehension of its true meaning. Thus it has been since the earliest times of Christianity. And here, in the earliest times, there appeared men, who began to assert that the meaning which they ascribed to the teaching was the only true one, and that as a proof of it served the supernatural phenomena which confirmed the correctness of their comprehension.

It was this that was the chief cause, at first, of the failure to comprehend the teaching, and later, of its complete corruption.

It was assumed that Christ's teaching was not transmitted to men like any other truth, but in a special, supernatural manner, so that the truth of the comprehension of the teaching was not proved by the correspondence

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only can never convince a man of the truth of the Christian teaching, but can only repel him from it. The consequence of such a method of confirmation was this, that the more these confirmations of the truth by means of stories of miracles heaped up upon one another, the more did the teaching itself depart from its original meaning, and the less comprehensible did it become.

Thus it has been since the earliest times, and it has been increasingly so all the time, until it logically reached in our time the dogmas of the transubstantiation and of the infallibility of the Pope, or of the bishops, or of the writings, that is, something absolutely incomprehensible, which has reached the point of absurdity and the demand for a blind faith, not in God, not in Christ, not even in the teaching, but in a person, as is the case in Catholicism, or in several persons, as in Orthodoxy, or in a book, as in Protestantism. The more Christianity became diffused, and the greater was the crowd of unprepared men which it embraced, the less it was understood, the more definitely was the infallibility of the comprehension asserted, and the less did it become possible to understand the true meaning of the teaching. As early as the time of Constantine the whole comprehension of the teaching was reduced to a résumé, confirmed by the worldly power, — a résumé of disputes which took place in a council, — to a symbol of faith, in which it says, I believe in so and so, and so and so, and finally, in the one, holy, catholic, and apostolic church, that is, in the infallibility of those persons who call themselves the church, so that everything was reduced to this, that a man no longer believes in God, nor in Christ, as they have been revealed to him, but in what the church commands him to believe.

But the church is holy, — the church was founded by Christ. God could not have left it to men to give an arbitrary interpretation to His teaching, — and so He

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established the church. All these expositions are to such an extent unjust and bold that one feels some compunction in overthrowing them.

There is nothing but the assertion of the churches to show that God or Christ founded anything resembling what the churchmen understand by church.

In the Gospel there is an indication against the church, as an external authority, and this indication is most obvious and clear in that place where it says that Christ's disciples should not call any one teachers and fathers. But nowhere is there anything said about the establishment of what the churchmen call a church.

In the gospels the word "church" is used twice,—once, in the sense of an assembly of men deciding a dispute; the other time, in connection with the obscure words about the rock, Peter, and the gates of hell. From these two mentions of the word "church," which has the meaning of nothing but an assembly, they deduce what we now understand by the word "church."

But Christ could certainly not have founded a church, that is, what we now understand by the word, because neither in Christ's words, nor in the conceptions of the men of that time, was there anything resembling the concept of a church, as we know it now, with its sacraments, its hierarchy, and, above all, its assertion of infallibility.

The fact that men named what was formed later by the same word which Christ had used in respect to something else, does in no way give them the right to assert that Christ established the one, true church.

Besides, if Christ had really founded such an institution as the church, on which the whole doctrine and the whole faith are based, He would most likely have expressed this establishment in such definite and clear words, and would have given the one, true church, outside of the stories about the miracles, which are used in connection with every superstition, such signs as to leave

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no doubts concerning its authenticity; there is nothing of the kind, but there are now, as there have been, all kinds of institutions which, each of them, call themselves the one, true church.

The Catholic catechism says: "*L'église est la société de fidèles établie par notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ, répandue sur toute la terre et soumise à l'autorité des pasteurs légitimes, principalement notre Saint Père — le Pape,*" meaning by "*pasteurs légitimes*" a human institution, which has the Pope at its head and which is composed of certain persons who are connected among themselves by a certain organization.

The Orthodox catechism says: "The church is a society, established by Jesus Christ upon earth, united among themselves into one whole by the one, divine teaching and the sacraments, under the guidance and management of the God-established hierarchy," meaning by "God-established hierarchy" the Greek hierarchy, which is composed of such and such persons, who are to be found in such and such places.

The Lutheran catechism says: "The church is holy Christianity, or an assembly of all believers, under Christ, their chief, in which the Holy Ghost through the Gospel and the sacraments offers, communicates, and secures divine salvation," meaning, by this, that the Catholic Church has gone astray and has fallen away, and that the true tradition is preserved in Lutheranism.

For the Catholics the divine church coincides with the Roman hierarchy and the Pope. For the Greek Orthodox the divine church coincides with the establishment of the Eastern and the Russian Church.[1] For the Lutherans

[1] Khomyakóv's definition of the church, which has some currency among Russians, does not mend matters, if we recognize with Khomyakóv that the Orthodox is the one true church. Khomyakóv asserts that the church is an assembly of men (of all, both the clergy and the congregation) united in love, and that the truth is revealed only to those who are united in love (Let us love one another, so that in

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the divine church coincides with the assembly of men who recognize the Bible and Luther's catechism.

Speaking of the origin of Christianity, men who belong to one or the other of the existing churches generally use the word "church" in the singular, as though there has been but one church. But this is quite untrue. The church, as an institution which asserts of itself that it is in possession of the unquestionable truth, appeared only when it was not alone, but there were at least two of them.

So long as the believers agreed among themselves, and the assembly was one, it had no need of asserting that it was the church. Only when the believers divided into opposite parties, which denied one another, did there appear the necessity for each side to assert its authenticity, ascribing infallibility to itself. The concept of the one church arose only from this, that, when two sides disagreed and quarrelled, each of them, calling the other a heresy, recognized only its own as the infallible church.

If we know that there was a church, which in the year 51 decided to receive the uncircumcised, this church made its appearance only because there was an-

agreement of thought, and so forth), and that such a church is the one which, in the first place, recognizes the Nicene symbol, and, in the second, after the division of the churches, does not recognize the Pope and the new dogmas. But with such a definition of the church there appears a still greater difficulty in harmonizing, as Khomyakóv wants to, the church which is united in love with the church which recognizes the Nicene symbol and the justice of Photius. Thus Khomyakóv's assertion that this church, which is united in love and so is holy, is the church as professed by the Greek hierarchy, is still more arbitrary than the assertions of the Catholics and of the ancient Orthodox. If we admit the concept of the church in the sense which Khomyakóv gives to it, that is, as an assembly of men united in love and in truth, then everything a man can say in relation to this assembly is, that it is very desirable to be a member of such an assembly, if such exists, that is, to be in love and truth; but there are no external signs by which it would be possible to count oneself or another in with this holy assembly, or to exclude oneself from it, as no external institution can correspond to this concept. — *Author's Note.*

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other church, that of the Judaizing, which had decided not to receive the uncircumcised.

If there now is a Catholic Church, which asserts its infallibility, it does this only because there are the Græco-Russian, Orthodox, Lutheran Churches, each of which asserts its own infallibility, and thus rejects all the other churches. Thus the one church is only a fantastic conception, which has not the slightest sign of reality.

As an actual, historical phenomenon there have existed only many assemblies of men, each of which has asserted that it is the one church, established by Christ, and that all the others, which call themselves churches, are heresies and schisms.

The catechisms of the most widely diffused churches, the Catholic, the Orthodox, and the Lutheran, say so outright.

In the Catholic catechism it says: "*Quels sont ceux, qui sont hors de l'église? Les infidèles, les hérétiques, les schismatiques.*" As schismatics are regarded the so-called Orthodox. The Lutherans are considered to be heretics; thus, according to the Catholic catechism, the Catholics alone are in the church.

In the so-called Orthodox catechism it says: "By the one church of Christ is meant nothing but the Orthodox, which remains in complete agreement with the œcumenical church. But as to the Roman Church and the other confessions" (the church does not even mention the Lutherans and others), "they cannot be referred to the one, true church, since they have themselves separated from it."

According to this definition the Catholics and Lutherans are outside the church, and in the church are only the Orthodox.

But the Lutheran catechism runs as follows: "*Die wahre Kirche wird daran erkannt, dass in ihr das Wort Gottes lauter und rein ohne Menschenzusätze gelehrt und*

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die Sacramente treu nach Christi Einsetzung gewahrt werden."

According to this definition, all those who have added anything to the teaching of Christ and the apostles, as the Catholic and Greek Churches have done, are outside the church. And in the church are only the Protestants.

The Catholics assert that the Holy Ghost has uninterruptedly operated in their hierarchy; the Orthodox assert that the same Holy Ghost has operated in their hierarchy; the Arians asserted that the Holy Ghost operated in their hierarchy (this they asserted with as much right as the now ruling churches assert it); the Protestants of every description, Lutherans, Reformers, Presbyterians, Methodists, Swedenborgians, Mormons, assert that the Holy Ghost operates only in their assemblies.

If the Catholics assert that the Holy Ghost during the division of the Arian and of the Greek Churches left the apostatizing churches and remained only in the one, true church, the Protestants of every denomination can with the same right assert that during the separation of their church from the Catholic the Holy Ghost left the Catholic Church and passed over to the one which they recognize. And so they do.

Every church deduces its profession through an uninterrupted tradition from Christ and the apostles. And, indeed, every Christian confession, arising from Christ, must have inevitably reached the present generation through a certain tradition. But this does not prove that any one of these traditions, excluding all the others, is indubitably the correct one.

Every twig on the tree goes uninterruptedly back to the root; but the fact that every twig comes from the same root does in no way prove that there is but one twig. The same is true of the churches. Every church offers precisely the same proofs of its succession and even

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of the miracles in favour of its own authenticity; thus there is but one strict and precise definition of what the church is (not as something fantastic, which we should like it to be, but as something which in reality exists), and this is: the church is an assembly of men, who assert that they, and they only, are in the full possession of the truth.

It was these assemblies, which later on, with the aid of the support of the temporal power, passed into mighty institutions, that were the chief impediments in the dissemination of the true comprehension of Christ's teaching.

Nor could it be otherwise: the chief peculiarity of Christ's teaching, as distinguished from all the former teachings, consisted in this, that the men who accepted it tried more and more to understand and fulfil the teaching, whereas the church doctrine asserted the full and final comprehension and fulfilment of this teaching.

However strange it may seem to us people educated in the false doctrine about the church as a Christian institution, and in the contempt for heresy, it was only in what is called heresy that there was true motion, that is, true Christianity, and it ceased to be such when it stopped its motion in these heresies and became itself arrested in the immovable forms of the church.

Indeed, what is a heresy? Read all the theological works which treat about heresies, a subject which is the first to present itself for definition, since every theology speaks of the true teaching amidst the surrounding false teachings, that is, heresies, and you will nowhere find anything resembling a definition of heresy.

As a specimen of that complete absence of any semblance of a definition of what is understood by the word "heresy" may serve the opinion on this subject expressed by the learned historian of Christianity, E. de Pressensé, in his *Histoire du Dogme*, with the epigraph,

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"*Ubi Christus, ibi Ecclesia*" (Paris, 1869). This is what he says in his introduction: "*Je sais que l'on nous conteste le droit de califier ainsi*," that is, to call heresies "*les tendances qui furent si vivement combattues par les premiers Pères. La désignation même d'hérésie semble une atteinte portée à la liberté de conscience et de pensée. Nous ne pouvons partager ces scrupules, car ils n'iraient à rien moins qu'à enlever au christianisme tout caractère distinctif.*"

And after saying that after Constantine the church actually misused its power in defining the dissenters as heretics and persecuting them, he passes judgment on the early times and says:

"*L'église est une libre association; il y a tout profit à se séparer d'elle. La polémique contre l'erreur n'a d'autres resources que la pensée et le sentiment. Un type doctrinal uniforme n'a pas encore été élaboré; les divergences secondaires se produisent en Orient et en Occident avec une entière liberté, la théologie n'est point liée à d'invariables formules. Si au sein de cette diversité apparait un fond commun de croyances, n'est-on pas en droit d'y voir non pas un système formulé et composé par les représentants d'une autorité d'école, mais la foi elle même, dans son instinct le plus sûr et sa manifestation la plus spontanée? Si cette même unanimité qui se revèle dans les croyances essentielles, se retrouve pour repousser telles ou telles tendances, ne seront-nous pas en droit de conclure que ces tendances étaient en désaccord flagrant avec les principes fondamentaux du christianisme? Cette présomption ne se transformera-t-elle pas en certitude si nous reconnaissons dans la doctrine universellement repoussée par l'église les traits caractéristiques de l'une des religions du passé? Pour dire que le gnosticisme ou l'ebionitisme sont les formes légitimes de la pensée chrétienne, il faut dire hardiment qu'il n'y a pas de pensée chrétienne, ni de caractère specifique qui la fasse reconnaître. Sous prétexte de*

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l'élargir on la dissent. Personne, au temps de Platon, n'eut osé de couvrir de son nom une doctrine qui n'eut pas fait place à la théorie des idées, et l'on eut excité les justes moqueries de la Grèce, en voulant faire d'Epicure ou de Zénon un disciple de l'Académie. Reconnaissons donc que s'il existe une religion et une doctrine qui s'appelle le christianisme elle peut avoir ses hérésies."

The whole discussion of the author reduces itself to this, that every opinion which is not in agreement with a code of dogmas professed by us at a given time is a heresy; but at a given time and in a given place people profess something, and this profession of something in some place cannot be a criterion of the truth.

Everything reduces itself to this, that "*Ubi Christus, ibi Ecclesia;*" but Christ is where we are. Every so-called heresy, by recognizing as the truth what it professes, can in a similar manner find in the history of the churches a consistent explanation of what it professes, using for itself all the arguments of De Pressensé and calling only its own confession truly Christian, precisely what all the heresies have been doing.

The only definition of heresy (the word αἵρεσις means *part*) is the name given by an assembly of men to every judgment which rejects part of the teaching, as professed by the assembly. A more particular meaning, which more frequently than any other is ascribed to heresy, is that of an opinion which rejects the church doctrine, as established and supported by the worldly power.

There is a remarkable, little known, very large work (*Unpartheyische Kirchen und Ketzer-Historia*, 1729), by Gottfried Arnold, which treats directly on this subject and which shows all the illegality, arbitrariness, senselessness, and cruelty of using the word "heresy" in the sense of rejection. This book is an attempt at describing the history of Christianity in the form of a history of the heresies.

In the introduction the author puts a number of ques-

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tions: (1) regarding those who make heretics (*von den Ketzermachern selbst*); (2) concerning those who were made heretics; (3) concerning the subjects of heresy; (4) concerning the method of making heretics, and (5) concerning the aims and consequences of making heretics.

In connection with each of these points he puts dozens of questions, answers to which he later gives from the works of well-known theologians, but he chiefly leaves it to the reader himself to make the deduction from the exposition of the whole book. I shall quote the following as samples of these questions, which partly contain the answers. In reference to the fourth point, as to how heretics are made, he says in one of his questions (the seventh): "Does not all history show that the greatest makers of heretics and the masters of this work were those same wise men from whom the Father has hidden His secrets, that is, the hypocrites, Pharisees, and lawyers, or entirely godless and corrupt people?" Questions 20 and 21: "And did not, in the most corrupt times of Christianity, the hypocrites and envious people reject those very men who were particularly endowed by God with great gifts, and who in the time of pure Christianity would have been highly esteemed? And, on the contrary, would not these men, who during the decadence of Christianity elevated themselves above everything and recognized themselves to be the teachers of the purest Christianity, have been recognized, in apostolic times, as the basest heretics and antichristians?"

Expressing in these questions this thought, among others, that the verbal expression of the essence of faith, which was demanded by the church, and a departure from which was considered a heresy, could never completely cover the world-conception of the believer, and that, therefore, the demand for an expression of faith by means of particular words was the cause of heresy, he says, in Questions 21 and 33:

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"And if the divine acts and thoughts present themselves to a man as so great and profound that he does not find corresponding words in which to express them, must he be recognized as a heretic, if he is not able precisely to express his ideas? And is not this true, that in the early times there was no heresy, because the Christians did not judge one another according to verbal expressions, but according to the heart and acts, in connection with a complete liberty of expression, without fear of being recognized as a heretic? Was it not a very common and easy method with the church," he says in Question 21, "when the clergy wanted to get rid of a person or ruin him, to make him suspected as regards his doctrine and to throw over him the cloak of heresy, and thus to condemn and remove him?

"Though it is true that amidst the so-called heretics there were errors and sins, yet it is not less true and obvious from the numberless examples here adduced" (that is, in the history of the church and of heresy), he says farther on, "that there has not been a single sincere and conscientious man with some standing who has not been ruined by the churchmen out of envy or for other causes."

Thus, nearly two hundred years ago, was the significance of heresy understood, and yet this conception continues to exist until the present time. Nor can it fail to exist, so long as there is a concept of the church. Heresy is the reverse of the church. Where there is the church, there is also heresy. The church is an assembly of men asserting that they are in possession of the indisputable truth. Heresy is the opinion of people who do not recognize the indisputableness of the church truth.

Heresy is a manifestation of motion in the church, an attempt at destroying the ossified assertion of the church, an attempt at a living comprehension of the teaching. Every step of moving forward, of comprehending and fulfilling the teaching has been accomplished by the heretics:

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such heretics were Tertullian, and Origen, and Augustine, and Luther, and Huss, and Savonarola, and Chelcický, and others. Nor could it be otherwise.

A disciple of Christ, whose teaching consists in an eternally greater and greater comprehension of the teaching and in a greater and greater fulfilment of it, in a motion toward perfection, cannot, for the very reason that he is a disciple of Christ, assert concerning himself or concerning any one else, that he fully understands Christ's teaching and fulfils it; still less can he assert this concerning any assembly.

No matter at what stage of comprehension and perfection a disciple of Christ may be, he always feels the insufficiency of his comprehension and of his fulfilment, and always strives after a greater comprehension and fulfilment. And so the assertion about myself or about an assembly, that I, or we, possess the complete comprehension of Christ's teaching, and completely fulfil it, is a renunciation of the spirit of Christ's teaching.

No matter how strange this may seem, the churches, as churches, have always been, and cannot help but be, institutions that are not only foreign, but even directly hostile, to Christ's teaching. With good reason Voltaire called the church "*l'infâme;*" with good reason all, or nearly all, the Christian so-called sects have recognized the church to be that whore of whom Revelation prophesies; with good reason the history of the church is the history of the greatest cruelties and horrors.

The churches, as churches, are not certain institutions which have at their base the Christian principle, though slightly deviated from the straight path, as some think; the churches, as churches, as assemblies, which assert their infallibility, are antichristian institutions. Between the churches, as churches. and Christianity there is not only nothing in common but the name, but they are two absolutely divergent and mutually hostile principles. One

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is pride, violence, self-assertion, immobility, and death; the other is meekness, repentance, humility, motion, and life.

It is impossible at the same time to serve both masters, — one or the other has to be chosen.

The servants of the churches of all denominations have tried, especially of late, to appear as advocates of motion in Christianity; they make concessions, wish to mend the abuses which have stolen into the church, and say that for the sake of the abuses we ought not to deny the principle of the Christian church itself, which alone can unite all men and be a mediator between men and God. But all this is not true. The churches have not only never united, but have always been one of the chief causes of the disunion of men, of the hatred of one another, of wars, slaughters, inquisitions, nights of St. Bartholomew, and so forth, and the churches never serve as mediators between men and God, which is, indeed, unnecessary and is directly forbidden by Christ, who has revealed the teaching directly to every man, and they put up dead forms in the place of God, and not only fail to reveal God to man, but even conceal Him from them. Churches which have arisen from the failure to comprehend, and which maintain this lack of comprehension by their immobility, cannot help persecuting and oppressing every comprehension of the teaching. They try to conceal this, but this is impossible, because every motion forward along the path indicated by Christ destroys their existence.

As one hears and reads the articles and sermons, in which the church writers of modern times of all denominations speak of Christian truths and virtues, as one hears and reads these clever discussions, admonitions, confessions, which have been worked out by the ages, and which sometimes look very much as though they were sincere, one is prepared to doubt that the churches could be

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hostile to Christianity: "It certainly cannot be that these people, who have produced such men as Chrysostom, Fénelon, Butler, and other preachers of Christianity, should be hostile to it." One feels like saying: "The churches may have deviated from Christianity, may be in error, but cannot be hostile to it." But as one looks at the fruits, in order to judge the tree, as Christ has taught us to do, and sees that their fruits have been evil, that the consequence of their activity has been the distortion of Christianity, one cannot help but feel that, no matter how good the men have been, the cause of the churches in which they have taken part has not been Christian. The goodness and the deserts of all these men, who served the churches, were the goodness and the deserts of men, but not of the cause which they served. All these good men — like Francis d'Assisi and Francis de Lobes, our Tíkhon Zadónski, Thomas à Kempis, and others — were good men, in spite of their having served a cause which is hostile to Christianity, and they would have been better and more deserving still, if they had not succumbed to the error which they served.

But why speak of the past, judge of the past, which may have been falsely represented to us? The churches with their foundations and with their activity are not a work of the past: the churches are now before us, and we can judge of them directly, by their activity, their influence upon men.

In what does the activity of the churches now consist? How do they act upon men? What do the churches do in our country, among the Catholics, among the Protestants of every denomination? In what does their activity consist, and what are the consequences of their activity?

The activity of our Russian, so-called Orthodox, Church is in full sight. It is a vast fact, which cannot be concealed, and about which there can be no dispute.

In what consists the activity of this Russian Church,

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this enormous, tensely active institution, which consists of an army of half a million, costing the nation tens of millions?

The activity of this church consists in using every possible means for the purpose of instilling in the one hundred millions of the Russian population those obsolete, backward faiths, which now have no justification whatsoever, and which sometime in the past were professed by people that are alien to our nation, and in which hardly any one now believes, frequently even not those whose duty it is to disseminate these false doctrines.

The inculcation of these alien, obsolete formulas of the Byzantine clergy, which no longer have any meaning for the men of our time, about the Trinity, the Holy Virgin, the sacraments, grace, and so forth, forms one part of the activity of the Russian Church; another part of its activity consists in the activity of maintaining idolatry in the direct sense of the word, — worshipping holy relics and images, bringing sacrifices to them, and expecting from them the fulfilment of their wishes. I shall not speak of what is spoken and written by the clergy with a shade of learning and liberalism in the clerical periodicals, but of what actually is done by the clergy over the breadth of the Russian land among a population of one hundred million people. What do they carefully, persistently, tensely, everywhere without exception, teach the people? What is demanded of them on the strength of the so-called Christian faith?

I will begin with the beginning, with the birth of a child: at the birth of a child, the clergy teaches that a prayer has to be read over the mother and the child, in order to purify them, since without this prayer the mother who has given birth to a child is accursed. For this purpose the priest takes the child in his hands in front of the representations of the saints, which the masses simply call gods, and pronounces exorcising words, and

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Russian peasants at mass.

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thus purifies the mother. Then it is impressed on the parents, and even demanded of them under threat of punishment in case of non-fulfilment, that the child shall be baptized, that is, dipped three times in water by the priest, in connection with which incomprehensible words are pronounced and even less comprehensible acts performed, — the smearing of various parts of the body with oil, the shearing of the hair, and the blowing and spitting of the sponsors on the imaginary devil. All this is supposed to cleanse the child and make him a Christian. Then the parents are impressed with the necessity of giving the holy sacrament to the child, that is, of giving him under the form of bread and wine a particle of Christ's body to eat, in consequence of which the child will receive the grace of Christ, and so forth. Then it is demanded that this child, according to his age, shall learn to pray. To pray means to stand straight in front of the boards on which the faces of Christ, the Virgin, the saints, are represented, and incline his head and his whole body, and with his right hand, with fingers put together in a certain form, to touch his brow, shoulders, and stomach, and pronounce Church-Slavic words, of which all the children are particularly enjoined to repeat, "Mother of God, Virgin, rejoice!" etc. Then the pupil is impressed with the necessity of doing the same, that is, crossing himself, in presence of any church or image; then he is told that on holidays (holidays are days on which Christ was born, though no one knows when that was, and circumcised, on which the Mother of God died, the cross was brought, the image was carried in, a saintly fool saw a vision, etc.,) he must put on his best clothes and go to church, buy tapers there and place them in front of images of saints, hand in little notes and commemorations and loaves, that triangles may be cut in them, and then pray many times for the health and welfare of the Tsar and the bishops, and for himself

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and his acts, and then kiss the cross and the priest's hand.

Besides this prayer he is enjoined to prepare himself at least once a year for the holy sacrament. To prepare himself for the holy sacrament means to go to church and tell the priest his sins, on the supposition that his imparting his sins to a stranger will completely cleanse him of his sins, and then to eat from a spoon a bit of bread with wine, which purifies him even more. Then it is impressed upon a man and a woman, who want their carnal intercourse to be sacred, that they must come to church, put on metallic crowns, drink potions, to the sound of singing walk three times around a table, and that then their carnal intercourse will become sacred and quite distinct from any other carnal intercourse.

In life people are impressed with the necessity of observing the following rules: not to eat meat or milk food on certain days, on other certain days to celebrate masses for the dead, on holidays to receive the priest and give him money, and several times a year to take the boards with the representations out of the church and carry them on sashes over fields and through houses. Before death a man is enjoined to eat from a spoon bread with wine, and still better, if he has time, to have himself smeared with oil. This secures for him happiness in the next world. After a man's death, his relatives are enjoined, for the purpose of saving the soul of the defunct, to put into his hands a printed sheet with a prayer; it is also useful to have a certain book read over the dead body and the name of the dead man pronounced several times in church.

All this is considered an obligatory faith for everybody.

But if one wants to care for his soul, he is taught, according to this faith, that the greatest amount of blessedness is secured for the soul in the world to come by contributing money for churches and monasteries, by put-

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ting holy men thus under obligation to pray for him. Other soul-saving measures, according to this faith, are the visiting of monasteries and the kissing of miracle-working images and relics.

According to this faith, miracle-working images and relics concentrate in themselves particular holiness, strength, and grace, and nearness to these objects — touching, kissing them, placing tapers before them, crawling up to them — contributes very much to a man's salvation, and so do masses, which are ordered before these sacred objects.

It is this faith, and no other, which is called Orthodox, that is, the right faith, and which has, under the guise of Christianity, been impressed upon the people for many centuries by the exercise of all kinds of force, and is now being impressed with particular effort.

And let it not be said that the Orthodox teachers place the essence of the teaching in something else, and that these are only ancient forms which it is not considered right to destroy. That is not true: throughout all of Russia, nothing but this faith has of late been impressed upon the people with particular effort. There is nothing else. Of something else they talk and write in the capitals, but only this is being impressed on one hundred million of people, and nothing else. The churchmen talk of other things, but they enjoin only this with every means at their command.

All this, and the worship of persons and images, is introduced into theologies, into catechisms; the masses are carefully taught this theoretically, and, being hypnotized practically, with every means of solemnity, splendour, authority, and violence, are made to believe in this, and are jealously guarded against every endeavour to be freed from these savage superstitions.

In my very presence, as I said in reference to my book, Christ's teaching and his own words concerning non-

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resistance to evil were a subject of ridicule and circus jokes, and the churchmen not only did not oppose this, but even encouraged the blasphemy; but allow yourself to say a disrespectful word concerning the monstrous idol, which is blasphemously carried about in Moscow by drunken persons under the name of the Iberian Virgin, and a groan of indignation will be raised by these same churchmen. All that is preached is the external cult of idolatry. Let no one say that one thing does not interfere with the other, that "these ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone," that "all, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do not ye after their works: for they say, and do not" (Matt. xxiii. 23, 3). This is said of the Pharisees, who fulfilled all the external injunctions of the law, and so the words, "whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe," refer to works of charity and of goodness, and the words, "but do ye not after their works, for they say, and do not," refer to the execution of ceremonies and to the omission of good works, and have precisely the opposite meaning to what the churchmen want to ascribe to this passage, when they interpret it as meaning that ceremonies are to be observed. An external cult and serving charity and truth are hard to harmonize; for the most part one thing excludes the other. Thus it was with the Pharisees, and thus it is now with the church Christians.

If a man can save himself through redemption, sacraments, prayer, he no longer needs any good deeds.

The Sermon on the Mount, or the symbol of faith: it is impossible to believe in both. And the churchmen have chosen the latter: the symbol of faith is taught and read as a prayer in the churches; and the Sermon on the Mount is excluded even from the Gospel teachings in the churches, so that in the churches the parishioners never hear it, except on the days when the whole Gospel is

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read. Nor can it be otherwise: men who believe in a bad and senseless God, who has cursed the human race and who has doomed His son to be a victim, and has doomed a part of humanity to everlasting torment, cannot believe in a God of love. A man who believes in God-Christ, who will come again in glory to judge and punish the living and the dead, cannot believe in Christ, who commands a man to offer his cheek to the offender, not to judge, but to forgive, and to love our enemies. A man who believes in the divine inspiration of the Old Testament and the holiness of David, who on his death-bed orders the killing of an old man who has offended him and whom he could not kill himself, because he was bound by an oath (Book of Kings, ii. 3), and similar abominations, of which the Old Testament is full, cannot believe in Christ's moral law; a man who believes in the doctrine and the preaching of the church about the compatibility of executions and wars with Christianity, cannot believe in the brotherhood of men.

Above all else, a man who believes in the salvation of men through faith, in redemption, or in the sacraments, can no longer employ all his strength in the fulfilment in life of the moral teaching of Christ.

A man who is taught by the church the blasphemous doctrine about his not being able to be saved by his own efforts, but that there is another means, will inevitably have recourse to this means, and not to his efforts, on which he is assured it is a sin to depend. The church doctrine, any church doctrine, with its redemption and its sacraments, excludes Christ's teaching, and the Orthodox doctrine, with its idolatry, does so especially.

"But the masses have always believed so themselves, and believe so now," people will say to this. "The whole history of the Russian masses proves this. It is not right to deprive the masses of their tradition." In this does the deception consist. The masses at one time, indeed,

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professed something like what the church professes now, though it was far from being the same (among the masses, there has existed, not only this superstition of the images, house spirits, relics, and the seventh Thursday after Easter, with its wreaths and birches, but also a deep moral, vital comprehension of Christianity, which has never existed in the whole church, and was met with only in its best representatives); but the masses, in spite of all the obstacles, which the government and the church have opposed to them, have long ago in their best representatives outlived this coarse stage of comprehension, which is proved by the spontaneous birth of rationalistic sects, with which one meets everywhere, with which Russia swarms at the present time, and with which the churchmen struggle in vain. The masses move on in the consciousness of the moral, vital side of Christianity. And it is here that the church appears with its failure to support, and with its intensified inculcation of an obsolete paganism in its ossified form, with its tendency to push the masses back into that darkness, from which they are struggling with so much effort to get out.

"We do not teach the masses anything new, but only what they believe in, and that in a more perfect form," say the churchmen.

This is the same as tying up a growing chick and pushing it back into the shell from which it has come.

I have often been struck by this observation, which would be comical, if its consequences were not so terrible, that men, taking hold of each other in a circle, deceive one another, without being able to get out of the enchanted circle.

The first question, the first doubt of a Russian who is beginning to think, is the question about the miracle-working images and, above all, the relics: "Is it true that they are imperishable, and that they work miracles?" Hundreds and thousands of men put these questions to

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themselves and are troubled about their solution, especially because the bishops, metropolitans, and all the dignitaries kiss the relics and the miracle-working images. Ask the bishops and the dignitaries why they do so, and they will tell you that they do so for the sake of the masses, and the masses worship the images and relics, because the bishops and dignitaries do so.

The activity of the Russian Church, in spite of its external veneer of modernness, learning, spirituality, which its members are beginning to assume in their writings, articles, clerical periodicals, and sermons, consists not only in keeping the masses in that consciousness of rude and savage idolatry, in which they are, but also in intensifying and disseminating superstition and religious ignorance, by pushing out of the masses the vital comprehension of Christianity, which has been living in them by the side of the idolatry.

I remember, I was once present in the monastery bookstore of Óptin Cloister, when an old peasant was choosing some religious books for his grandson, who could read. The monk kept pushing the description of relics, holidays, miraculous images, psalters, etc., into his hands. I asked the old man if he had the Gospel. "No." "Give him the Russian Gospel," I said to the monk. "That is not proper for him," said the monk.

This is in compressed form the activity of our church.

"But this is only true in barbarous Russia," a European or American reader will say. And such an opinion will be correct, but only in the measure in which it refers to the government which aids the church in accomplishing its stultifying and corrupting influence in Russia.

It is true that nowhere in Europe is there such a despotic government and one to such a degree in accord with the ruling church, and so the participation of the power in the corruption of the masses in Russia is very strong; but it is not true that the Russian Church in its

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influence upon the masses in any way differs from any other church.

The churches are everything the same, and if the Catholic, the Anglican, and the Lutheran Churches have not in hand such an obedient government as is the Russian, this is not due to the absence of any desire to make use of the same.

The church, as a church, no matter what it may be, Catholic, Anglican, Lutheran, Presbyterian, — every church, insomuch as it is a church, cannot help but tend toward the same as the Russian Church, — toward concealing the true meaning of Christ's teaching and substituting in its place its own doctrine, which does not put a person under any obligations, excludes the possibility of understanding the true activity of Christ's teaching, and, above all else, justifies the existence of priests who are living at the expense of the nation.

Has Catholicism been doing anything else with its prohibition of the reading of the Gospel, and with its demand for unreasoning obedience to the ecclesiastic guides and the infallible Pope? Does Catholicism preach anything different from what the Russian Church preaches? We have here the same external cult, the same relics, miracles, and statues, the miracle-working Notre-Dames, and processions. The same elatedly misty judgments concerning Christianity in books and sermons, and, when it comes to facts, the same maintenance of a coarse idolatry.

And is not the same being done in Anglicanism, Lutheranism, and in every Protestantism which has formed itself into a church? The same demands from the congregation for a belief in dogmas which were expressed in the fourth century and have lost all meaning for the men of our time, and the same demand for idolatry, if not before relics and images, at least before the Sabbath and the letter of the Bible. It is still the same activity, which is directed upon concealing the real demands of Christianity

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and substituting for them externals, which do not put a man under any obligations, and "cant," as the English beautifully define the occupation to which they are particularly subject. Among the Protestants this activity is particularly noticeable, since they do not even have the excuse of antiquity. And does not the same take place in the modern Revivalism, — the renovated Calvinism, Evangelism, — out of which has grown up the Salvation Army? Just as the condition of all the church doctrines is the same in reference to Christ's teaching, so are also their methods.

Their condition is such that they cannot help but strain all their efforts, in order to conceal the teaching of Christ, whose name they use.

The incompatibility of all the church confessions with Christ's teaching is such that it takes especial efforts to conceal this incompatibility from men. Indeed, we need but stop and think of the condition of any adult, not only cultured, but even simple, man of our time, who has filled himself with conceptions, which are in the air, from the fields of geology, physics, chemistry, cosmography, history, when he for the first time looks consciously at the beliefs, instilled in him in childhood and supported by the churches, that God created the world in six days; that there was light before the sun; that Noah stuck all the animals into his ark, and so forth; that Jesus is the same God, the son, who created everything before this; that this God descended upon earth for Adam's sin; that He rose from the dead, ascended to heaven, and sits on the right of the Father, and will come in the clouds to judge the world, and so forth.

All these propositions, which were worked out by the men of the fourth century and had a certain meaning for the men of that time, have no meaning for the men of the present. The men of our time may repeat these words with their lips, but they cannot believe, because these

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words, like the statements that God lives in heaven, that the heavens opened and a voice said something from there, that Christ rose from the dead and flew somewhere to heaven and will again come from somewhere in the clouds, and so forth, have no meaning for us.

It was possible for a man, who regarded the heaven as a finite, firm vault, to believe, or not, that God created the heaven, that heaven was opened, that Christ flew to heaven; but for us these words have no meaning whatsoever. Men of our time can only believe that they must believe so; but they cannot believe in what has no meaning for them.

But if all these expressions are to have a figurative meaning and are emblems, we know that, in the first place, not all churchmen agree in this, but that, on the contrary, the majority insist on understanding Holy Scripture in a direct sense, and, secondly, that these interpretations are varied and not confirmed by anything,

But even if a man wishes to make himself believe in the doctrine of the churches, as it is imparted, — the general diffusion of knowledge and of the Gospels, and the intercourse of men of various denominations among themselves, form for this another, even more insuperable obstacle.

A man of our time need but buy himself a Gospel for three kopeks and read Christ's clear words to the woman of Samaria, which are not subject to any other interpretation, about the Father needing no worshippers in Jerusalem, neither in this mountain, nor in that, worshippers in spirit and in truth, or the words about a Christian's being obliged to pray, not in temples, as the pagans do, and in the sight of all, but in secret, that is, in his closet, or that a disciple of Christ must not call any one father or teacher, — a man needs but read these words, to become convinced that nc ecclesiastic pastors, who call themselves teachers in opposition to Christ's teaching,

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and who quarrel among themselves, form an authority, and that that which the churchmen teach us is not Christianity. But more than that: if a man of our time continues to believe in miracles and does not read the Gospel, his mere intercourse with men of other denominations and faiths, which has become so easy in our time, will make him doubt in the authenticity of his faith. It was all very well for a man who never saw any men of another faith than his own to believe that his own faith was the correct one; but a thinking man need only come in contact, as he now does all the time, with equally good and equally bad men of various denominations, which condemn the doctrines of one another, in order to lose faith in the truth of the religion which he professes. In our time only a very ignorant man or one who is quite indifferent to the questions of life, which are sanctified by religion, can stay in the church faith.

What cunning and what effort must be exerted by the churches, if, in spite of all these conditions which are subversive of faith, they are to continue building churches, celebrating masses, preaching, teaching, converting, and, above all, receiving for it a fat income, like all these priests, pastors, intendants, superintendents, abbots, archdeacons, bishops, and archbishops.

Especial, supernatural efforts are needed. And such efforts, which are strained more and more, are used by the churches. With us, in Russia, they use (in addition to all other means) the simple, coarse violence of the civil power, which is obedient to the church. Persons who depart from the external expression of faith and who give expression to it are either directly punished or deprived of their rights; while persons who strictly adhere to the external forms of faith are rewarded and given rights.

Thus do the Orthodox; but even all other churches, without exception, use for this all such means, of which the chief is what now is called hypnotization.

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All the arts, from architecture to poetry, are put into action, to affect the souls of men and to stultify them, and this action takes place without interruption. Particularly evident is this necessity of the hypnotizing action upon men, in order to bring them to a state of stupefaction, in the activity of the Salvation Army, which uses new, unfamiliar methods of horns, drums, songs, banners, uniforms, processions, dances, tears, and dramatic attitudes.

But we are startled by them only because they are new methods. Are not the old methods of the temples, with especial illumination, with gold, splendour, candles, choirs, organs, bells, vestments, lackadaisical sermons, and so forth, the same?

But, no matter how strong this action of hypnotization may be, the chief and most deleterious activity of the churches does not lie in this. The chief, most pernicious activity of the church is the one which is directed to the deception of the children, those very children of whom Christ said that it will be woe to him who shall offend one of these little ones. With the very first awakening of the child, they begin to deceive him and to impress upon him with solemnity what those who impress do not believe in themselves, and they continue to impress him, until the deception, becoming a habit, is engrafted on the child's nature. The child is methodically deceived in the most important matter of life, and when the deception has so grown up with his life that it is difficult to tear it away, there is revealed to him the whole world of science and of reality, which can in no way harmonize with the beliefs instilled in him, and he is left to make the best he can out of these contradictions.

If we should set ourselves the task of entangling a man in such a way that he should not be able with his sound reason to get away from the two opposite world-conceptions, which have been instilled in him since his child-

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hood, we could not invent anything more powerful than what is accomplished in the case of every young man who is educated in our so-called Christian society.

What the churches do to people is terrible, but if we reflect on their condition, we shall find that those men who form the institution of the churches cannot act otherwise. The churches are confronted with a dilemma, — the Sermon on the Mount, or the Nicene Creed, — one excludes the other: if a man sincerely believes in the Sermon on the Mount, the Nicene Creed, and with it the church and its representatives, inevitably lose all meaning and significance for him; but if a man believes in the Nicene Creed, that is, in the church, that is, in those who call themselves its representatives, the Sermon on the Mount will become superfluous to him. And so the churches cannot help but use every possible effort to obscure the meaning of the Sermon on the Mount and to attract people toward itself. Only thanks to the tense activity of the churches in this direction has the influence of the churches held itself until now. Let a church for the shortest time arrest this action upon the masses by means of hypnotizing them and deceiving the children, and people will understand Christ's teaching. But the comprehension of the teaching destroys the churches and their significance. And so the churches do not for a moment interrupt the tense activity and hypnotization of the adults and the deception of the children. And it is this activity of the churches, which instils a false comprehension of Christ's teaching in men, and serves as an obstacle in its comprehension for the majority of so-called believers.

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IV.

Now I will speak of another putative comprehension of Christianity, which interferes with the correct comprehension of it, — the scientific comprehension.

The churchmen regard as Christianity that conception of it which they have formed, and this comprehension of Christianity they regard as the one indubitably true one.

The men of science regard as Christianity only what the different churches have been professing, and, assuming that these professions exhaust the whole significance of Christianity, they recognize it as a religious teaching which has outlived its time.

To have it made clear how impossible it is with such a view to understand the Christian teaching, we must form an idea of the place which the religions in general and Christianity in particular have in reality occupied in the life of humanity, and of the significance which is ascribed to religion by science.

As an individual man cannot live without having a definite idea of the meaning of his life, and always, though often unconsciously, conforms his acts to this meaning which he ascribes to his life, even so aggregates of men living under the same conditions, — nations cannot help but have a conception about the meaning of their collective life and the activity resulting therefrom. And as an individual, entering into a new age, invariably changes his comprehension of life, and a grown man sees its meaning in something else than in what a child sees it, so an aggregate of people, a nation, inevitably, according

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to its age, changes its comprehension of life and the activity which results from it.

The difference between the individual and the whole of humanity in this respect consists in this, that while the individual in the determination of the comprehension of life, proper to the new stage of life into which he enters, and in the activity which arises from it, makes use of the indications of men who have lived before him and who have already passed through the period of life upon which he is entering, humanity cannot have these indications, because it all moves along an untrodden path, and there is no one who can tell how life is to be understood, and how one is to act under the new conditions into which it is entering, and in which no one has lived before.

And yet, as a married man with children cannot continue to understand life as he understood it when he was a child, so humanity cannot in connection with all the various changes which have taken place, — the density of the population, and the established intercourse between the nations, and the improvement of the means for struggling against Nature, and the accumulation of science, — continue to understand life as before, but must establish a new concept of life, from which should result the activity which corresponds to that new condition into which it has entered or is about to enter.

To this demand responds the peculiar ability of humanity to segregate certain people who give a new meaning to the whole of human life, — a meaning from which results the whole new activity which is different from the preceding one. The establishment of the new life-conception, which is proper for humanity under the new conditions into which it is entering, and of the activity resulting from it, is what is called religion.

And so religion, in the first place, is not, as science thinks, a phenomenon which at one time accompanied the evolution of humanity, and later became obsolete, but

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is a phenomenon always inherent in the life of humanity, and is in our time as inevitably inherent in humanity as at any other time. In the second place, religion is always a determination of the activity of the future, and not of the past, and so it is obvious that the investigation of past phenomena can in no way include the essence of religion.

The essence of every religious teaching does not consist in the desire to express the forces of Nature symbolically, or in the fear of them, or in the demand for the miraculous, or in the external forms of its manifestation, as the men of science imagine. The essence of religion lies in the property of men prophetically to foresee and point out the path of life, over which humanity must travel, in a new definition of the meaning of life, from which also results a new, the whole future activity of humanity.

This property of foreseeing the path on which humanity must travel is in a greater or lesser degree common to all men, but there have always, at all times, been men, in whom this quality has been manifested with particular force, and these men expressed clearly and precisely what was dimly felt by all men, and established a new comprehension of life, from which resulted an entirely new activity, for hundreds and thousands of years.

We know three such conceptions of life: two of them humanity has already outlived, and the third is the one through which we are now passing in Christianity. There are three, and only three, such conceptions, not because we have arbitrarily united all kinds of life-conceptions into these three, but because the acts of men always have for their base one of these three life-conceptions, because we cannot understand life in any other way than by one of these three means.

The three life-conceptions are these: the first — the personal, or animal; the second — the social, or the pagan; and the third — the universal, or the divine.

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According to the first life-conception, man's life is contained in nothing but his personality; the aim of his life is the gratification of the will of this personality. According to the second life-conception, man's life is not contained in his personality alone, but in the aggregate and sequence of personalities, — in the tribe, the family, the race, the state; the aim of life consists in the gratification of the will of this aggregate of personalities. According to the third life-conception, man's life is contained neither in his personality, nor in the aggregate and sequence of personalities, but in the beginning and source of life, in God.

These three life-conceptions serve as the foundation of all past and present religions.

The savage recognizes life only in himself, in his personal desires. The good of his life is centred in himself alone. The highest good for him is the greatest gratification of his lust. The prime mover of his life is his personal enjoyment. His religion consists in appeasing the divinity in his favour, and in the worship of imaginary personalities of gods, who live only for personal ends.

A pagan, a social man, no longer recognizes life in himself alone, but in the aggregate of personalities, — in the tribe, the family, the race, the state, — and sacrifices his personal good for these aggregates. The prime mover of his life is glory. His religion consists in the glorification of the heads of unions, — of eponyms, ancestors, kings, and in the worship of gods, the exclusive protectors of his family, his race, his nation, his state.[1]

[1] The unity of this life-conception is not impaired by the fact that so many various forms of life, as that of the tribe, the family, the race, the state, and even the life of humanity, according to the theoretical speculations of the positivists, are based on this social, or pagan, life-conception. All these various forms of life are based on the same concept that the life of the personality is not a sufficient aim of life and that the meaning of life can be found only in the aggregate of personalities. — *Author's Note.*

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The man with the divine life-conception no longer recognizes life to consist in his personality, or in the aggregate of personalities (in the family, the race, the people, the country, or the state), but in the source of the everlasting, immortal life, in God; and to do God's will he sacrifices his personal and domestic and social good. The prime mover of his religion is love. And his religion is the worship in deed and in truth of the beginning of everything, of God.

The whole historical life of humanity is nothing but a gradual transition from the personal, the animal life-conception, to the social, and from the social to the divine. The whole history of the ancient nations, which lasted for thousands of years and which came to a conclusion with the history of Rome, is the history of the substitution of the social and the political life-conception for the animal, the personal. The whole history since the time of imperial Rome and the appearance of Christianity has been the history of the substitution of the divine life-conception for the political, and we are passing through it even now.

It is this last life-conception, and the Christian teaching which is based upon it and which governs our whole life and lies at the foundation of our whole activity, both the practical and the theoretical, that the men of so-called science, considering it in reference to its external signs only, recognize as something obsolete and meaningless for us.

This teaching, which, according to the men of science, is contained only in its dogmatic part, — in the doctrine of the Trinity, the redemption, the miracles, the church, the sacraments, and so forth, — is only one out of a vast number of religions which have arisen in humanity, and now, having played its part in history, is outliving its usefulness, melting in the light of science and true culture.

What is taking place is what in the majority of cases

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serves as a source of the coarsest human errors, — men who are standing on a lower level of comprehension, coming in contact with phenomena of a higher order, instead of making efforts to understand them, instead of rising to the point of view from which they ought to look upon a subject, judge it from their lower point of view, and that, too, with greater daring and determination the less they understand what they are talking about.

For the majority of scientific men, who view Christ's vital, moral teaching from the lower point of the social conception of life, this teaching is only a very indefinite, clumsy combination of Hindoo asceticism, Stoical and Neoplatonic teachings, and Utopian antisocial reveries, which have no serious significance for our time, and its whole meaning is centred in its external manifestations, — in Catholicism, Protestantism, the dogmas, the struggle with the worldly power. In defining the significance of Christianity according to these phenomena, they are like deaf persons who should judge of the meaning and the worth of music according to the appearance of the motions which the musicians make.

The result of it is this, that all these men, beginning with Comte, Strauss, Spencer, and Renan, who do not understand the meaning of Christ's sermons, who do not understand why they are uttered and for what purpose, who do not even understand the question to which they serve as an answer, who do not even take the trouble to grasp their meaning, if they are inimically inclined, deny outright the rationality of the teaching; but if they wish to be condescending to it, they correct it from the height of their grandeur, assuming that Christ wanted to say precisely what they have in mind, but did not know how to say it. They treat his teaching as, in correcting the words of an interlocutor, self-confident men generally speak to one whom they regard as standing below them, "Yes, what you mean to say is this." This correction is always

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made in the sense of reducing the higher, divine life-conception to the lower, social conception.

People generally say that the moral teaching of Christianity is good, but exaggerated, — that, in order that it should be absolutely good, we must reject from it what is superfluous, what does not fit in with our structure of life. "For otherwise the teaching, which demands too much, which cannot be carried out, is worse than one which demands from men what is possible and in conformity with their strength," think and assert the wise interpreters of Christianity, repeating what was long ago affirmed and still is affirmed, and could not help but be affirmed, in relation to the Christian teaching, by those who, having failed to comprehend the teacher of it, crucified Him, — by the Jews.

It turns out that before the judgment of the learned of our time, the Jewish law, A tooth for a tooth, and an eye for an eye, — the law of just retaliation, which was known to humanity five thousand years ago, — is more useful than the law of love which eighteen hundred years ago was preached by Christ in place of this very law of justice.

It turns out that everything which has been done by the men who comprehended Christ's teaching in a direct manner and lived in conformity with such a comprehension, everything which all true Christians, all Christian champions, have done, everything which now transforms the world under the guise of socialism and communism, — is exaggeration, of which it is not worth while to speak.

Men who have been educated in Christianity for eighteen centuries have convinced themselves in the persons of their foremost men, the scholars, that the Christian teaching is a teaching of dogmas, that the vital teaching is a misconception, an exaggeration, which violates the true legitimate demands of morality, which correspond to man's nature, and that the doctrine of justice, which

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Christ rejected and in the place of which he put his own teaching, is much more profitable for us.

The learned consider the commandment of non-resistance to evil an exaggeration and even madness. If it be rejected, it would be much better, they think, without observing that they are not talking of Christ's teaching at all, but of what presents itself to them as such.

They do not notice that to say that Christ's commandment about non-resistance to evil is an exaggeration is the same as saying that in the theory of the circle the statement about the equality of the radii of a circle is an exaggeration. And those who say so do precisely what a man, who did not have any conception as to what a circle is, would do if he asserted that the demand that all the points on the circumference should be equally distant from the centre is an exaggeration. To advise that the statement concerning the equality of the radii in a circle be rejected or moderated is the same as not understanding what a circle is. To advise that the commandment about non-resistance to evil in the vital teaching of Christ be rejected or moderated means not to understand the teaching.

And those who do so actually do not understand it at all. They do not understand that this teaching is the establishment of a new comprehension of life, which corresponds to the new condition into which men have been entering for these eighteen hundred years, and the determination of the new activity which results from it. They do not believe that Christ wanted to say what he did; or it seems to them that what he said in the Sermon on the Mount and in other passages He said from infatuation, from lack of comprehension, from insufficient development.[1]

[1] Here, for example, is a characteristic judgment of the kind in an article of an American periodical, *Arena*, October, 1890. The article is entitled "A New Basis of Church Life." In discussing the sig-

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Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature? And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink, or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom

nificance of the Sermon on the Mount, and especially its non-resistance to evil, the author, who is not obliged, like the ecclesiastic writers, to conceal its meaning, says: "Christ actually preached complete communism and anarchy; but we must know how to look upon Christ in His historical and psychologic significance." [This sentence is not in the English article. — *Tr.*] "Devout common sense must gradually come to look upon Christ as a philanthropic teacher who, like every enthusiast who ever taught, went to an Utopian extreme of His own philosophy. Every great agitation for the betterment of the world has been led by men who beheld their own mission with such absorbing intensity that they could see little else. It is no reproach to Christ to say that He had the typical reformer's temperament; that His precepts cannot be literally accepted as a complete philosophy of life; and that men are to analyze them reverently, but, at the same time, in the spirit of ordinary, truth-seeking criticism," and so forth. Christ would have liked to speak well, but He did not know how to express Himself as precisely and clearly as we, in the spirit of criticism, and so we will correct him. Everything He said about meekness, sacrifice, poverty, the thoughtlessness for the morrow, He said by chance, having been unable to express himself scientifically. — *Author's Note.*

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of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof (Matt. vi. 25–34).

Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not, where no thief approacheth, neither moth corrupteth. For where your treasure is there will your heart be also (Luke xii. 33–34).

Go and sell that thou hast, and follow me, and who hath not forsaken father or mother, or children, or brethren, or fields, or house, cannot be my disciple.

Turn away from thyself, take thy cross for every day, and come after me. My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to do His work. Not my will be done, but Thine; not what I want, but what Thou wantest, and not as I want, but as Thou wantest. The life is in this, not to do one's will, but the will of God.

All these propositions seem to men who are standing on a lower life-conception to be an expression of an ecstatic transport, which has no direct applicability to life. And yet these propositions just as strictly result from the Christian conception of life as the tenet about giving up one's labour for the common good, about sacrificing one's life in the defence of one's country, results from the social conception.

Just as a man of the social life-conception says to a savage, "Come to your senses, bethink yourself! The life of your personality cannot be the true life, because it is wretched and transitory. Only the life of the aggregate and of the sequence of personalities, of the tribe, the family, the race, the state, is continued and lives, and so a man must sacrifice his personality for the life of the family, the state." Precisely the same the Christian teaching says to a man of the aggregate, of the social

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conception of life. "Repent, μετανοεῖτε, that is, bethink yourselves, or else you will perish. Remember that this carnal, personal life, which originated to-day and will be destroyed to-morrow, cannot be made secure in any way, that no external measures, no arrangement of it, can add firmness and rationality to it. Bethink yourselves and understand that the life which you live is not the true life: the life of the family, the life of society, the life of the state will not save you from ruin." The true, rational life is possible for man only in proportion as he can be a participant, not in the family or the state, but in the source of life, the Father; in proportion as he can blend his life with the life of the Father. Such indubitably is the Christian life-comprehension, which may be seen in every utterance of the Gospel.

It is possible not to share this life-conception; it is possible to reject it; it is possible to prove its inexactness and irregularity; but it is impossible to judge of the teaching, without having first grasped the life-conception from which it results; still less possible is it to judge about a subject of a higher order from a lower point of view, to judge of the tower by looking at the foundation. But it is precisely this that the learned men of our time are doing. They do so because they abide in an error, which is like the one of the churchmen, the belief that they are in possession of such methods of the study of the subject that, as soon as these methods, called scientific, are used, there can be no longer any doubt as to the correctness of the comprehension of the subject under advisement.

It is this possession of an instrument of cognition, which they deem infallible, that serves as the chief obstacle in the comprehension of the Christian teaching by unbelievers and so-called scientific men, by whose opinion the vast majority of unbelievers, the so-called cultured men, are guided. From this imaginary comprehension of theirs arise all the errors of the scientific men

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in respect to the Christian teaching, and especially two strange misconceptions which more than any other impede the correct comprehension of it.

One of these misconceptions is this, that the Christian vital teaching is impracticable, and so is either entirely unobligatory, that is, need not be taken for a guide, or else must be modified and moderated to such an extent as to make it practicable in our society. Another misunderstanding is this, that the Christian teaching of love of God, and so the service of Him, is an obscure, mystical demand, which has no definite object of love, and so must give way to a more precise and comprehensible teaching about loving men and serving humanity.

The first misconception about the impracticableness of the teaching consists in this, that the men of the social comprehension of life, being unable to comprehend the method by means of which the Christian teaching guides men, and taking the Christian indications of perfection to be rules which determine life, think and say that it is impossible to follow Christ's teaching, because a complete fulfilment of this teaching destroys life.

"If a man fulfilled what was preached by Christ, he would destroy his life; and if all men should fulfil it, the whole human race would come to an end," they say.

"If we care not for the morrow, for what we shall eat and drink and be clothed in; if we do not defend our lives; if we do not resist evil with force; if we give our lives for our friends, and observe absolute chastity, no man, nor the whole human race, can exist," they think and say.

And they are quite correct, if we take the indications of perfection, as given by Christ, for rules, which every man is obliged to carry out, just as in the social teaching everybody is obliged to carry out the rule about paying the taxes, about taking part in court, etc.

The misconception consists in this, that Christ's teach-

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ing guides men in a different way from the way those teachings guide which are based on a lower life-conception. The teachings of the social life-conception guide only by demanding a precise execution of the rules or laws. Christ's teaching guides men by indicating to them that infinite perfection of the Father in heaven, toward which it is proper for each man to strive voluntarily, no matter at what stage of perfection he may be.

The misconception of people who judge about the Christian teaching from the social point of view consists in this, that they, assuming that the perfection pointed out by Christ may be attained completely, ask themselves (even as they question themselves, assuming that the social laws will be fulfilled) what will happen when all this shall be fulfilled. This assumption is false, because the perfection pointed out by Christ is infinite and can never be attained; and Christ gives His teaching with this in view, that complete perfection will never be attained, but that the striving toward complete, infinite perfection will constantly increase the good of men, and that this good can, therefore, be increased infinitely.

Christ does not teach angels, but men, who live an animal life, who are moved by it. And it is to this animal force of motion that Christ seems to apply a new, a different force of the consciousness of divine perfection, and with this He directs the motion of life along the resultant of two forces.

To assume that human life will go in the direction indicated by Christ is the same as assuming that a boatman, in crossing a rapid river and directing his boat almost against the current, will move in that direction.

Christ recognizes the existence of both sides of the parallelogram, of both the eternal, indestructible forces, of which man's life is composed, — the force of the animal nature and the force of the consciousness of a filial relation to God. Without saying anything of the animal force, which,

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asserting itself, always remains equal to itself and exists outside of man's power, Christ speaks only of the divine force, calling man to recognize it in the highest degree, to free it as much as possible from what is retarding it, and to bring it to the highest degree of tension.

In this liberation and increase of the force does man's true life, according to Christ's teaching, consist. The true life, according to the previous conditions, consisted in the execution of rules, of the law; according to Christ's teaching, it consists in the greatest approach to the divine perfection, as pointed out to every man and inwardly felt by him, in a greater and ever greater approach toward blending our will with the will of God, a blending toward which a man strives, and which would be a destruction of life as we know it.

Divine perfection is the asymptote of the human life, toward which it always tends and approaches, and which can be attained by it only at infinity.

The Christian teaching seems to exclude the possibility of life only when men take the indication of the ideal to be a rule. It is only then that the demands put forth by Christ's teaching appear to be destructive of life. Without these demands the true life would be impossible.

"Too much should not be demanded," people generally say, in discussing the demands of the Christian teaching. "It is impossible to demand that we should not care for the future, as it says in the Gospel; all that we should do is not to care too much. It is impossible to give everything to the poor; but we should give a certain, definite part to them. It is not necessary to strive after chastity; but debauchery should be avoided. We must not leave our wives and children; but we should not be too much attached to them," and so forth.

But to speak in this manner is the same as telling a man who is crossing a rapid river, and who is directing his course against the current, that it is impossible to cross

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the river by going against the current, but that to cross it he should row in the direction he wishes to go.

Christ's teaching differs from previous teachings in that it guides men, not by external rules, but by the internal consciousness of the possibility of attaining divine perfection. And in man's soul there are not moderated rules of justice and of philanthropy, but the ideal of the complete, infinite, divine perfection. Only the striving after this perfection deflects the direction of man's life from the animal condition toward the divine, to the extent to which this is possible in this life.

In order to land where you wish, you must direct your course much higher up.

To lower the demands of the ideal means not only to diminish the possibility of perfection, but to destroy the ideal itself. The ideal which operates upon people is not an invented one, but one which is borne in the soul of every man. Only this ideal of the complete, infinite perfection acts upon people and moves them to activity. A moderated perfection loses its power to act upon men's souls.

Christ's teaching only then has force, when it demands full perfection, that is, the blending of God's essence, which abides in the soul of every man, with the will of God, — the union of the son and the Father. Only this liberation of the son of God, who lives in every man, from the animal, and his approximation to the Father form life according to Christ's teaching.

The existence of the animal in man, of nothing but the animal, is not the human life. Life according to the will of God alone is also not the human life. The human life is the resultant from the animal and the divine lives, and the more this resultant approaches the divine life, the more there is of life.

Life, according to the Christian teaching, is a motion toward divine perfection. No condition, according to this

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teaching, can be higher or lower than another. Every condition, according to this teaching, is only a certain step, indifferent in itself, toward the unattainable perfection, and so in itself forms neither a greater nor a lesser degree of life. The increase of life, according to this teaching, is only an acceleration of motion toward perfection, and so the motion toward perfection of the publican Zacchæus, of the harlot, of the robber on the cross, forms a higher degree of life than the immovable righteousness of the Pharisee. And so there can be no obligatory rules for this teaching. A man who stands on a lower step, in moving toward perfection, lives more morally and better, and better performs the teaching, than a man who stands on a much higher stage of morality, but who does not move toward perfection.

In this sense the lost sheep is dearer to the Father than one which is not lost. The prodigal son, the lost coin which is found again, are dearer than those which were not lost.

The fulfilment of the teaching consists in the motion from oneself toward God. It is evident that for such a fulfilment of the teaching there can be no definite laws and rules. All degrees of perfection and all degrees of imperfection are equal before this teaching; no fulfilment of the laws constitutes a fulfilment of the teaching; and so, for this teaching there are, and there can be, no rules and no laws.

From this radical distinction of Christ's teaching as compared with previous teachings, which are based on the social conception of life, there results the difference between the social and the Christian commandments. The social commandments are for the most part positive, prescribing certain acts, justifying men, giving them righteousness. But the Christian commandments (the commandment of love is not a commandment in the strict sense of the word, but an expression of the very

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essence of the teaching) — the five commandments of the Sermon on the Mount — are all negative, and they all show only what men may not do at a certain stage of human development. These commandments are, as it were, signals on the infinite road to perfection, toward which humanity walks, signals of that stage of perfection which is possible at a given period of the development of humanity.

In the Sermon on the Mount Christ has expressed the eternal ideal toward which it is proper for men to tend, and that degree of its attainment which can be reached even in our time.

The ideal consists in having no ill-will against any one, in calling forth no ill-will, in loving all; but the commandment, below which, in the attainment of this ideal, it is absolutely possible not to descend, consists in not offending any one with a word. And this forms the first commandment.

The ideal is complete chastity, even in thought; the commandment which points out the degree of attainment, below which, in the attainment of this ideal, it is absolutely possible not to descend, is the purity of the marital life, the abstaining from fornication. And this forms the second commandment.

The ideal is not to care for the future, to live only in the present; the commandment which points out the degree of the attainment, below which it is absolutely possible not to descend is not to swear, not to promise anything to men. And this is the third commandment.

The ideal is never, under any condition, to make use of violence; the commandment which points out the degree below which it is absolutely possible not to descend is not to repay evil with evil, but to suffer insult, to give up one's cloak. And this is the fourth commandment.

The ideal is to love our enemies, who hate us; the commandment which points out the degree of the attain-

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ment, below which it is possible not to descend, is to do no evil to our enemies, to speak well of them, to make no distinction between them and our fellow citizens.

All these commandments are indications of what we are fully able not to do on the path of striving after perfection, of what we ought to work over now, of what we must by degrees transfer into the sphere of habit, into the sphere of the unconscious. But these commandments fail to form a teaching, and do not exhaust it, and form only one of the endless steps in the approximation toward perfection.

After these commandments there must and will follow higher and higher ones on the path to perfection, which is indicated by the teaching.

And so it is the peculiarity of the Christian teaching that it makes higher demands than those which are expressed in these commandments, but under no condition minimizes the demands, either of the ideal itself, or of these commandments, as is done by people who judge the teaching of Christianity free from the standpoint of the social conception of life.

Such is one misconception of the scientific men concerning the meaning and significance of Christ's teaching; the other, which flows from the same source, consists in the substitution of the love and service of men, of humanity, for the Christian demand for loving God and serving Him.

The Christian teaching of loving God and serving Him, and (only in consequence of this love and this service) of the love and service of our neighbour, appears obscure, mystical, and arbitrary to the men of science, and they completely exclude the demand of love of God and of serving Him, assuming that the teaching about this love of men, of humanity, is much more intelligible and firm and better grounded.

The men of science teach theoretically that the good

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and sensible life is only the life of serving the whole of humanity, and in this alone do they see the meaning of the Christian teaching; to this teaching do they reduce the Christian teaching; for this their teaching do they seek a confirmation in the Christian teaching, assuming that their teaching and the Christian teaching are one and the same.

This opinion is quite faulty. The Christian teaching, and that of the positivists, communists, and all the preachers of a universal brotherhood of men, which is based on the profitableness of such a brotherhood, have nothing in common among themselves, and differ from one another more especially in this, that the Christian teaching has firm, clear foundations in the human soul, while the teaching of the love of humanity is only a theoretical deduction from analogy.

The teaching of the love of humanity alone has for its basis the social conception of life.

The essence of the social conception of life consists in the transference of the meaning of our personal lives into the life of the aggregate of personalities, — the tribe, the family, the race, the state. This transference has taken place easily and naturally in its first forms, in the transference of the meaning of life from the personality to the tribe, the family. But the transference to the race or nation is more difficult and demands a special education for it; and the transference of the consciousness to the state forms the limit of such a transference.

It is natural for any one to love himself, and every person loves himself without any special incitement; to love my tribe, which supports and defends me, to love my wife, the joy and helpmate of my life, my children, the pleasure and hope of my life, and my parents, who have given me life and an education, is natural: and this kind of love, though far from being as strong as the love of self, is met with quite frequently.

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To love one's race, one's nation, for the sake of oneself, of one's pride, though not so natural, is still to be met with. The love of one's nation, which is of the same race, tongue, and faith with one, is still possible, though this sentiment is far from being as strong as the love of self, or even of family and race; but the love of a country, like Turkey, Germany, England, Austria, Russia, is almost an impossible thing, and, in spite of the intensified education in this direction, is only assumed and does not exist in reality. With this aggregate there ends for man the possibility of transferring his consciousness and of experiencing in this fiction any immediate sensation. But the positivists and all the preachers of a scientific brotherhood, who do not take into consideration the weakening of the sentiment in proportion as the subject is widened, continue the discussion theoretically along the same direction: "If," they say, "it was more advantageous for the personality to transfer its consciousness to the tribe, the family, and then to the nation, the state, it will be still more advantageous to transfer the consciousness to the whole aggregate of humanity, and for all to live for humanity, just as individuals live for the family, the state."

Theoretically it really comes out that way.

Since the consciousness and the love of personality are transferred to the family, from the family to the race, the nation, the state, it would be quite logical for men, to save themselves from struggle and calamities, which are due to the division of humanity into nations and states, most naturally to transfer their love to humanity. This would seem to be the most logical thing, and this is theoretically advocated by men, who do not observe that love is a sentiment which one may have, but cannot preach, and that, besides, for love there must be an object, whereas humanity is not an object, but only a fiction.

The tribe, the family, even the state, are not invented by men, but were formed naturally like a swarm of bees or

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ants, and actually exist. A man who loves his family for the sake of his animal personality, knows whom he loves: Anna, Mary, John, Peter, and so forth. A man who loves a race and is proud of it, knows that he loves the whole race of the Guelphs, or all the Ghibellines; he who loves the state knows that he loves France as far as the Rhine and the Pyrenees, and its capital, Paris, and its history, and so forth. But what does a man love, when he loves humanity? There is the state, the nation; there is the abstract conception — man; but there is not, and there cannot be, a real conception of humanity.

Humanity? Where is the limit of humanity? Where does it end and where does it begin? Does humanity stop short of a savage, an idiot, an alcoholic, an insane person? If we are going to draw a line of demarcation for humanity, so as to exclude the lower representatives of the human race, where are we going to draw it? Are we going to exclude the negroes, as the Americans do, and the Hindoos, as some English do, and the Jews, as some do? But if we are going to include all men without exception, why include men only, and not the higher animals, many of whom stand higher than the lower representatives of the human race?

We do not know humanity as an external object, — we do not know its limits. Humanity is a fiction, and it cannot be loved. It would indeed be very convenient, if men could love humanity just as they love the family; it would be very convenient, as the communists talk of doing, to substitute the communal for the competitive tendency of human activity, and the universal for the individual, so that every man may be for all, and all for every man, only there are no motives whatever for it. The positivists, the communists, and all the preachers of the scientific brotherhood preach the widening of that love which men have for themselves and for their families and for the state, so as to embrace all humanity, forget-

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One more thing about prayer, and the main thing.

Remember what Jesus said to the Samaritan, "Men must worship God in spirit and in truth." The true translation for "in truth" is "by deeds."

This is one of those texts which, as Arnold says, ought to stand in the first place.

4

I stood in the forest.

I began to tell my fortune as I tore off the petals of a flower: "Immense, great, medium, half-and-half, small, very small, insignificant."

Twice it turned out, "Very small."

I have outlived this habit of telling fortunes, but this "very small" interested me.

This is certainly the best I can wish.

The greatest is always very small.

For God every act is very small. And it is the right act.

One only needs to do good around oneself, — to give joy to men around oneself, — without any aim, — and this is a great aim.

5

I have thought on the gradualness of the demands of Nature, — of food and labour, of the collecting of the seed and its return, and, as it seems to me, of the collecting of knowledge and its transmission.

But love does not enter into this series, because love is life itself, which is attained through the natural gratification of these demands.

6

I read Medor's work on civilization. He divides it beautifully into four parts: (1) the material, (2) the physical, (3) the mental, and (4) the moral.

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But civilization is the substitution of mental factors for physical ones, and of moral factors for mental ones.

This is confused, but it is the truth.

Civilization is a word, and it is quite unnecessary to define it. The truth is, that the greatest good of men is invariably attained by the application to life of those factors by which the good is acquired in the best manner possible.

As it is stupid to lift up with the hand what may be raised with a lever, so it is stupid to maintain one's relations and defend one's independence by means of war, when this very end is attained by means of a moral life.

7

We reproach God, we feel sorrow, because we meet obstacles in the realization of Christ's teaching.

Well, how would it be if all of us were without domestic disagreements?

"We should come together and live happily and joyously."

Well, and others?

"Others would not even know."

We want to collect the fire in one small heap, so that it may burn more easily. But God has scattered the fire in the wood.

They are busy, but we are worrying, because they are not burning.

8

None of us is called to destroy all the sufferings of men, but only to serve men.

People always ask, "What is evil for?"

What is evil?

What we call evil is a challenge addressed to us, a demand made upon our active love. The man who will reply to these demands of the activity of love will see

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precisely as much evil as he needs in order to provoke his activity.

Thus I think and feel now, but only lately I saw very much evil, and I was vexed and in despair, and so I prescribe the recipe which has helped me.

The moment you see an evil, even the smallest, try to mend it, to diminish it, and you will never see much evil at once and will not arrive at despair, and the hands will not drop, and you will do much good.

January, 1887.

9

The chief error of men is this, that it seems to each in particular that the guide of his life is a striving after enjoyment and an aversion to suffering. And a man, all alone, without any guidance, surely renders himself to this guide: he seeks enjoyment and avoids suffering, and in this does he place the aim and meaning of life.

But a man can never live in enjoyment, and cannot avoid suffering. Consequently the purpose of life does not lie in this.

If it did lie in this, — what insipidity!

The purpose is enjoyments, and they do not exist and cannot exist.

And if they did exist, the end of life is death, which is always conjugate with suffering.

If sailors decided that their aim is to avoid the rise of the waves, whither would they sail?

The end of life is outside enjoyments. It is attained by passing through them.

This transition from enjoyments to sufferings is the respiration of life, inspiration and expiration, the taking of food and the giving it back.

To set as one's aim the enjoyments and to avoid suffering means to lose the path which cuts through them.

August, 1887.

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10

Where, then, and of what character, is the law under which we live?

Do not say that it is the law of this, that your body should fare well, — eat, drink, cohabit, watch its own children. This is not a law, but the demands of the flesh, the very demands for which a law is needed.

Cattle have no law — they have all the same lusts.

They all want the same.

To avoid this, that men, wishing to eat the same, to sleep with the same woman, should kill one another off, and so should none of them have enough, to eat and sleep they must divide up, must establish a law. And to divide up, lust must be limited. So the law is born among men as to how to limit lust.

As many lusts as there are, so many laws are there.

For a law is nothing but a vanquishing, a subjugation of lust for the sake of another man. And there are many such laws in the heart of every man.

Cattle have no law, and have no need of it.

Well or ill, man cannot live without law: the law is written within him, and there has never been a man without law.

When there was but the one Adam (it makes no difference whether he existed or not), and there was but one man on earth, he could have lived without any law. He alone had lusts, and they did not interfere with any one, but as soon as there were two or three men, the lusts came into conflict:

"I want to eat this apple!"

"And so do I!"

One man killed another with a stone; a third man appears, and he will not let the matter rest. His soul will tell him whether the man who killed the brother did well or ill.

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Having found the law in your heart, do not say that there is no law. The law is written in your heart.

If you lived but one day with men and performed deeds, and looked at their deeds, you would find the law. And even now there is not a human deed on which you have not a judgment in your soul according to your law, and there is not any deed of yours for which you do not know a law.

If you say, "There is no law," you merely say that there are now so many laws, and that they are so senseless that it is impossible to make them out. And there are laws, and many of them at that, one of which commands what the other forbids. There are, besides, statutes which do not vanquish the lusts, but determine how the lusts are to be gratified, and these statutes are also called laws, so that men live in this world of laws and statutes at haphazard, without following any law, mixing up the statutes with the laws and living exclusively according to the commands of the lusts.

Whether you live according to the law or according to the lusts, do not forget that there is a law; and not one law, but an infinitude of laws, and we follow thousands of them, and without them a man has never lived and could never live. But there have come to be so many laws, and we have become so entangled in them, that we can live according to the lust, selecting such laws as are convenient to us, and substituting other laws for such as are not convenient for us.

Laws cannot help but exist.

Let two men live together two days, and they will have laws, and millions of millions have lived five thousand years together, and should they have found no laws?

All this is foolish, and there is no sense in talking about it.

I now live in my house, the children study and play, my wife works, I write. All this is done only because

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there are laws, which are recognized by all men. No stranger comes to live in my house, because it is mine, and according to the tenth commandment no one should wish for what belongs to another.

The children study what I command them to study, — according to the fourth commandment.

My wife is free from temptations, according to the seventh.

I work as much as I can, according to the fourth.

I have quoted the commandments of Moses from old habit, but I could mention thousands of laws of the civil and of the common law which half confirm the same.

But, if I want, I can at once find even such laws and customs as abrogate these.

I will say, "Why have you a house? Christ, who showed us an example of life, did not have a place to lean his head against. Why have you a house, when there are poor people without a home? Why have you a house, since it says that you should have no care?"

I will say, "Why care for the children? Not one hair will fall from their heads without the will of the heavenly Father. What sense is there in teaching them, since those who are poor in spirit are blessed?"

I will simply say, "Why teach them pagan wisdom, since you are a Christian?"

I will say, "Why teach for ambition's sake, if it is better to work the earth? Why have you a wife, when it is better not to get married? Why have you a wife, when it says, 'He that shall not forsake his wife is not worthy of me'?"

"Why do you work, why write? This is contrary to humility, and contrary to refraining from worldly cares."

Thus, if I left my house, wife, children, work, I should also be doing according to the divine law and should be finding for my confirmation and justification civil and common laws. It is possible to leave wife and children,

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and to go to a monastery. It is possible to leave wife and children, to get a divorce, to marry another, and to commit debauchery, — and for everything to find a confirmation in divine and civil laws, — thus, do whatever you please, — and for everything a law will be found.

It is in this condition that we are, and that is not good.

Not that there is no law, but that there are now too many of them, and that men have become too painfully clever.

11

Man is flesh, has life and reason, and develops.

It is all very well to say that a rope develops, a germ develops in the egg, but it is unscrupulous to apply this word to a man.

If you are a man, you live.

And so do not go on talking of development, but simply look at yourself and say what you are doing, having life and reason.

If you do so, you will answer that you are looking for rational choice among all the demands of your flesh.

In this alone does all our life consist.

12

(From Lao-Tse)

When a man is born, he is frail and weak; when he is strong and powerful, he dies.

When a tree is born, it is frail and tender; when it is dry and brittle, it dies.

Strength and power are the accompaniments of death.

Frailty and weakness are the accompaniments of life, because what is strong does not conquer.

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When a tree has become strong, it is cut down.
What is strong and great, is insignificant.
What is frail and weak, is great.

13

A Jewish emigrant came.

He wants to find what there is in common between Jews and Russians, which would unite them.

This has long ago been found.

At times I feel sorry because the wood does not burn. As though, if it burned in my presence, at once, this would not serve as a clear proof, a clear sign, of this, that it is not the wood that is burning, but the kindling; but the wood has not yet caught fire.

14

Where people are angry, there it is not good.

A child recognizes this instinctively and goes away from such a place. A child does not become angry itself, does not become vexed at the manifestation of anger in others, and its joys and occupations in life are not impaired by it.

15

I have read Confucius and have made notes.

The Chinese religio-rational explanation of power and the teaching about it has been a revelation to me.

Things that were obscure are getting clearer and clearer to me.

True power cannot be based on violence, nor on tradition. It can be based only on the unity of the recognition of this height by all men.

Power will be no violence only when it is recognized as morally and rationally the *highest*.

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Power, as violence, arises when we recognize as highest what is not the highest according to the demands of our heart and reason.

The moment a man (be he a father or a king, or be it a legislative assembly) submits to what he does not fully respect, there appears violence.

When what I consider the highest has become not the highest, and I condemn it, I generally have recourse to two methods:

(1) I myself stand higher than what was the highest, — I subject it to myself (the quarrels of sons and fathers, revolutions).

(2) In spite of the fact that the highest has ceased to be the highest, I purposely continue to consider it the highest (Confucianism, Slavophilism).

Both means are terrible, and the most terrible of the two is the latter, because it leads up to the first.

There is one way out:

I do not consider this or that high, and so must not act in such a way.

I consider this or that the highest, and so I must act in such a way.

16

A man who does something bad is not evil, but frequently is even good: kings, soldiers.

But a man who does something bad and knows that it is bad, a doubting man, — he is bad indeed.

These are the only bad ones in the world.

17

The ministration to others begins with the ministration to oneself.

If we are to believe that man's aim and duty consists in serving his neighbour, we must also arrive at this, how

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we should serve our neighbour, — we must work out the rules how we are to serve in our position.

For us in our position to serve, we must first of all stop demanding other people's service.

It seems strange, but the first thing we have to do, before anything else, is to serve ourselves, that is, to make our own fires, fetch our own water, cook our own dinners, and wash our own dishes and dirty linen —

In this way shall we begin the ministration to others.

18

All acts performed by a man may be divided into three categories.

One series of these consists of those which we perform without asking ourselves about them whether they are good or bad; we do them without noticing them.

Other acts are such as we, speaking with St. Paul, consider bad, but none the less perform; acts which we wish to perform, but do not always perform, or do not wish to perform, and yet perform them.

A third class of acts consists of such as we wish to perform and always perform, or do not wish to perform and never perform..

The acts of the first series are those which have not yet fallen under the judgment of our conscience, but of which, in measure as our life advances, a greater and ever greater number fall under our judgment and pass over to the second series.

The acts of the third series are such as have passed the judgment of our conscience and, dividing up into good and bad, into desirable and undesirable, have become the possession of our moral natures, — they are our interest of life, our only wealth, which is acquired by life. It it this, that before this I could fight, get drunk, fornicate,

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and so forth, and now not merely do not wish, but am unable to do so.

Thus the first series is the material for life's working over. The third series is what has already been prepared by life, what is lying in the storeroom. The second series is what is now on the work-table, what is being worked at.

And how remarkably happy and joyous is the condition of men! Whether men want it or not, this third series is being worked out in life: a man grows manly, and he grows wiser in intellect and experience; he grows older, the passions weaken, and the work of life is done.

But if the whole meaning, the whole aim of life is put into this work, we get constant joy, constant success.

Now, it is always possible to understand this and to recognize what acts belong to this or to that series, and to strain every attention toward the second series.

19

It is accepted to regard vexation at injustice, anger provoked by evil, as not only a noble and praiseworthy, but even a useful and necessary feeling, as a stimulus for a struggle with evil. But this is a great mistake.

Anger is not at all necessary.

Any one may practically convince himself of this from the fact that anger immediately disappears the moment a man undertakes to mend the results of the evil.

When a man is a witness to some injustice or cruelty, for example to a fight, in which the weak are worsted by the strong, he in his soul experiences anger against the offenders. He need but undertake to mend the consequences of the evil, he need but busy himself with the aim of diminishing the sufferings of the victims of the fight, he need but begin to tend to the wounds of the maimed, — and immediately the feeling of anger is allayed and

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gives way to a feeling of inner satisfaction and joy, which always accompany every ministration to a neighbour. Thus it is always.

An angry incitement against evil is a sign that a man does not yet counteract evil with deeds, does not yet mend the results of the evil, though it may easily happen with this that he is struggling against evil in the most energetic manner possible.

20

In consequence of the comprehension of the spirit of Christianity, men are generally divided into Christians and non-Christians.

The grossest division consists in regarding only him who has been baptized as a Christian.

Another division, though less gross, consists in this, that he who on the basis of Christ's teaching lives a pure, domestic life, who is no murderer, etc., is called a Christian, in contradistinction to him who lives differently.

Both these divisions are equally incorrect.

In Christianity there is no line which separates a Christian from a non-Christian. There is light, the ideal, Christ, and there is darkness, the animal. There is a motion in the name of Christ, toward Christ, along a path indicated by his teaching.

And we are all somewhere, walking on this path.

21

We frequently deceive ourselves, thinking, when we meet revolutionists, that we are standing near each other, in the same row.

"There is no country!"

"There is no country."

"There is no ownership!"

"There is no ownership."

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"There is no unequality!"

"There is no unequality," and many more things. It seems to be one and the same thing.

But there is a great difference, and there are even no people farther removed from us than they are.

For a Christian there is no country, — for them country has to be destroyed.

For a Christian there is no property, — and they want to annihilate property.

For a Christian all are equal, — and they want to abolish inequality.

This is like the two ends of a snapped ring. The two ends are side by side, — they are not farther removed than all the other parts of the ring.

It is necessary to walk all around the ring, in order to connect what is on the ends.

22

I fully agree with your opinion that many people have needed solitude and fasting, in order to strengthen and try themselves; but I think (no doubt you, too, think so) that this cannot be a rule: some need solitude and fasting before any other trials, others do not need them.

With an equally sincere striving after the good and after truth, the paths over which people travel toward them may be quite different.

It seems to me that one of the chief causes of the disagreement of people is this, that each, walking on his own, familiar path toward truth, and seeing another man walking by another path toward the same goal (and there are as many paths as there are radii), is inclined to insist that the true path is only the one he is travelling upon.

In general the article on the fasters was interesting to me, because of late I have had occasion to read and think much about gluttony, and I think that one of the chief

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sins, the most common one and almost the radical one, on which grows up a mass of others, is gluttony and belly-madness, — the desire to eat and drink for a long time and as agreeably as possible.

In the article on fasts there is much which is superstitious and exaggerated, and a superfluous motive of fasting, which consists in the castigation of the body, but the hope through fasting to strengthen one's spiritual power seems untrue to me. But what is important is that a man now generally eats several times more than is necessary for the best manifestation of his forces (by forces I understand the most profitable relation, as far as the human activity is concerned, of his spiritual and his physical forces), and that therefore fasting, the conscious destruction of gluttony, is useful for all men, — that is, the accustoming oneself to the least amount of food, with which the most advantageous correlation is attained.

Now the most advantageous correlation is attained, I think, with the consumption of a much smaller amount of food than is in general considered necessary.

You say that it was most easy for you to vanquish the lust of feeding, but with me it was the very opposite. And I think that the lust of feeding is closely connected with the sexual lust and serves as its foundation.

You will perhaps say, "What shall be regarded as the most advantageous relation between the spiritual and the physical forces? This concept is a relative one." I will not undertake to settle now definitely what this relation should be, but I know it for myself, and I think that everybody knows it. I know in myself the condition which most nearly approaches the one I should like to be in: a great clearness of thought, an ability to transfer myself into the condition of another man, — to understand it, — and physical lightness, a mobility an absence of the consciousness of my body.

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Now a certain amount of food removes me from this state, or brings me near to it. When I fast too much, my stomach is felt by me, — there are no clear ideas, no sympathy, though there is mobility. When I eat too much, everything is lost, — clearness of ideas, sympathy, and even mobility. And so I will always find that amount which is necessary, and it will always be less than the food usually taken by the majority of people.

If it shall seem to you that I am uselessly talking of such subjects, I must beg your pardon: I consider this subject, from its practical applications to life, unquestionably most important.

I more or less understand your world conception; I say more or less, because it is impossible completely to express one's view of life. We understand each other's world conception, not because we express it in a common connection, but more in consequence of various incidental expressions of a concordant sympathy in respect to all kinds of questions.

23

I have several times before expressed the idea that union between men can be found only in the union with truth, with God; but the attempts at seeking a union with men, with certain, chosen men, shows either that men are unable, or unwilling, or too tired to seek a union with God, or do not believe in this, that the union with God will give them a union with men; or it weakens the striving after a union with God, and so is undesirable.

Besides, how can I know with whom I am to be in a very close union?

By what signs shall I find out that I am to be in a union with John, and not with Peter, or with the monk Anthony, or with the Governor of Chernígov, or with the Krapívensk horse-thief?

The very project of an external union such as you pro-

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pose is in reality a project of disunion: we must recognize that in the distance between Khárkov and Túla there are but two or three men who can understand us, and this is a sin, and an untruth, and it is unnecessary.

What unites us, and can unite us more, is a greater approximation to the perfection of the Father, which we are told to seek, and I am convinced that you, like me, and like all people, have experienced those transitions of moods of love, to which we all are near, and the union has taken place easily and joyfully from without. But the external union such as you propose will, in all probability, only disunite those who in this manner will attempt to unite. A union can exist only if we throw off everything which disunites, which can give a cause for temptation, as when, defending a fortress, the suburbs are burned, and if we leave only that which is eternal, common to all, and first of all necessary for us, and what this is, we all know.

And the more sincerely we shall live for the fulfilment of this, the more eternally shall we be in union, not only with a certain dozen of men, but with all the men of the world.

If we do not support one another, either materially, or spiritually; if we err; if we go away from one another and, above all, if we have no common aim, we cannot mend this by an artificial joining and by words said to one another. Union is possible only in truth, and in order to attain truth we must do one thing, — seek it with a constant, unceasing effort, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you," and another thing: be meek, reject pride, self-love, your own opinion, and, above all else, reject all kinds of considerations, such as, for example, "If I believe thus, I shall be with the government, or with the people, or with the holy fathers, or with the church; if I believe thus, I can be justified before people and myself," or, that it is a pleasure to believe thus. All

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of men? Do the men believe in this law? Do they consider it to be true? Not in the least. In the majority of cases, the men of our time do not believe in the justice of this law, despise it, and yet obey it. It was all very well for the men of antiquity to carry out their laws. They believed firmly that their law (which for the most part was also religious) was the one true law which all men must obey. But we? We know, and we cannot help but know, that the law of our state is not only not the one eternal law, but that it is only one of many laws of various countries, equally imperfect, and frequently and palpably false and unjust, and widely discussed in the newspapers. It was all very well for a Jew to submit to his laws, when he had no doubt but that they were written by God's finger; or, for a Roman, when he thought that the nymph Egeria had written his laws; or even when they believed that the kings who gave the laws were the anointed of the Lord, or even that the legislative bodies had a desire to find the best laws, and were able to do so. But we know how laws are made; we have all been behind the scenes; we all know that laws are the results of greed, deception, the struggle of parties, — that in them there is and there can be no true justice. And so the men of our time cannot believe that obedience to civil or political laws would satisfy the demands of the rationality of human nature. Men have known for a long time that it is not sensible to obey a law of the correctness of which there can be any doubt, and so they cannot help but suffer, if they obey a law the rationality and obligatoriness of which they do not acknowledge.

A man cannot help but suffer, when his whole life is determined in advance by laws which he must obey under the menace of punishment, and in the rationality and justice of which he does not believe, and the unnaturalness, cruelty, injustice of which he clearly recognizes. We recognize the uselessness of custom-houses and import

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duties, and we must pay the duties; we recognize the uselessness of the expenses for the support of royal courts and many governmental offices; we recognize the harmfulness of the church propaganda, and we must contribute to the support of these institutions; we recognize the cruelty and unscrupulousness of the penalties imposed by courts of justice, and we must take part in them; we recognize the irregularity and harmfulness of the distribution of land-ownership, and we must submit to it; we do not recognize the indispensableness of armies and of war, and must bear terrible burdens for the maintenance of armies and the waging of wars, and so forth.

But these contradictions are as nothing in comparison with the contradiction which has now arisen among men in their international relations, and which, under threat of ruining both human reason and human life, demands a solution. This is the contradiction between the Christian conscience and war.

We are all Christian nations, who live the same spiritual life, so that every good, fruitful thought, which springs up in one corner of the earth, is at once communicated to the whole Christian world, evoking similar sensations of joy and pride, independently of nationality; we, who not only love the thinkers, benefactors, poets, scholars of other nations, but also pride ourselves on the exploit of a Damien, as though it were our own; we, who just love the men of other nationalities, — the French, the Germans, the Americans, the English; we, who not only respect their qualities, but rejoice when we meet them, who give them a smile of recognition, who not only could not regard a war with them as something to be proud of, but who could not even think without horror that any disagreement may arise between these men and us, — we are all called to take part in murder, which must inevitably take place, to-morrow, if not to-day.

It was all very well for a Jew, a Greek, a Roman not

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only to defend the independence of his nation by means of murder, but by the means of murder also to cause other nations to submit to him, for he believed firmly that his nation was the one true, good, kind nation, which was loved by God, and that all the other nations were Philistines, barbarians. Even the men of the Middle Ages and the men of the end of the last and the beginning of this century could have believed so. But we, no matter how much we may be teased to do so, can no longer believe in this, and this contradiction is so terrible for the men of our time that it is impossible to live, if we do not destroy it.

"We live in a time which is full of contradictions," Count Komárovski, professor of international law, writes in his learned treatise. "In the press of all countries there is constantly shown a universal tendency toward peace, toward its necessity for all nations. In the same sense express themselves the representatives of governments, as private individuals and as official organs, in parliamentary debates, in diplomatic exchanges of opinion, and even in international treaties. At the same time, however, the governments annually increase the military forces of their countries, impose new taxes, make loans, and leave to future generations, as a legacy, the obligation to bear the blunders of the present senseless politics. What a crying contradiction between words and deeds!

"Of course, the governments, to justify these measures, point to the exclusively defensive character of all these expenditures and armaments, but none the less it remains a puzzle for every unbiassed man, whence we are to expect attacks, since all the great powers unanimously in their politics pursue the one aim of defence. In reality this looks as though each of these powers waited every moment to be attacked by another, and these are the consequences, — universal distrust and a preternatural endeavour of one power to surpass the force of the others.

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Such an emulation in itself increases the danger of war: the nations cannot for any length of time stand the intensified arming, and sooner or later will prefer war to all the disadvantages of the present condition and constant menace. Thus the most insignificant cause will be sufficient to make the fire of a universal war flame up in the whole of Europe. It is incorrect to think that such a crisis can cure us of the political and economical calamities which oppress us. Experience from the wars which have been waged in recent years teaches us that every war has only sharpened the hostility of the nations, increased the burden and the unendurableness of the pressure of militarism, and made the politico-economic condition of Europe more hopeless and complex."

"Modern Europe keeps under arms an active army of nine millions of men," writes Enrico Ferri, "and fifteen millions of reserves, expending on them four milliards of francs per year. By arming itself more and more, it paralyzes the sources of the social and the individual welfare, and may easily be compared to a man who, to provide himself with a gun, condemns himself to anæmia, at the same time wasting all his strength for the purpose of making use of the very gun with which he is providing himself, and under the burden of which he will finally fall."

The same was said by Charles Butt,[1] in his speech which he delivered in London before the Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations, July 26, 1887. After pointing out the same nine millions and over of the active armies and seventeen millions of reserves, and the enormous expenses of the governments for the support of these armies and equipments, he says: "But this forms only a small part of the actual cost, for besides the figures mentioned, which constitute merely the war budgets of the nations, we have to take into account the enormous loss to society by the withdrawal of so

[1] Not Charles Butt, but Henry Richard.

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many able-bodied men . . . from the occupations of productive industry, together with the prodigious capital invested in all warlike preparations and appliances, and which is absolutely unproductive. . . . One necessary result of the expenditure on wars and preparations for war is the steady growth of national debts. . . . The aggregate national debts of Europe, by far the larger proportion of which has been contracted for war purposes, amount at the present time to £4,680,000,000."

The same Komárovski says in another place: "We are living in a hard time. Everywhere do we hear complaints as to the slackness of business and industry and in general as to the bad economic conditions: people point out the hard conditions of the life of the labouring classes and the universal impoverishment of the masses. But, in spite of it, the governments, in their endeavour to maintain their independence, reach the extreme limits of madness. Everywhere they invent new taxes and imposts, and the financial oppression of the nations knows no limits. If we look at the budgets of the European states for the last one hundred years, we shall first of all be struck by their constantly progressive and rapid growth. How can we explain this extraordinary phenomenon, which sooner or later threatens us with inevitable bankruptcy?

"This is incontestably due to the expenditures caused by the maintenance of an army, which swallow one-third and even one-half of the budgets of the European states. What is most lamentable in connection with it is this, that no end can be foreseen to this increase of the budgets and impoverishment of the masses. What is socialism, if not a protest against this abnormal condition, in which the greater part of the population of our part of the world finds itself?"

"We ruin ourselves," says Frederic Passy, in a note read at the last Congress (1890) of Universal Peace, at

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London, "in preparing the means for taking part in the mad butcheries of the future, or in paying the interests of debts bequeathed to us by the mad and culpable butcheries of the past. We die of starvation, in order to be able to kill one another off."

Farther on, speaking of how France looks upon this subject, he says: "We believe that one hundred years after the *Declaration of the rights of man and of a citizen* it is time to recognize the rights of nations and to renounce for ever all these enterprises of force and violence, which, under the name of conquests, are real crimes against humanity, and which, whatever the ambition of the sovereigns or the pride of the races . . . weaken even those who seem to profit from them."

"I am always very much surprised at the way religion is carried on in this country," says Sir Wilfrid Lawson, at the same Congress. "You send a boy to the Sunday school, and you tell him, 'My dear boy, you must love your enemies; if any boy strikes you, don't strike him again; try to reform him by loving him.' Well, the boy stays in the Sunday school till he is fourteen or fifteen years of age, and then his friends say, 'Put him in the army.' What has he to do in the army? Why, not to love his enemies, but whenever he sees an enemy to run him through the body with a bayonet. That is the nature of all religious teaching in this country. I do not think that that is a very good way of carrying out the precepts of religion. I think if it is a good thing for the boy to love his enemy, it is a good thing for the man to love his enemy."

And farther: "The nations of Europe . . . keep somewhere about twenty-eight millions of armed men to settle quarrels by killing one another, instead of by arguing. That is what the Christian nations of the world are doing at this moment. It is a very expensive way also; for this publication which I saw made out that since the year

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1872 these nations had spent the almost incredible amount of £1,500,000,000 of money in preparing, and settling their quarrels by killing one another. Now it seems to me that with that state of things one of two positions must be accepted: either that Christianity is a failure or, that those who profess to expound Christianity have failed in expounding it properly."

"Until our ironclads are withdrawn, and our army disbanded, we are not entitled to call ourselves a Christian nation," says Mr. J. Jowet Wilson.

In a discussion which arose in connection with the question of the obligatoriness of Christian pastors to preach against war, Mr. G. D. Bartlett said, among other things: "If I understand the Scriptures, I say that men are only playing with Christianity when they ignore this question," that is, say nothing about war. "I have lived a longish life, I have heard many sermons, and I can say without any exaggeration that I never heard universal peace recommended from the pulpit half a dozen times in my life. . . . Some twenty years ago I happened to stand in a drawing-room where there were forty or fifty people, and I dared to moot the proposition that war was incompatible with Christianity. They looked upon me as an arrant fanatic. The idea that we could get on without war was regarded as unmitigated weakness and folly."

In the same sense spoke the Catholic Abbé Defourny: "One of the first precepts of this eternal law which burns in the consciences of men is the one which forbids taking the life of one's like, shedding human blood without just cause, and without being constrained by necessity. It is one of those laws which are most indelibly engraved in the human heart. . . . But if it is a question of war, that is, of the shedding of human blood in torrents, the men of the present do not trouble themselves about a just cause. Those who take part in it do not think of asking themselves whether these innumerable murders are justi-

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fied or not, that is, if the wars, or what goes by that name, are just or iniquitous, legal or illegal, permissible or criminal . . . whether they violate, or not, the primordial law which prohibits homicide and murder . . . without just cause. But their conscience is mute in this matter.

"War has ceased for them to be an act which has anything to do with morality. They have no other joy, in the fatigue and perils of the camp, than that of being victorious, and no other sadness than that of being vanquished. . . . Do not tell me that they serve their country. A long time ago a great genius told you these words, which have become proverbial, 'Reject justice, and what are the empires but great societies of brigands?' And are not a band of brigands themselves small empires? Brigands themselves have certain laws or conventions by which they are ruled. There, too, they fight for the conquest of booty and for the honour of the band. . . . The principle of the institution" (he is talking of the establishment of an international tribunal) "is this, that the European nations should stop being a nation of thieves, and the armies gangs of brigands and of pirates, and, I must add, of slaves. Yes, the armies are gangs of slaves, slaves of one or two rulers, or one or two ministers, who dispose of them tyrannically, without any other guarantee, we know, than a nominal one.

"What characterizes the slave is this, that he is in the hands of his master like a chattel, a tool, and no longer a man. Just so it is with a soldier, an officer, a general, who march to murder and to death without any care as to justice, by the arbitrary will of ministers. . . . Thus military slavery exists, and it is the worst of slaveries, particularly now, when by means of enforced military service it puts the chain about the necks of all free and strong men of the nations, in order to make of them tools of murder, killers by profession, butchers of human flesh,

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for this is the only *opus servile* for which they are chained up and trained. . . .

"Rulers, to the number of two or three . . . united into a secret cabinet, deliberate without control and without minutes which are intended for publicity . . . consequently without any guarantee for the conscience of those whom they send out to be killed."

"The protests against the heavy arming do not date from our day," says Signor E. T. Moneta. "Listen to what Montesquieu wrote in his time.

"'France' (you may substitute the word 'Europe') 'will be ruined by the military. A new malady has spread through Europe; it has infected our princes and has made them keep a disproportionate number of troops. It has its exacerbations, and it necessarily becomes contagious, because, as soon as one state increases what it calls its troops, the others suddenly increase theirs, so that nothing is gained by it but the common ruin.

"'Every monarch keeps on a war footing all the troops which he might need in case his people were in danger of being exterminated, and this state of tension, of all against all, is called peace. As a result, Europe is so ruined that if private individuals were in the condition in which the powers are in this part of the world, the richest of them would not have anything to live on. We are poor with the riches and the commerce of the whole universe.'

"This was written almost 150 years ago; the picture seems to be made for to-day. One single thing has changed, — the system of government. In the time of Montesquieu, and also afterward, they used to say that the cause for the maintenance of great armies lay in the absolute kings, who waged war in the hope of finding in the conquests the means for enriching their private budgets and passing down to history in the aureole of glory.

"Then they said, 'Oh, if the peoples could choose them-

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selves those who have the right to refuse the governments soldiers and money, for then the politics of war would come to an end.'

"We have to-day representative governments in nearly all of Europe, and none the less the expenditures for war and for its preparation are increased in a frightful proportion.

"Evidently the folly of the princes has passed down to the governing classes. At the present time they no longer make war because a prince was disrespectful to a courtesan, as such things happened in the time of Louis XIV., but by exaggerating the respectable sentiments, like that of the national dignity and of patriotism, by exciting public opinion against a neighbouring nation, there will come a day when it will be sufficient to say, though the information may not be true, that the ambassador of your government was not received by the chief of a state, in order to make break forth the most terrible and disastrous of wars ever seen.

"At the present time Europe keeps under arms more soldiers than there were in the time of Napoleon's great wars. All citizens, with few exceptions, are obliged on our continent to pass several years in the barracks. They build fortresses, construct arsenals and ships, constantly manufacture arms, which after awhile have to be replaced by others, because science, which ought always to be directed toward the well-being of men, unfortunately lends its aid to works of destruction, invents at every instant new engines for killing great masses of men as rapidly as possible.

"And in order to maintain so many soldiers and to make such vast preparations for murder, they spend yearly hundreds of millions, that is, what would be sufficient for the education of the people, for the execution of the greatest works of public utility, and would furnish the means for solving pacifically the social question.

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"Europe, therefore, finds itself, in spite of the scientific conquests, in a condition as though it were still living in the worst times of the ferocious Middle Ages. All men complain of this situation, which is not yet war, but which is not peace either, and everybody would like to get out of it. The chiefs of governments protest that they want peace, and it is a matter of emulation between them as to who will make the most solemn pacific declarations. But on the same day, or the day following, they present to the legislative chambers propositions for increasing the standing army, and they say that it is for the purpose of maintaining and assuring peace that they take so many precautions.

"But it is not the kind of peace we like; nor are the nations deceived. True peace has reciprocal confidence for its basis, while these enormous preparations betray a profound distrust, if not a concealed hostility, between the states. What would we say of a man who, wishing to prove his sentiments of friendship for his neighbour, should invite him to discuss some question with him, while he himself is holding a revolver in his hand? It is this flagrant contradiction between the pacific declarations and the warlike policy of the governments that all good citizens want to see stopped at any price and as quickly as possible."

They marvel why annually sixty thousand suicides are committed in Europe, and those only the ones that are recorded, which excludes Russia and Turkey; but what we ought to marvel at is not that there are so many suicides, but so few. Every man of our time, if he grasps the contradiction between his consciousness and his life, is in a very desperate condition. To say nothing of all the other contradictions between life and consciousness, which fill the life of a man of our time, the contradiction between this last military condition, in which Europe is, and the Christian profession of Europe is enough to make

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a man despair, doubt the rationality of human nature, and put an end to his life in this mad and beastly world. This contradiction, the military contradiction, which is the quintessence of all others, is so terrible that a man can live and take part in it only by not thinking of it, by being able to forget it.

How is this? We are all Christians, — we not only profess love of one another, but actually live one common life, the pulse of our life beats with the same beats, we aid one another, learn from one another, more and more approach one another, for a common joy! In this closer union lies the meaning of the whole of life, — and to-morrow some maddened head of a government will say something foolish, another man like him will answer him, and I shall go, making myself liable to be killed, to kill men who not only have done me no harm, but whom I love. And this is not a distant accident, but what we are preparing ourselves for, and it is not only a possible, but even an inevitable event.

It is enough to understand this clearly, in order to lose our mind and shoot ourselves. And it is precisely what happens with especial frequency among the military. We need but think for a moment, in order that we may come to the necessity of such an ending. It is only thus that we can explain that terrible tension with which the men of our time incline to intoxicate themselves with wine, tobacco, opium, cards, the reading of newspapers, travelling, all kinds of spectacles, and amusements. All these things are done like serious, important affairs. They are indeed important affairs. If there existed no external means for dimming their consciences, one-half of the men would at once shoot themselves, because to live contrary to one's reason is a most intolerable state, and all men of our time are in such a state. All men of our time live in a constant crying contradiction between consciousness and life. These contradictions are expressed

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in the economic and political relations, but most startling is this contradiction between the recognition of the law of the brotherhood of men, as professed by Christians, and the necessity, in which all men are placed by the universal military service, of being prepared for hostility, for murder, — of being at the same time a Christian and a gladiator.

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VI.

THE removal of the contradiction between life and consciousness is possible in two ways, — by a change of life or by a change of consciousness, and in the choice of one of the two there can be no doubt.

A man may stop doing what he considers bad, but he cannot stop considering bad what is bad.

Even so the whole of humanity may stop doing what it considers bad, but is powerless, not only to change, but even for a time to retard the all-elucidating and expanding consciousness of what is bad and what, therefore, ought not to be. It would seem that the choice between the change of life and that of the consciousness ought to be clear and above doubt.

And so, it would seem, it is indispensable for the Christian humanity of our time to renounce the pagan forms of life, which it condemns, and to build up its life on the Christian foundations, which it professes.

But so it would be, if there did not exist the law of inertia, which is as invariable in the lives of men and nations as in inanimate bodies, and which is for men expressed by the psychological law, so well stated in the Gospel with the words, "and did not walk toward the light, because their deeds were evil." This law consists in this, that the majority of men do not think in order to know the truth, but in order to assure themselves that the life which they lead, and which is agreeable and habitual to them, is the one which coincides with the truth.

Slavery was contrary to all the moral principles which were preached by Plato and Aristotle, and yet neither the

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one nor the other saw this, because the negation of slavery destroyed all that life which they lived. The same happens in our world.

The division of men into two castes, like the violence of the state and of the army, is repugnant to all those moral principles by which our world lives, and at the same time the leading men of culture of our time do not seem to see it.

The majority, if not all, of the cultured people of our time unconsciously try to maintain the previous social concept of life which justifies their position, and to conceal from themselves and from men its inadequacy, and, above all, the necessity of the condition of the Christian life-conception, which destroys the whole structure of the existing life. They strive to maintain the orders that are based on the social life-conception, but themselves do not believe in it, because it is obsolete, and it is impossible to believe in it any longer.

All literature, the philosophic, the political, and that of the *belles-lettres*, of our time is striking in this respect. What a wealth of ideas, forms, colours, what erudition, elegance, abundance of thoughts, and what total absence of serious contents, and even what fear of every definiteness of thought and of its expression! Circumlocutions, allegories, jests, general, extremely broad reflections, and nothing simple, clear, pertinent to the matter, that is, to the question of life.

But it is not enough that they write and say graceful vapidities; they even write and say abominable, vile things, they in the most refined manner adduce reflections which take men back to primeval savagery, to the foundations, not only of pagan, but even of animal life, which we outlived as far back as five thousand years ago.

It can, indeed, not be otherwise. In keeping shy of the Christian life-conception, which for some impairs only the habitual order, and for others both the habitual and the

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advantageous order, men cannot help but return to the pagan concept of life, and to the teachings which are based on them. In our time they not only preach patriotism and aristocratism, as it was preached two thousand years ago, but they even preach the coarsest epicurism, animality, with this one difference, that the men who then preached it believed in what they preached, while now the preachers themselves do not believe in what they say, and they cannot believe, because what they preach no longer has any meaning. It is impossible to remain in one place, when the soil is in motion. If you do not go ahead, you fall behind. And, though it is strange and terrible to say so, the cultured people of our time, the leaders, with their refined reflections, in reality are dragging society back, not even to the pagan state, but to the state of primeval savagery.

In nothing may this direction of the activity of the leading men of our time be seen so clearly as in their relation to the phenomenon in which in our time the whole inadequacy of the social concept of life has been expressed in a concentrated form, — in their relation to war, to universal armaments, and to universal military service.

The indefiniteness, if not the insincerity, of the relation of the cultured men of our time to this phenomenon is striking. The relation to this matter in our cultured society is threefold: some look upon this phenomenon as something accidental, which arose from the peculiar political condition of Europe, and consider it corrigible, without the change of the whole structure of life, by means of external, diplomatic, international measures; others look upon this phenomenon as upon something terrible and cruel, but inevitable and fatal, like a disease or death; others again calmly and coolly look upon war as an indispensable, beneficent, and therefore desirable phenomenon.

These people look differently at the matter, but all of

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them discuss war as an incident which is quite independent of the will of men who take part in it, and so do not even admit that natural question, which presents itself to every simple man, "Must I take part in it?" According to the opinion of all these men, these questions do not even exist, and every person, no matter how he himself may look upon war, must in this respect slavishly submit to the demands of the government.

The relation of the first, of those who see a salvation from wars in diplomatic, international measures, is beautifully expressed in the result of the last Congress of Peace in London, and in an article and letters concerning war by prominent authors in No. 8 of the *Revue des Revues* for 1891.

Here are the results of the Congress: having collected the personal or written opinions from learned men all over the world, the Congress began by a Te Deum in the Cathedral, and ended with a dinner with speeches, having for the period of five days listened to a large number of speeches, and having arrived at the following resolutions:

1. "The Congress affirms its belief that the brotherhood of man involves as a necessary consequence a brotherhood of nations, in which the true interests of all are acknowledged to be identical.

2. "The Congress recognizes the important influence which Christianity exercises upon the moral and political progress of mankind, and earnestly urges upon ministers of the Gospel, and other teachers of religion and morality, the duty of setting forth the principles of Peace and Good-will, and recommends that the third Sunday in December in each year be set apart for that purpose.

3. "This Congress expresses its opinion that all teachers of history should call the attention of the young to the grave evils inflicted on mankind in all ages by war, and to the fact that such war has been waged, as a rule, for most inadequate causes.

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4. "The Congress protests against the use of military exercises in connection with the physical exercises of school, and suggests the formation of brigades for saving life rather than any of a quasi-military character; and it urges the desirability of impressing on the Board of Examiners, who formulate the questions for examination, the propriety of guiding the minds of children into the principles of Peace.

5. "The Congress holds that the doctrine of the universal rights of man requires that aboriginal and weaker races shall be guarded from injustice and fraud when brought into contact with civilized peoples, alike as to their territories, their liberties, and their property, and that they shall be shielded from the vices which are so prevalent among the so-called advanced races of men. It further expresses its conviction that there should be concert of action among the nations for the accomplishment of these ends. The Congress desires to express its hearty appreciation of the conclusions arrived at by the late Anti-Slavery Conference, held in Brussels, for the amelioration of the condition of the peoples of Africa.

6. "The Congress believes that the warlike prejudices and traditions which are still fostered in the various nationalities, and the misrepresentations by leaders of public opinion in legislative assemblies, or through the press, are not infrequently indirect causes of war. The Congress is therefore of opinion that these evils should be counteracted by the publication of accurate statements and information that would tend to the removal of misunderstanding among nations, and recommends to the Inter-Parliamentary Committee the importance of considering the question of commencing an international newspaper, which should have such a purpose as one of its primary objects.

7. "The Congress proposes to the Inter-Parliamentary Conference that the utmost support should be given to

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every project for the unification of weights and measures, of coinage, tariffs, postal and telegraphic arrangements, means of transport, etc., which would assist in constituting a commercial, industrial, and scientific union of the peoples.

8. "The Congress, in view of the vast moral and social influence of woman, urges upon every woman throughout the world to sustain the things that make for peace; as otherwise she incurs grave responsibilities for the continuance of the systems of war and militarism.

9. "This Congress expresses the hope that the Financial Reform Association, and other Similar Societies in Europe and America, should unite in convoking at an early date a Conference to consider the best means of establishing equitable commercial relations between states by the reduction of import duties. The Congress feels that it can affirm that the whole of Europe desires Peace, and is impatiently waiting for the moment when it shall see the end of those crushing armaments which, under the plea of defence, become in their turn a danger, by keeping alive mutual distrust, and are at the same time the cause of that economic disturbance which stands in the way of settling in a satisfactory manner the problems of labour and poverty, which should take precedence of all others.

10. "The Congress, recognizing that a general disarmament would be the best guarantee of Peace, and would lead to the solution, in the general interest, of those questions which must now divide states, expresses the wish that a Congress of Representatives of all the states of Europe may be assembled as soon as possible, to consider the means of accepting a gradual general disarmament.

11. "The Congress, considering the timidity of the single Powers or other causes might delay indefinitely the convocation of the above-mentioned Congress, is of

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opinion that the Government which should first dismiss any considerable number of soldiers would confer a signal benefit on Europe and mankind, because it would oblige other Governments, urged on by public opinion, to follow its example, and by the moral force of this accomplished fact, would have increased rather than diminished the condition of its national defence.

12. "This Congress, considering the question of disarmament, as well as the Peace question generally, depends upon public opinion, recommends the Peace Societies here represented, and all friends of Peace, to carry on an active propaganda among the people, especially at the time of Parliamentary elections, in order that the electors should give their vote to those candidates who have included in their programme Peace, Disarmament, and Arbitration.

13. "The Congress congratulates the friends of Peace on the resolution adopted by the International American Conference at Washington in April last, by which it was recommended that arbitration should be obligatory in all controversies concerning diplomatic and consular privileges, boundaries, territories, indemnities, right of navigation, and the validity, construction, and enforcement of treaties, and in all other cases, whatever their origin, nature, or occasion, except only those which, in the judgment of any of the nations involved in the controversy, may imperil its independence.

14. "The Congress respectfully recommends this resolution to the attention of the statesmen of Europe, and expresses the ardent desire that treaties in similar terms be speedily entered into between the other nations of the world.

15. "The Congress expresses its satisfaction at the adoption by the Spanish Senate, on June 16th last, of a project of law authorizing the Government to negotiate general or special treaties of arbitration for the settlement of all disputes, except those relating to the independence

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and internal government of the state affected; also at the adoption of resolutions to a like effect by the Norwegian Storthing, and by the Italian Chamber, on July 11th.

16. "The Congress addresses official communications to the principal religious, political, commercial, labour, and peace organizations in civilized countries, requesting them to send petitions to governmental authorities of their respective countries, praying that measures be taken for the formation of suitable tribunals for the adjudicature of any international questions, so as to avoid the resort to war.

17. "Seeing (*a*) that the object pursued by all Peace Societies is the establishment of juridical order between nations; (*b*) that neutralization by international treaties constitutes a step toward this juridical state, and lessens the number of districts in which war can be carried on; the Congress recommends a larger extension of the rule of neutralization, and expresses the wish: (*a*) that all treaties which at present assure to a certain state the benefit of neutrality remain in force, or, if necessary, be amended in a manner to render the neutrality more effective, either by extending neutralization to the whole of the state, of which a part only may be neutralized, or by ordering the demolition of fortresses which constitute rather a peril than a guarantee of neutrality; (*b*) that new treaties, provided they are in harmony with the wishes of the population, be concluded for the establishment of the neutralization of other states.

18. "The Sub-Committee of the Congress recommends:

"I. That the next Congress be held immediately before or immediately after the next session of the Inter-Parliamentary Conference, and at the same place.

"II. That the question of an international Peace Emblem be postponed *sine die*.

"III. The adoption of the following resolution:

"(*a*) Resolved, that we express our satisfaction at the

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formal and official overtures of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, addressed to the highest representatives of each church organization in Christendom, inviting the same to unite with itself in a general conference, the object of which shall be to promote the substitution of international arbitration for war; (*b*) that this Congress, assembled in London from the 14th to the 19th July, desires to express its profound reverence for the memory of Aurelio Saffi, the great Italian jurist, a member of the Committee of the International League of Peace and Liberty.

"IV. That the Memorial to the various Heads of Civilized States, adopted by this Congress and signed by the President, should so far as practicable be presented to each power, by an influential deputation.

"V. That the Organization Committee be empowered to make the needful verbal emendations in the papers and resolutions presented.

"VI. That the following resolutions be adopted:

"(*a*) A resolution of thanks to the Presidents of the various sittings of the Congress; (*b*) a resolution of thanks to the Chairman, the Secretary, and the Members of the Bureau of the Congress; (*c*) a resolution of thanks to the conveners and members of Sectional Committees; (*d*) a resolution of thanks to Rev. Cannon Scott Holland, Rev. Doctor Reuen, and Rev. J. Morgan Gibbon, for their pulpit addresses before the Congress, and that they be requested to furnish copies of the same for publication; and also to the Authorities of St. Paul's Cathedral, the City Temple, and Stamford Hill Congregational Church for the use of those buildings for public services; (*e*) a letter of thanks to Her Majesty for permission to visit Windsor Castle; (*f*) and also a resolution of thanks to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, to Mr. Passmore Edwards, and other friends, who had extended their hospitality to the members of the Congress.

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19. "This Congress places on record a heartfelt expression of gratitude to Almighty God for the remarkable harmony and concord which have characterized the meetings of the Assembly, in which so many men and women of varied nations, creeds, tongues, and races have gathered in closest coöperation, and in the conclusion of the labours of the Congress; it expresses its firm and unshaken belief in the ultimate triumph of the cause of Peace and of the principles which have been advocated at these meetings."

The fundamental idea of the Congress is this, that it is necessary, in the first place, to diffuse by all means possible the conviction among men that war is very unprofitable for people and that peace is a great good, and in the second, to act upon the governments, impressing them with the superiority of the international tribunal over wars, and, therefore, the advantages and the necessity of disarmament. To attain the first end, the Congress turns to the teachers of history, to the women, and to the clergy with the advice that the evil of war and the good of peace be preached to men on every third Sunday in December; to attain the second end, the Congress addresses the governments, proposing that they disarm and substitute arbitration for war.

To preach the evil of war and the good of peace to men! But the evil of war and the good of peace are so well known to men that, so long as we have known men, the best greeting has been, "Peace be with you." What need is there, then, in preaching?

Not only the Christians, but all the pagans thousands of years ago knew the evil of war and the good of peace, — consequently the advice given to the preachers of the Gospel to preach on the evil of war and the good of peace on every third Sunday in December is quite superfluous.

A Christian cannot help but preach this at all times, on all the days of his life. If Christians and preachers of Christianity do not do so, there must be causes for this,

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and so long as these causes are not removed, no advice will be effective. Still less effective can be the advice given to the governments, to dismiss the armies and substitute international tribunals for them. The governments themselves know very well all the difficulty and burdensomeness of collecting and maintaining armies, and if, in spite of it, they continue with terrible efforts and tension to collect and maintain armies, they obviously cannot do otherwise, and the advice of the Congress cannot change anything. But the learned do not want to see this, and all hope to find a combination by which the governments, who produce the wars, will limit themselves.

"Is it possible to be freed from war?" writes a learned man in the *Revue des Revues*. "All admit that when it breaks loose in Europe, its consequences will be like a great incursion of the barbarians. In a forthcoming war the existence of whole nationalities will be at stake, and so it will be sanguinary, desperate, cruel.

"It is these considerations, combined with those terrible implements of war which are at the disposal of modern science, that are retarding the moment of the declaration of war and are maintaining the existing temporary order of things, which might be prolonged for an indefinite time, if it were not for those terrible expenses that oppress the European nations and threaten to bring them to no lesser calamities than those which are produced by war.

"Startled by this idea, the men of the various countries have sought for a means for stopping or at least mitigating the consequences of the terrible slaughter which is menacing us.

"Such are the questions that are propounded by the Congress soon to be held in Rome and in pamphlets dealing with disarmament.

"Unfortunately it is certain that with the present structure of the majority of the European states, which are removed from one another and are guided by various

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interests, the complete cessation of war is a dream with which it would be dangerous to console ourselves. Still, some more reasonable laws and regulations, accepted by all, in these duels of the nations might considerably reduce the horrors of war.

"Similarly Utopian would be the hope of disarmament, which is almost impossible, from considerations of a national character, which are intelligible to our readers." (This, no doubt, means that France cannot disarm previous to avenging its wrongs.) "Public opinion is not prepared for the adoption of projects of disarmament, and, besides, the international relations are not such as to make their adoption possible.

"Disarmament, demanded by one nation of another, is tantamount to a declaration of war.

"It must, however, be admitted that the exchange of views between the interested nations will to a certain extent aid in the international agreement and will make possible a considerable diminution of the military expenses, which now oppress the European nations at the expense of the solution of social questions, the necessity of which is felt by every state individually, threatening to provoke an internal war in the effort to avert one from without.

"It is possible at least to assume a diminution of the enormous expenses which are needed in connection with the present business of war, which aims at the possibility of seizing the adversary's possessions within twenty-four hours and giving a decisive battle a week after the declaration of war."

What is needed is, that states should not be able to attack other states and in twenty-four hours to seize the possessions of others.

This practical idea was expressed by Maxime du Camp, and to this the conclusion of the article is reduced.

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M. du Camp's propositions are these:

"(1) A diplomatic congress ought to meet every year.

"(2) No war can be declared sooner than two months after the incident provoking it. (The difficulty will be to determine which incident it is that provokes the war, because with every war there are a very large number of such incidents, and it would be necessary to decide from which incident the two months are to be counted.)

"(3) War cannot be declared before it is submitted to the vote of the nations preparing for it.

"Military action cannot begin sooner than a month after the declaration of war."

"War cannot be begun . . . must . . ." and so forth.

But who will see to it that war cannot be begun? Who will see to it that men must do so and so? Who will compel the power to wait until the proper time? All the other powers need just as much to be moderated and placed within bounds and compelled. Who will do the compelling? and how? — Public opinion. — But if there is a public opinion which can compel a power to wait for a given time, the same public opinion can compel the power not to begin the war at all.

But, they reply to all this, we can have such a balance of forces, *ponderation des forces*, that the powers will support one another. This has been tried and is being tried even now. Such were the Holy Alliance, the League of Peace, and so forth.

"But if all should agree to it?" we are told. If all should agree to it, there would be no war, and there would be no need for supreme tribunals and courts of arbitration.

"Arbitration will take the place of war. The questions will be decided by a court of arbitration. The *Alabama* question was decided by a court of arbitration, it was proposed to have the question about the Caroline Islands submitted to the arbitration of the Pope. Switzerland,

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and Belgium, and Denmark, and Holland, — all have declared that they prefer the decisions of a court of arbitration to war." Monaco, it seems, also declared itself in this way. What is a pity is, that Germany, Russia, Austria, France have not yet made such declarations.

It is wonderful how men can deceive themselves.

The governments will decide to submit their differences to a court of arbitration and so will disband their armies. The differences between Russia and Poland, between England and Ireland, between Austria and Bohemia, between Turkey and the Slavs, between France and Germany will be decided by voluntary consent.

This is the same as though it should be proposed that merchants and bankers should not sell anything at a higher price than at what they have bought the articles, should busy themselves with the distribution of wealth without profit, and should abolish the money which has thus become useless.

But commerce and the banking industry consist in nothing but selling at a higher price than that at which the purchases are made, and so the proposition that articles should not be sold except at a purchase price, and that money should be abolished, is tantamount to a proposition that they should abolish themselves. The same is true of the governments. The proposition made to the governments that no violence be used, and that the differences be decided on their merits, is a proposition that the government as such should abolish itself, and to this no government can consent.

Learned men gather in societies (there are many such societies, more than a hundred of them), congresses are called (lately such met at Paris and London, and one will soon meet at Rome), speeches are made, people dine, make toasts, publish periodicals, which are devoted to the cause, and in all of them it is proved that the tension of the nations, who are compelled to support millions of troops,

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has reached the utmost limit, and that this armament contradicts all the aims, properties, and desires of all the nations, but that, if a lot of paper is covered with writing, and a lot of speeches are made, it is possible to make all people agree and to cause them not to have any opposing interests, and then there will be no war.

When I was a little fellow, I was assured that to catch a bird it was just necessary to pour some salt on its tail. I went out with the salt to the birds, and immediately convinced myself that, if I could get near enough to pour the salt on a bird's tail, I could catch it, and I understood that they were making fun of me.

It is the same that must be understood by those who read books and pamphlets on courts of arbitration and disarmament.

If it is possible to pour salt on a bird's tail, this means that it does not fly, and that there is no need of catching it. But if a bird has wings and does not want to be caught, it does not allow any one to pour salt on its tail, because it is the property of a bird to fly. Even so the property of a government does not consist in being subjected, but in subjecting, and a government is a government only in so far as it is able, not to be subjected, but to subject, and so it strives to do so, and can never voluntarily renounce its power; but the power gives it the army, and so it will never give up the army and its use for purposes of war.

The mistake is based on this, that learned jurists, deceiving themselves and others, assert in their books that the government is not what it is, — a collection of one set of men, doing violence to another, — but, as science makes it out to be, a representation of the aggregate of citizens. The learned have for so long a time assured others of this fact that they have come themselves to believe in it, and they often think seriously that justice can be obligatory for the governments. But history shows that from Cæsar to

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Napoleon, both the first and the third, and Bismarck, the government has by its essence always been a justice-impairing force, as, indeed, it cannot be otherwise. Justice cannot be obligatory for a man or for men, who keep in hand deceived men, drilled for violence, — the soldiers, — and by means of them rule others. And so the governments cannot agree to the diminution of the number of these drilled men, who obey them and who form all their strength and significance.

Such is the relation of one set of learned men to the contradiction which weighs heavily on our world, and such are the means for its solution. Tell these men that the question is only in the personal relation of every man to the moral, religious question, now standing before all, of the legitimacy and illegitimacy of his participation in the universal military service, and these savants will only shrug their shoulders, and will not even deign to give you an answer, or pay attention to you. The solution of the question for them consists in reading addresses, writing books, choosing presidents, vice-presidents, secretaries, and meeting and talking, now in this city, and now in that. From these talks and writings there will, in their opinion, come this result, that the governments will cease drafting soldiers, on whom their whole power is based, but will listen to their speeches and will dismiss their soldiers, will remain defenceless, not only against their neighbours, but even against their subjects, — like robbers who, having bound defenceless men, for the purpose of robbing them, upon hearing speeches about the pain caused to the bound men by the rope, should immediately set them free.

But there are people who believe in it, who busy themselves with peace congresses, deliver addresses, write little books; and the governments, of course, express their sympathy with this, let it appear that they are supporting this, just as they make it appear that they are supporting a temperance society, whereas they for the most part live

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by the drunkenness of the masses; just as they make it appear that they are supporting education, whereas their strength is based on ignorance; just as they make it appear that they are supporting the liberty of the constitution, whereas their strength is based only on the absence of a constitution; just as they make it appear that they are concerned about the betterment of the labouring classes, whereas it is on the oppression of the labourer that their existence is; just as they make it appear that they are supporting Christianity, whereas Christianity destroys every government.

To be able to do this, they have long ago worked out such provisions for temperance, that drunkenness is not impaired; such provisions for education, that ignorance is not only not interfered with, but is even strengthened; such provisions for liberty and for the constitution, that despotism is not impeded; such provisions for the labourers, that they are not freed from slavery; such Christianity as does not destroy, but maintains the governments.

Now they have also added their concern about peace. The governments, simply the kings, who travel about with their ministers, of their own accord deciding the questions as to whether they shall begin the slaughter of millions this year or next, know full well that their talks about peace will not keep them, whenever they feel like it, from sending millions to slaughter. The kings even listen with pleasure to these talks, encourage them, and take part in them.

All this is not only harmless, but even useful to the governments, in that it takes people's minds away from the most essential question, as to whether each individual man, who is called to become a soldier, should perform the universal military service or not.

"Peace will soon be established, thanks to alliances and congresses and in consequence of books and pamphlets, but in the meantime go, put on uniforms, and be

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prepared to oppress and torture yourselves for our advantage," say the governments. And the learned authors of congresses and of writings fully agree to this.

This is one relation, the most advantageous one for the governments, and so it is encouraged by all wise governments.

Another relation is the tragic relation of the men who assert that the contradiction between the striving and love for peace and the necessity of war is terrible, but that such is the fate of men. These for the most part sensitive, gifted men see and comprehend the whole terror and the whole madness and cruelty of war, but by some strange turn of mind do not see and do not look for any issue from this condition, and, as though irritating their wound, enjoy the desperate plight of humanity.

Here is a remarkable specimen of such a relation to war, by a famous French author (Maupassant). As he looks from his yacht at the exercises and target-shooting of the French soldiers, the following ideas come to him:

"War! When I but think of this word, I feel bewildered, as though they were speaking to me of sorcery, of the Inquisition, of a distant, finished, abominable, monstrous, unnatural thing.

"When they speak to us of cannibals, we smile proudly, as we proclaim our superiority to these savages. Who are the savages, the real savages? Those who struggle in order to eat those whom they vanquish, or those who struggle to kill, merely to kill?

"The little soldiers of the rank and file who are running down there are destined for death, like flocks of sheep, whom a butcher drives before him on the highway. They will fall in a plain, their heads cut open by a sword-stroke, or their chests pierced by bullets; and these are young men who might have worked, produced, been useful. Their fathers are old and poor; their mothers, who have loved them for twenty years and adored them as

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only mothers can, will learn in six months or, perhaps, in a year that their son, their child, their grandchild, who had been reared with so much love, was thrown into a hole, like a dead dog, after he had been eviscerated by a ball, trampled underfoot, crushed, mashed into pulp by the charges of cavalry. Why did they kill her boy, her fine boy, her only hope, her pride, her life? She does not know. Yes, why?

"War! To fight! To butcher! To massacre people! And to-day, at our period of the world, with our civilization, with the expansion of science and the degree of philosophy which we deem the human genius to have attained, we have schools in which they teach how to kill; to kill at a great distance, with perfection, a lot of people at the same time, — to kill poor innocent fellows, who have the care of a family and are under no judicial sentence.

"And what is most startling is the fact that the people do not rise against the governments! What difference is there really between the monarchies and the republics? It is most startling that society does not rise in a body and revolt at the very mention of the word 'war.'

"Oh, we shall always live under the burden of the ancient and odious customs, criminal prejudices, and savage ideas of our barbarous ancestors, because we are beasts, and shall remain beasts, who are dominated by instinct and do not change.

"Would not any other man than Victor Hugo have been disgraced, if he sent forth this cry of deliverance and truth?

"'To-day force is called violence and is about to be judged; war is summoned to court. Civilization, at the instigation of the human race, institutes proceedings and prepares the great criminal brief of the conquerors and captains. The nations are coming to understand that the increase of an offence cannot be its diminution; that if

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it is a crime to kill, killing much cannot be an extenuating circumstance; that if stealing is a disgrace, forcible seizing cannot be a glory. Oh, let us proclaim these absolute verities, — let us disgrace war!'

"Vain fury and indignation of a poet! War is honoured more than ever.

"A versatile artist in these matters, a gifted butcher of men, Mr. von Moltke, one day spoke the following words to some delegates of peace:

"'War is sacred and divinely instituted; it is one of the sacred laws of the world; it nurtures in men all the great and noble sentiments, — honour, disinterestedness, virtue, courage, — and, to be short, keeps men from falling into the most hideous materialism.'

"Thus, uniting into herds of four hundred thousand men, marching day and night without any rest, not thinking of anything, nor studying anything, nor learning anything, nor reading anything, not being useful to a single person, rotting from dirt, sleeping in the mire, living like the brutes in a constant stupor, pillaging cities, burning villages, ruining peoples, then meeting another conglomeration of human flesh, rushing against it, making lakes of blood and fields of battered flesh, mingled with muddy and blood-stained earth and mounds of corpses, being deprived of arms or legs, or having the skull crushed without profit to any one, and dying in the corner of a field, while your old parents, your wife, and your children are starving, — that's what is called not to fall into the most hideous materialism.

"The men of war are the scourges of the world. We struggle against Nature, against ignorance, against obstacles of every sort, in order to make our miserable life less hard. Men, benefactors, savants use their existence in order to work, to find what may help, may succour, may ease their brothers. They go with vim about their useful business, accumulate discovery upon discovery,

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increasing the human spirit, expanding science, giving every day a sum of new knowledge to the intelligence of man, giving every day well-being, ease, and force to their country.

"War arrives. In six months the generals destroy twenty years of effort, of patience, and of genius.

"This is what is called not to fall into the most hideous materialism.

"We have seen what war is. We have seen men turned into brutes, maddened, killing for the sake of pleasure, of terror, of bravado, of ostentation. Then, when law no longer exists, when law is dead, when every notion of right has disappeared, we have seen men shoot innocent people who are found on the road and who have roused suspicion only because they showed fear. We have seen dogs chained near the doors of their masters killed, just to try new revolvers on them; we have seen cows lying in the field shot to pieces, for the sake of pleasure, only to try a gun on them, to have something to laugh at.

"This is what is called not to fall into the most hideous materialism.

"To enter a country, to kill a man who is defending his home, simply because he wears a blouse and has no cap on his head, to burn the habitations of wretched people who have no bread, to smash the furniture, to steal some of it, to drink the wine which is found in the cellars, to rape the women who are found in the streets, to burn millions of dollars' worth of powder, and to leave behind them misery and the cholera,—this is what is called not to fall into the most hideous materialism.

"What have the men of war done to give evidence of even a little intelligence? Nothing. What have they invented? Cannon and guns. That is all.

"What has Greece left to us? Books, marbles. Is she great because she has conquered, or because she has produced?

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"Is it the invasion of the Persians that kept her from falling into the most hideous materialism?

"Is it the invasions of the barbarians that saved Rome and regenerated her?

"Was it Napoleon I. who continued the great intellectual movement which was begun by the philosophers at the end of the last century?

"Oh, well, if the governments arrogate to themselves the right to kill the nations, there is nothing surprising in the fact that the nations now and then take upon themselves the right to do away with the governments.

"They defend themselves. They are right. Nobody has the absolute right to govern others. This can be done only for the good of the governed. Whoever rules is as much obliged to avoid war as a captain of a boat is obliged to avoid a shipwreck.

"When a captain has lost his boat, he is judged and condemned, if he is found guilty of negligence or even of incapacity.

"Why should not the governments be judged after the declaration of a war? If the nations understood this, if they themselves sat in judgment over the death-dealing powers, if they refused to allow themselves to be killed without reason, if they made use of their weapons against those who gave them to them for the purpose of massacring, war would be dead at once! But this day will not come!" (*Sur l'Eau*, pp. 71–80.)

The author sees all the horror of war; he sees that its cause is in this, that the governments, deceiving people, compel them to go out to kill and die without any need; he sees also that the men composing the armies might turn their weapons against the governments and demand accounts from them. But the author thinks that this will never happen, and that, therefore, there is no way out of this situation. He thinks that the business of war is terrible, but that it is inevitable and that the de-

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mands of the governments that the soldiers shall go and fight are as inevitable as death, and that, since the governments will always demand it, there will always exist wars.

Thus writes a talented, sincere author, who is endowed with that penetration into the essence of the matter which forms the essence of the poetical genius. He presents to us all the cruelty of the contradiction between men's conscience and their activity, and, without solving it, seems to recognize that this contradiction must exist and that in it consists the tragedy of life.

Another, not less gifted author (E. Rod), describes the cruelty and madness of the present situation in still more glaring colours, and similarly, recognizing the tragical element in it, does not offer or foresee any way out of it.

"What good is there in doing anything? What good is there in undertaking anything?" he says. "How can we love men in these troubled times, when the morrow is but a menace? Everything we have begun, our maturing ideas, our incepted works, the little good which we shall have been able to do, — will it not all be carried away by the coming hurricane? Everywhere the earth is trembling under our feet, and the clouds that are gathering upon our horizon will not pass by us.

"Oh, if it were only the Revolution, with which we are frightened, that we had to fear! As I am incapable of imagining a more detestable society than is ours, I have more mistrust than fear for the one which will succeed it. If I were to suffer from the transformation, I should console myself with the thought that the executioners of today are the victims of yesterday, and the expectation of what is better would make me put up with what is worse. But it is not this distant peril that frightens me, — I see another, nearer, above all, a more cruel peril, more cruel, because it has no excuse, because it is absurd, because no good can result from it. Every day men weigh the

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chances of war for the morrow, and every day they are more merciless.

"Thought staggers before the catastrophe which appears at the end of the century as the limit of the progress of our era, — but we must get used to it: for twenty years all the forces of science have been exhausting themselves to invent engines of destruction, and soon a few cannon-shots will suffice to annihilate a whole army; they no longer arm, as formerly, a few thousands of poor devils, whose blood was paid for, but whole nations, who go out to cut each others' throats; they steal their time, in order later more surely to steal their lives; to prepare them for the massacre, their hatred is fanned, by pretending that they are hated. And good people are tricked, and we shall see furious masses of peaceful citizens, into whose hands the guns will be placed by a stupid order, rush against one another with the ferocity of wild animals, God knows for the sake of what ridiculous incident of the border or of what mercantile colonial interests! They will march, like sheep, to the slaughter, — but knowing whither they are going, knowing that they are leaving their wives, knowing that their children will be hungry, and they will go with anxious fear, but none the less intoxicated by the sonorous, deceptive words that will be trumpeted into their ears. They will go without revolt, passive and resigned, though they are the mass and the force, and could be the power, if they wished and if they knew how to establish common sense and brotherhood in the place of the savage trickeries of diplomacy. They will go, so deceived, so duped, that they will believe the carnage to be a duty, and will ask God to bless their sanguinary appetites. They will go, trampling on the crops which they have sown, burning the cities which they have built, with enthusiastic songs, joyous cries, and festive music. And their sons will erect statues to those who shall have massacred them better than any one else!

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"The fate of a whole generation depends on the hour at which some sombre politician will give the signal, which will be followed. We know that the best among us will be mowed down and that our work will be destroyed in the germ. We know this, and we tremble from anger, and we are unable to do anything. We are caught in the net of offices and red tape, which it would take too violent an effort to break. We belong to the laws which we have called into life to protect us, but which oppress us. We are only things of this Antinomian abstraction, the state, which makes every individual a slave in the name of the will of all, who, taken separately, would want the very opposite of what they are compelled to do.

"If it were only one generation that is to be sacrificed! But there are other interests as well.

"All these salaried shouters, these ambitious exploiters of the evil passions of the masses and the poor in spirit, who are deceived by the sonority of words, have to such an extent envenomed the national hatreds that the war of to-morrow will stake the existence of a race: one of the elements which have constituted the modern world is menaced, — he who will be vanquished must disappear morally, — and, whatever it be, we shall see a force annihilated, as if there were one too many for the good! We shall see a new Europe formed, on bases that are so unjust, so brutal, so bloody, so soiled with a monstrous blotch, that it cannot help but be worse than that of to-day, — more iniquitous, more barbarous, more violent.

"One feels oneself oppressed by a terrible discouragement. We are tossing about in a blind alley, with guns trained on us from all the roofs. Our work is that of sailors going through their last exercise before the ship goes down. Our pleasures are those of the condemned criminal, who fifteen minutes before his execution is offered a choice morsel. Anguish paralyzes our thought,

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and the best effort of which it is capable is to calculate — by spelling out the vague discourses of ministers, by twisting the sense of the words uttered by sovereigns, by contorting the words ascribed to diplomats and reported by the newspapers at the uncertain risk of their information — whether it is to-morrow or the day after, this year or next year, that we shall be crushed. We should, indeed, seek in vain in history for a more uncertain epoch, one which is so full of anxieties" (E. Rod, *Le Sens de la Vie*, pp. 208–213).

It is pointed out that the power is in the hands of those who are ruining themselves, in the hands of the separate individuals forming the mass; it is pointed out that the source of evil is in the state. It would seem clear that the contradiction of the consciousness and of life has reached the limit beyond which it is impossible to go and after which its solution must ensue.

But the author does not think so. He sees in this the tragedy of human life, and, having pointed out all the terror of the situation, concludes that human life must take place in this terror.

Such is the second relation to war of those men who see something fatal and tragical in it.

The third relation is that of men who have lost their conscience, and so their common sense and human feeling.

To this class belong Moltke, whose opinion is quoted by Maupassant, and the majority of military men, who are educated in this cruel superstition, who live by it, and so are often naïvely convinced that war is not only an inevitable, but even a useful matter. Thus, judge also non-military, so-called learned, cultured, refined people.

Here is what the famous Academician, Dousset, writes in the number of the *Revue des Revues* in which the letters about war are collected, in reply to the editor's inquiry as to his views on war:

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"DEAR SIR: — When you ask the most peaceable of Academicians whether he is an advocate of war, his answer is ready in advance: unfortunately, dear sir, you yourself regard as a dream the peaceful thoughts which at the present time inspire our magnanimous countrymen.

"Ever since I have been living in the world, I have heard many private people express their indignation against this terrifying habit of international slaughter. All men recognize and deplore this evil; but how is it to be mended? People have very often tried to abolish duels, — this seemed so easy! But no! All the efforts made for the attainment of this end have done no good and never will do any good.

"No matter how much may be said against war and against duelling at all the congresses of the world, above all arbitrations, above all treaties, above all legislations, will eternally stand man's honour, which has ever demanded duelling, and the national advantages, which will eternally demand war.

"I none the less with all my heart hope that the Congress of Universal Peace will succeed in its very grave and very honourable problem.

"Receive the assurance, etc.

"K. DOUSSET."

The meaning is this, that men's honour demands that people should fight, and the advantages of the nations demand that they should ruin and destroy one another, and that the attempts at stopping war are only worthy of smiles.

Similar is the opinion of another famous man, Jules Claretie:

"Dear Sir," he writes: "For an intelligent man there can exist but one opinion in respect to the question of peace and war.

"Humanity was created that it should live, being free

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to perfect and better (its fate) its condition by means of peaceful labour. The universal agreement, for which the Universal Congress of Peace is asking and which it preaches, may present but a beautiful dream, but it is in any case the most beautiful dream of all. Man has always before him the promised land of the future, — the harvest will mature, without fear of harm from grenades and cannon-wheels.

"But . . . Yes, but! Since the world is not ruled by philosophers and benefactors, it is fortunate that our soldiers protect our borders and our hearths, and that their arms, correctly aimed, appear to us, perhaps, as the very best guarantee of this peace, which is so fervently loved by all of us.

"Peace is given only to the strong and the determined.

"Receive the assurance, etc.

"J. CLARETIE."

The meaning of this is, that it does no harm to talk of what no one intends to do, and what ought not to be done at all. But when it comes to business, we must fight.

Here is another recent expression of opinion concerning war, by the most popular novelist of Europe, E. Zola:

"I consider war a fatal necessity, which appears inevitable to us in view of its close connection with human nature and the whole world-structure. I wish war could be removed for the longest possible time; none the less the moment will arrive when we shall be compelled to fight. I, at the present moment, am placing myself on the universal point of view, and in no way have any reference to our difference with Germany, which presents itself only as an insignificant incident in the history of humanity. I say that war is indispensable and useful, because it appears to humanity as one of the conditions of its existence. We everywhere meet with war, not only among various tribes and nations, but also in domestic and private life. It

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appears as one of the chief elements of progress, and every step forward, which humanity has taken, has been accompanied by bloodshed.

"People used to speak, and even now speak, of disarmament, but disarmament is something impossible, and even if it were possible, we should be obliged to reject it. Only an armed nation appears powerful and great. I am convinced that a universal disarmament would bring with it something like a moral fall, which would find its expression in universal impotence, and would be in the way of a progressive advancement of humanity. A martial nation has always enjoyed virile strength. Military art has brought with it the development of all the other arts. History testifies to that. Thus, in Athens and in Rome, commerce, industry, and literature never reached such development as at the time when these cities ruled over the then known world by force of arms. To take an example from times nearer to us, let us recall the age of Louis XIV. The wars of the great king not only did not retard the progress of the arts and sciences, but, on the contrary, seemed to aid and foster their development."

War is a useful thing!

But best of all in this sense is the opinion of the most talented writer of this camp, the opinion of the Academician Vogüé. Here is what he writes in an article about the exhibition, in visiting the military department:

"In the Esplanade des Invalides, amidst exotic and colonial buildings, one structure of a more severe style rises in the picturesque bazaar; all these representatives of the terrestrial globe adjoin the Palace of War. A superb subject of antitheses for humanitarian rhetorics! Indeed, it does not let pass an occasion for deploring such juxtaposition and for asserting that this will kill that (*ceci tuera cela*),[1] that the union of the nations through

[1] Words from Victor Hugo's novel, *Notre Dame*, in regard to printing, which will kill architecture. — *Author's Note.*

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science and labour will conquer the martial instincts. We shall not keep it from fondling the hope of the chimera of a golden age, which, if it should be realized, would soon become an age of mire. All history teaches us that blood is needed to speed and confirm the union of the nations. The natural sciences have in our time confirmed the mysterious law which was revealed to Joseph de Maistre by the inspiration of his genius and the consideration of primitive dogmas; he saw how the world redeems its hereditary falls by a sacrifice; the sciences show us how the world is perfected by struggle and by compulsory selection; this is the assertion from two sides of the same decree, written out in different expressions. The assertion is naturally not a pleasant one; but the laws of the world are not established for our pleasure, — they are established for our perfection. Let us, then, enter into this unavoidable, indispensable Palace of War; and we shall have occasion to observe in what manner the most stubborn of our instincts, without losing anything of its force, is transformed, in submitting to the different demands of historic moments."

This idea, that the proof of the necessity of war is to be found in two expressions of Maistre and Darwin, two great thinkers according to his opinion, pleases Vogüé so much that he repeats it.

"Dear Sir," he writes to the editor of the *Revue des Revues:* "You ask for my opinion in regard to the success of the Universal Congress of Peace. I believe, with Darwin, that a violent struggle is a law of Nature, by which all beings are ruled.

"Like Joseph de Maistre, I believe that it is a divine law, — two different appellations for one and the same thing. If, past all expectation, some particle of humanity, say the whole civilized West, succeeded in arresting the action of this law, other, more primitive nations would

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apply it against us. In these nations the voice of Nature would vanquish the voice of human reason, and they would act with success, because the assurance of peace — I do not say 'peace' itself, but the 'full assurance of peace' — would evoke in men corruption and fall, which act more destructively than the most terrible war. I find that for that criminal law, war, it is necessary to do the same as for all the other criminal laws, — to mitigate them, to try to make them unnecessary, and to apply them as rarely as possible. But the whole of history teaches us that it is impossible to abolish these laws, so long as there are left in the world two men, money, and a woman between them.

"I should be very happy, if the Congress could prove the contrary to me. But I doubt whether it will be able to overthrow history, the law of Nature, and the law of God.

"Accept the assurance, etc.

"E. M. Vogüé."

The idea is this, that history, man's nature, and God show us that, so long as there shall be two men and between them bread, money, and a woman, there will be war; that is, that no progress will bring men to get away from the one conception of life, where it is impossible without quarrelling to divide the bread, the money (the money is very good here), and the woman.

How strange the people are that assemble in congresses, to talk about how to catch birds by throwing salt on their tails, though they cannot help but know that it is impossible to do so; queer are those who, like Maupassant, Rod, and many others, see clearly the whole horror of war, the whole contradiction which arises from this, that men do not do what they ought to do, what is advantageous and necessary for them to do, deplore the tragedy of life, and do not see that all this tragedy will stop as

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soon as men will cease to discuss what they ought not to discuss, and will begin not to do what is painful for them to do, what displeases and disgusts them. These people are queer, but those who, like Vogüé and others, professing the law of evolution, recognize war not only as unavoidable, but even as useful, and so as desirable, are strange and terrible with their moral perversion. The others at least say that they hate the evil and love the good, but these simply recognize that there is no good and no evil.

All the talk about establishing peace, in the place of eternal war, is a harmful sentimental rodomontade of babblers. There is a law of evolution, from which it follows that I must live and act badly. What is to be done? I am an educated man, and I know the law of evolution, and so I will act badly.

"*Entrons au palais de la guerre.*" There is a law of evolution, and so there is nothing bad, nor good, and we must live for nothing but our personal life, leaving everything else to the law of evolution. This is the last expression of refined culture, and at the same time of that obscuration of consciousness with which all the cultured classes of our time are occupied.

The desire of the cultured classes in one way or another to maintain their favourite ideas and their life, which is based upon them, has reached its utmost limits. They lie, deceive themselves and others in the most refined way, if only they can in some way obscure and drown their consciences.

Instead of changing the life in accord with the consciousness, they try in every manner possible to obscure and drown their consciousness. But the light shines even in the dark, and so it is beginning to shine in our time.

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VII.

THE cultured people of the higher classes try to drown the consciousness of the necessity of changing the present order of things, which is becoming all the time clearer and clearer; but life, continuing to develop and to become more complex in the former direction and intensifying the contradictions and sufferings of men, brings them to that last limit, beyond which it is impossible to go. Such a last limit, beyond which it is impossible to go, is the universal military service.

People generally think that universal military service and the ever increased arming, which is connected with it, and the consequent increase of taxation and of state debts among all the nations, are an accidental phenomenon, due to some political condition of Europe, and may also be removed by some political considerations, without an internal change of life.

This is quite erroneous. Universal military service is nothing but an inner contradiction which, having been carried to its utmost limits and having at a certain stage of material development become obvious, has stolen its way into the social concept of life.

The social concept of life consists in this very fact, that the meaning of life is transferred from the individual to the aggregate, and its consequence is transferred to the tribe, the family, the race, or the state.

From the social concept of life it follows that, in so far as the meaning of life is contained in the aggregate of individuals, the individuals themselves voluntarily sacrifice their interests for the interests of the aggregate.

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Thus it has always been in reality in the case of certain forms of the aggregate, in the family or the tribe, independently of which preceded, or in the race, or even in the patriarchal state. In consequence of the habit, which is transmitted by education and confirmed by religious influences, the individuals have without compulsion blended their interests with the interests of the aggregate and have sacrificed their own interests for the common interest.

But the more societies became complex, the greater they grew, especially the more frequently conquests were the causes why men united into societies, the more frequently did individuals strive after attaining their ends to the disadvantage of the common good, and the more frequently was there felt the need of the exercise of power, that is, of violence, for the sake of curbing these insubmissive individuals.

The defenders of the social concept of life generally try to mix up the concept of power, that is, of violence, with that of spiritual influence, but this admixture is quite impossible.

A spiritual influence is an action upon a man, such that in consequence of it the very desires of a man are changed and coincide with what is demanded of him. A man who submits to a spiritual influence acts in accordance with his desires. But power, as this word is generally understood, is a means for compelling a man to act contrary to his wishes. A man who submits to power does not act as he would wish, but as the power compels him to act. Now what can compel a man to do, not what he wishes, but what he does not wish, is physical violence, or a threat of using such, that is, the deprivation of liberty, beating, maiming, or executable menaces that such actions will be carried out. In this has power always consisted.

In spite of the unceasing efforts made by men in power

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to conceal this and to ascribe a different meaning to power, power is the application of a rope, a chain, by which a man will be bound and dragged along, or of a whip, with which he will be flogged, or of a knife, an axe, with which they will cut off his hands, feet, ears, head,— an application of these means, or a threat that they will be used. Thus it was in the time of Nero and of Dzhingis-Khan, and thus it is even now, in the most liberal of governments, in the republic of America and in that of France. If men submit to power, they do so only because they are afraid that in case they do not submit these actions will be applied to them. All governmental demands, the payment of taxes, the execution of public works, the submission to punishments imposed upon one, exile, penalties, and so forth, to which men seem voluntarily to submit, have always had bodily violence, or a threat that such will be used, for their base.

The basis of power is bodily violence.

The possibility of exerting bodily violence against people is first of all given by an organization of armed men in which all the armed men act in agreement, submitting to one will. Such assemblies of armed men, who submit to one will, are formed by the army. The army has always stood at the base of power. Power is always found in the hands of those who command an army, and all potentates — from the Roman Cæsars to the Russian and German emperors — are more than anything else concerned about the army, knowing that if the army is with them, the power will remain in their hands.

It is this formation and increase of the army, which is necessary for the support of power, that has introduced a decomposing principle into the social concept of life.

The end of power and its justification consists in the limitation of those men who might wish to attain their interests to the disadvantage of the interests of the aggregate. But whether the power has been acquired by the

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formation of a new power, by inheritance, or by election, men who possess power by means of an army have in no way differed from other men, and so have, like other men, been prone not to subordinate their interests to those of the aggregate, but, on the contrary, having in their hands the possibility of doing so, have been more prone than any one else to subordinate the common interests to their own. No matter how much men have devised means for depriving men in power of the possibility of subordinating the common interests to their own, or for entrusting the power only into the hands of infallible men, there have so far been discovered no means for doing either.

All methods employed, either of divine sanction, or of election, or of heredity, or of suffrage, or of assemblies, or of parliaments, or of senates, have proved ineffective. All men know that not one of these methods attains the aim of entrusting the power into none but infallible hands, or of preventing its being misused. All know that, on the contrary, men in power, be they emperors, ministers, chiefs of police, policemen, become, by the very fact of having power, more prone to commit immoralities, that is, to subordinate the common interests to their own, than men who have no power, as indeed it could not be otherwise.

The social concept of life justified itself only so long as all men voluntarily sacrificed their interests to the common interests; but the moment there appeared men who did not voluntarily sacrifice their interests, and power was needed, that is, violence, for the purpose of limiting these individuals, the decomposing principle of power, that is, violence exerted by one set of people against another, entered into the social concept of life and the structure which is based upon it.

For the power of one set of men over another to attain its end of limiting men who strove after their individual interests to the disadvantage of those of the aggregate,

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it was necessary to have the power vested in the hands of infallible men, as is assumed to be the case by the Chinese, and as has been assumed in the Middle Ages and at the present time by men who believe in the sanctity of anointment. It was only under this condition that the social structure received its justification.

But since this does not exist, and men in power, on the contrary, by the very fact of their possession of power, are never saintly, the social structure, which is based on power, should not have any justification.

Even if there was a time when, with a certain low level of morality and with the universal tendency of men to exert violence against each other, the existence of the power which limited this violence was advantageous, that is, when the violence of the state was not so great as that exerted by individuals against each other, it is impossible to overlook the fact that such a superiority of the state over its absence could not be permanent. The more the tendency of individuals to exert violence was diminished, the more the manners were softened, and the more the power was corrupted in consequence of its unrestraint, the more did this superiority grow less and less.

In this change of the relation between the moral development of the masses and the corruption of the governments does the whole history of the last two thousand years consist.

In the simplest form the case was like this: men lived by tribes, families, races, and waged war, committed acts of violence, and destroyed and killed one another. These cases of violence took place on a small and on a large scale: individual struggled with individual, tribe with tribe, family with family, race with race, nation with nation. Larger, more powerful aggregates conquered the weaker, and the larger and the more powerful the aggregate of people became, the less internal violence took

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place in it, and the more secure did the continuance of the life of the aggregate seem to be.

The members of the tribe or of the family, uniting into one aggregate, war less among themselves, and the tribe and the family do not die, like one man, but continue their existence; between the members of one state, who are subject to one power, the struggle seems even weaker, and the life of the state seems even more secure.

These unions into greater and ever greater aggregates did not take place because men consciously recognized such unions as more advantageous to themselves, as is described in the story about the calling of the Varangians, but in consequence, on the one hand, of natural growth, and on the other, of struggle and conquests.

When the conquest is accomplished, the power of the conqueror actually puts an end to internecine strife, and the social concept of life receives its justification. But this confirmation is only temporary. Internal strifes cease only in proportion as the pressure of the power is exerted upon individuals who heretofore have been warring against one another. The violence of internal struggle, which is destroyed by the power, is conceived in the power itself. The power is in the hands of just such people as all men are, that is, of such as are always or frequently prepared to sacrifice the common good for the sake of their personal good, with this one difference, that these men do not have the tempering force of the counteraction of the violated, and are subjected to the full corrupting influence of power. Thus the evil of violence, passing over into the hands of power, keeps growing more and more, and in time comes to be greater than the one which it is supposed to destroy, whereas in the members of society the proneness to violence keeps weakening more and more, and the violence of power grows less and less necessary.

The governmental power, even if it destroys inner vio-

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lence, invariably introduces new forms of violence into the lives of men, and this grows greater and greater in proportion with its continuance and intensification.

Thus, although the violence is less perceptible in the state than the violence of the members of society against one another, since it is not expressed by struggle, but by submission, the violence none the less exists and for the most part in a much more powerful degree than before.

This cannot be otherwise, because the possession of power not only corrupts men, but the purpose or even unconscious tendency of the violators will consist in bringing the violated to the greatest degree of weakening, since, the weaker the violated man is, the less effort will it take to suppress him.

For this reason the violence which is exerted against him who is violated keeps growing to the farthest limit which it can attain without killing the hen that is laying the golden eggs. But if this hen does not lay, as in the case of the American Indians, the Fijians, the Negroes, it is killed, in spite of the sincere protestations of the philanthropists against such a mode of action.

The best confirmation of this is found in the condition of the labouring classes of our time, who in reality are nothing but subjugated people.

In spite of all the hypocritical endeavours of the higher classes to alleviate the condition of the working people, all the working people of our world are subject to an invariable iron law, according to which they have only as much as they need to be always incited by necessity to work and to have the strength for working for their masters, that is, for the conquerors.

Thus it has always been. In proportion with the duration and increase of power, its advantages have always been lost for those who subjected themselves to it, and its disadvantages have been increased.

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Thus it has been independently of those forms of government under which the nations have lived. The only difference is this, that in a despotic form of government the power is concentrated in a small number of violators, and the form of the violence is more pronounced; in the constitutional monarchies and republics, as in France and in America, the power is distributed among a larger number of violators, and its forms are less pronounced; but the matter of violence, with which the disadvantages of the power are greater than its advantages, and its process, which brings the violated to the extreme limit of weakening to which they can be brought for the advantage of the violators, are always one and the same.

Such has been the condition of all the violated, but before this they did not know it, and in the majority of cases they believed naïvely that governments existed for their good; that without government they would perish; that the thought that men could live without governments was a blasphemy which ought not even be uttered; that this was for some reason a terrible doctrine of anarchism, with which is connected the conception of everything terrible.

Men believed, as in something absolutely proved and so needing no further proofs, that, since until now all the nations have developed in a governmental form, this form was for ever an indispensable condition of the development of humanity.

Thus it went on for hundreds and for thousands of years, and the governments, that is, men in power, have tried, and now try more and more, to keep the nations in this error.

Thus it was in the time of the Roman emperors, and thus it is at present. In spite of the fact that the idea of the uselessness and even harm of the governmental violence more and more enters into the consciousness of men, this would last for ever, if the governments were not obliged

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to increase the armies for the purpose of maintaining their power.

People generally think that the armies are increased by the governments for the purpose of defending the states against other states, forgetting the fact that armies are needed by the governments for the purpose of protecting themselves against their own crushed and enslaved subjects.

This has always been indispensable, and has become more and more necessary in proportion as culture has been developed among the nations, in proportion as the intercourse among the men of the same and of different nations has been increased, and it has become particularly indispensable now in connection with the communistic, socialistic, anarchistic, and universal movements among the labouring classes. The governments feel this, and so increase their main force of the disciplined army.[1]

Answering lately to a question why money was needed for the increase of the wages of under-officers, the German chancellor declared frankly in the German Reichstag that there was a need of reliable under-officers, in order to fight against socialism. Caprivi only said in the hearing of all what everybody knows, though it is carefully concealed from the nations; he explained why guards of Swiss and Scotchmen were hired out to French kings and Popes, and why in Russia they carefully shuffle up the recruits

[1] The fact that in America there exist abuses of power, in spite of the small number of troops, not only does not contradict, but even supports this proposition. In America there is a smaller army than in other countries, and so there is nowhere a lesser oppression of the oppressed classes, and nowhere can we foresee so soon the abolition of the abuses of power and of the power itself. But in America itself there have of late, in proportion as the labouring classes become more unified, been heard voices asking more and more frequently for an increase of the army, although America is not threatened by any external attack. The higher ruling classes know that fifty thousand soldiers will soon be insufficient, and, no longer depending on Pinkerton's army, they feel that the security of their position lies only in an increase of the army. — *Author's Note.*

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in such a way that the regiments which are located in the centre are made up of recruits from the outlying districts, while the regiments in the outlying districts are completed by soldiers from the centre of Russia. The meaning of Caprivi's speech, translated into simple language, is this, that money was not needed for counteracting the foreign enemies, but for bribing the under-officers, so as to make them willing to act against the oppressed labouring masses.

Caprivi accidentally gave utterance to what everybody knows, or feels, if he does not know, namely, that the existing structure of life is such as it is, not because it naturally must be such, because the nation wants it to be such, but because it is maintained as such by the violence of the governments, by the army with its bribed under-officers, officers, and generals.

If a labouring man has no land, no chance of making use of the right, so natural for every man, to obtain from the land his own means of support and those of his family, this is not so because the nation wants it to be so, but because certain men, the owners of land, are granted the right to admit, or not to admit, the labouring people to it. And this unnatural order of things is maintained by means of the army. If the immense wealth, accumulated by the labouring people, is not considered as belonging to all men, but to an exclusive number of men; if the power to collect taxes from labour and to use the money for anything they may see fit is entrusted to a few men; if a few men are permitted to select the method of the religious and civil instruction and education of the children; if strikes of the labourers are opposed and strikes of the capitalists are encouraged; if a few men are granted the right to compose laws, which all must obey, and to dispose of men's property and life,—all this does not take place because the nation wants it so, but because the governments and the ruling classes want it so, and by means of bodily violence establish it so.

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Every person who does not know this will find it out in every attempt at not conforming or at changing this order of things. Therefore armies are first of all indispensable to the governments and the ruling classes, in order to maintain the order of things which not only does not result from the necessity of the nation, but is frequently opposed to it and is advantageous only to the government and to the ruling classes.

Every government needs armies, first of all, in order to keep its subjects in submission, and to exploit their labours. But the government is not alone; side by side with it there is another government, which exploits its subjects by means of the same violence, and which is always ready to take away from another government the labours of its already enslaved subjects. And so every government needs an army, not only for internal use, but also for the protection of its booty against neighbouring ravishers. Every government is in consequence of this involuntarily led to the necessity of increasing its army in emulation with the other governments; but the increasing of armies is contagious, as Montesquieu remarked 150 years ago.

Every increase of an army in a state, directed against its subjects, becomes dangerous even for its neighbours, and evokes an increase in the neighbouring states.

The armies have reached their present millions not merely because the neighbours threatened the states; this resulted above all from the necessity of crushing all attempts at revolt on the part of the subjects. The increase of armies arises simultaneously from two causes, which provoke one another: armies are needed against domestic enemies and for the purpose of defending one's position against one's neighbours. One conditions the other. The despotism of a government always increases with the increase and strengthening of armies and external successes, and the aggressiveness of governments is

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increased with the intensification of the internal despotism.

In consequence of this, the European governments, in emulating one another in the greater and ever greater increase of the army, arrived at the inevitable necessity of the universal military service, since the universal military service was a means for obtaining in time of war the greatest quantity of soldiers at the least expense. Germany was the first to hit upon this plan, and the moment one government did it, all the others were obliged to do the same. The moment this happened, it happened that all the citizens were put under arms for the purpose of maintaining all that injustice which was committed against them; what happened was that all the citizens became oppressors of themselves.

The universal military service was an inevitable logical necessity, at which it was impossible not to arrive; at the same time it is the last expression of the inner contradiction of the social concept of life, which arose at a time when violence was needed in order to maintain it. In the universal military service this contradiction became obvious. Indeed, the meaning of the social concept of life consists in this, that a man, recognizing the cruelty of the struggle of individuals among themselves and the perishableness of the individual himself, transfers the meaning of his life to the aggregate of individuals; but in the universal military service it turns out that men, having brought all the sacrifices demanded of them, in order to free themselves from the cruelty of the struggle and the insecurity of life, are, after all the sacrifices which they have made, again called to bear all those dangers from which they thought they had freed themselves, and, besides, that aggregate, the state, in the name of which the individuals renounced their advantages, is again subjected to the same danger of destruction to which the individual himself was subjected before.

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The governments were to have freed men from the cruelty of the struggle of individuals and to have given them the assurance of the inviolability of the order of the state life; but, instead, they impose upon the individuals the necessity of the same struggle, except that the struggle with the nearest individuals is transferred to the struggle with the individuals of other states, and they leave the same danger of the destruction of the individual and of the state.

The establishment of the universal military service is like what would happen if a man were to brace up a dilapidated house: the walls bend inwards — supports are put up; the ceiling is sagging down — other supports are put up; boards hang down between the supports — some more supports are put up. A point is finally reached when the supports indeed hold the house together, but it is impossible to live in the house because there are so many supports.

The same is true of the universal military service. It destroys all those advantages of the social life which it is called to preserve.

The advantages of the social life consist in the security of property and labour and in the cooperation in the aggregate perfection of life, — the universal military service destroys all that.

The taxes which are collected from the masses for war preparations swallow the greater share of the production of labour which the army is supposed to protect.

The tearing away of the men from the habitual course of life impairs the possibility of the work itself.

The menaces of a war that is likely to break out at any time make all the perfections of the social life useless and in vain.

If a man was formerly told that if he did not submit to the power of the state he would be subjected to the attacks of evil men, of external and internal enemies;

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that he would be compelled himself to struggle with them and to subject himself to being killed; that therefore it would be advantageous for him to bear certain privations, in order to free himself from these calamities, — he was able to believe it all, because the sacrifices which he made for the state were only private sacrifices and gave him the hope for a peaceful life in an imperishable state, in the name of which he made these sacrifices. But now, when these sacrifices have not only increased tenfold, but the advantages promised to him are absent, it is natural for any one to imagine that his submission to power is quite useless.

But not in this alone lies the fatal significance of the universal military service, as a manifestation of that contradiction which is contained in the social concept of life. The main manifestation of this contradiction consists in the fact that with the universal military service every citizen, upon becoming a soldier, becomes a supporter of the state structure, and a participant in everything which the government does and the legality of which he does not recognize.

The governments assert that the armies are needed mainly for the purpose of external defence; but that is not true. They are needed first of all against their subjects, and every man who does military service involuntarily becomes a participant in all the violence which the state exerts over its own subjects.

To convince himself that every man who does his military service becomes a participant in such deeds of the government as he does not acknowledge and cannot acknowledge, let a man only remember what is being done in every state in the name of order and of the good of the nation, things which the army appears as the executor of. All the struggles of dynasties and of the various parties, all the executions, which are connected with these disturbances, all the suppressions of revolts, all

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the employment of military force for the dispersion of popular crowds, the suppression of strikes, all the extortions of taxes, all the injustice of the distribution of the ownership of land, all the oppressions of labour, — all this is produced, if not directly by the armies, at least by the police, which is supported by the armies. He who does military service becomes a participant in all these matters, which in some cases are doubtful to him and in many cases are directly opposed to his conscience. Some people do not wish to leave the land which they have been working for generations; people do not wish to disperse, as they are commanded to do by the government; people do not want to pay the taxes which are exacted of them; people do not wish to recognize the obligatoriness for them of laws which they have not made; people do not wish to be deprived of their nationality, — and I, by doing military service, am obliged to come and beat these people. Being a participant in these deeds, I cannot help but ask myself whether these deeds are good, and whether I ought to contribute to their execution.

Universal military service is for the government the last degree of violence, which is necessary for the support of the whole structure; and for the subjects it is the extreme limit of the possibility of their obedience. It is that keystone which holds the walls and the extraction of which causes the building to cave in.

The time came when the growing abuses of the governments and their strifes among themselves had this effect, that from every subject there were demanded, not only material, but also moral sacrifices, when every man had to stop and ask himself, "Can I make these sacrifices? And in the name of what must I make these sacrifices? These sacrifices are demanded in the name of the state. In the name of the state they demand of me the renunciation of everything which may be dear to man, of peace, of family, of security, of human dignity.

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What is that state in the name of which such terrible sacrifices are demanded of me? And why is it so indispensably necessary?"

"The state," we are told, "is indispensably necessary, in the first place, because without the state, I and all of us would not be protected against violence and the attack of evil men; in the second place, without the state all of us would be savages, and would have no religious, nor educational, nor mercantile institutions, nor roads of communication, nor any other public establishments; and, in the third place, because without the state we should be subject to enslavement by neighbouring nations."

"Without the state," we are told, "we should be subject to violence and to the attacks of evil men in our own country."

But who among us are these evil men, from the violence and attacks of whom the state and its army save us? If three, four centuries ago, when men boasted of their military art and their accoutrements, when it was considered a virtue to kill men, there existed such men, there are none now, for no men of the present time use or carry weapons, and all, professing the rules of philanthropy and of compassion for their neighbours, wish the same as we, — the possibility of a calm and peaceful life. There now are no longer those particular violators against whom the state should defend us. But if, by the people, from whose attack the state saves us, we are to understand those men who commit crimes, we know that they are not some especial beings, like rapacious animals among the sheep, but just such people as we are, who are just as disinclined to commit crimes as those against whom they commit them. We know now that threats and punishments cannot diminish the number of such men, and that it is only the change of surroundings and the moral influence upon people that diminish it. Thus the explanation of the necessity of governmental violence for the purpose of de-

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fending men against violators may have had a basis three or four centuries ago, but has none at the present time. Now the contrary would be more correct, namely, that the activity of the governments, with their morality which has fallen behind the common level, with their cruel methods of punishments, of prisons, of hard labour, of gallows, of guillotines, rather contributes to the brutalization of the masses than to the softening of their manners, and so rather to the increase than to the diminution of the number of violators.

"Without the state," they also say, "there would not be all those institutions of education, of learning, of religion, of roads of communication, and others. Without the state men would not be able to establish the public things which are indispensable for all men." But this argument, too, could have a basis only several centuries ago.

If there was a time when men were so disunited among themselves and the means for a closer union and for the transmission of thought were so little worked out that they could not come to any understanding nor agree upon any common mercantile, or economical, or cultural matter without the medium of the state, there now no longer exists such a disunion. The widely developed means for communion and for the transmission of thought have had this effect, that, for the formation of societies, assemblies, corporations, congresses, learned, economic, or political institutions, the men of our time can get along without any government, and the governments in the majority of cases are more likely to interfere with the attainment of these ends than to coöperate with it.

Beginning with the end of the last century, almost every forward step of humanity has not only not been encouraged by the government, but has always been retarded by it. Thus it was with the abolition of corporal punishment, of torture, of slavery, and with the establishment of the free-

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dom of the press and of assemblies. In our time the power of the state and the governments not only fail to coöperate with, but are distinctly opposed to, all that activity by means of which men work out new forms of life. The solutions of labouring, agronomic, political, religious questions are not only not encouraged, but directly interfered with by the power of the state.

"Without the state and the government, the nations would be enslaved by their neighbours."

It is hardly necessary to retort to this last argument. The retort is found in itself.

The governments, so we are told, are necessary with their armies for the purpose of defending us against our neighbours, who might enslave us. But this is what all the governments say of one another, and at the same time we know that all the European nations profess the same principles of freedom and of brotherhood, and so are in no need of defending themselves against one another. But if protection against barbarians is meant, then one-thousandth of all the armies now under arms would suffice. Thus the contrary to what is asserted is what actually happens: the power of the state, far from saving us from the attacks of our neighbours, on the contrary causes the danger of the attacks.

Thus a man, who by means of his military service is placed under the necessity of thinking about the significance of the state, in the name of which the sacrifice of his peace, his security, and his life is demanded of him, cannot help but see clearly that for these sacrifices there no longer exists any basis in our time.

But it is not only by theoretical reflections that any man may see that the sacrifices demanded of him by the state have no foundation whatever; even by reflecting practically, that is, by weighing all those hard conditions in which a man is placed by the state, no one can fail to see that for him personally the fulfilment of the demands of

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the state and his submission to military service is in the majority of cases more disadvantageous than a refusal to do military service.

If the majority of men prefer submission to insubmission, this is not due to any sober weighing of the advantages and disadvantages, but because the men are attracted to submission by means of the hypnotization to which they are subjected in the matter. In submitting, men only surrender themselves to those demands which are made upon them, without reflection, and without making any effort of the will; for insubmission there is a need of independent reflection and of effort, of which not every man is capable. But if, excluding the moral significance of submission and insubmission, we should consider nothing but the advantages, insubmission would in general always be more advantageous to us than submission.

No matter who I may be, whether I belong to the well-to-do, oppressing classes, or to the oppressed labouring classes, the disadvantages of insubmission are less than the disadvantages of submission, and the advantages of insubmission are greater than the advantages of submission.

If I belong to the minority of oppressors, the disadvantages of insubmission to the demands of the government will consist in this, that I, refusing to comply with the demands of the government, shall be tried and at best shall be discharged or, as they do with the Mennonites, shall be compelled to serve out my time at some unmilitary work; in the worst case I shall be condemned to deportation or imprisonment for two or three years (I speak from examples that have happened in Russia), or, perhaps, to a longer term of incarceration, or to death, though the probability of such a penalty is very small.

Such are the disadvantages of insubmission; but the disadvantages of submission will consist in this: at best I shall not be sent out to kill men, and I myself shall not

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be subjected to any great probability of crippling or death, but shall only be enlisted as a military slave, — I shall be dressed up in a fool's garments; I shall be at the mercy of every man above me in rank, from a corporal to a field-marshal; I shall be compelled to contort my body according to their desire, and, after being kept from one to five years, I shall be left for ten years in a condition of readiness to appear at any moment for the purpose of going through all these things again. In the worst case I shall, in addition to all those previous conditions of slavery, be sent to war, where I shall be compelled to kill men of other nations, who have done me no harm, where I may be crippled and killed, and where I may get into a place, as happened at Sevastopol and as happens in every war, where men are sent to certain death; and, what is most agonizing, I may be sent out against my own countrymen, when I shall be compelled to kill my brothers for dynastic or other reasons, which are entirely alien to me. Such are the comparative disadvantages.

The comparative advantages of submission and of insubmission are these:

For him who has not refused, the advantages will consist in this, that, having submitted to all the humiliations and having executed all the cruelties demanded of him, he may, if he is not killed, receive red, golden, tin-foil decorations over his fool's garments, and he may at best command hundreds of thousands of just such bestialized men as himself, and be called a field-marshal, and receive a lot of money.

But the advantages of him who refuses will consist in this, that he will retain his human dignity, will earn the respect of good men, and, above all else, will know without fail that he is doing God's work, and so an incontestable good to men.

Such are the advantages and the disadvantages on both sides for a man from the wealthy classes, for an oppressor;

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for a man of the poor, working classes the advantages and disadvantages will be the same, but with an important addition of disadvantages. The disadvantages for a man of the labouring classes, who has not refused to do military service, will also consist in this, that, by entering upon military service, he by his participation and seeming consent confirms the very oppression under which he is suffering.

But it is not the reflections as to how much the state which men are called upon to support by their participation in the military service is necessary and useful to men, much less the reflections as to the advantages or disadvantages accruing to each man from his submission or insubmission to the demands of the government, that decide the question as to the necessity of the existence or the abolition of the state. What irrevocably and without appeal decides this question is the religious consciousness or conscience of every individual man, before whom, in connection with the universal military service, involuntarily rises the question as to the existence or non-existence of the state.

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VIII.

People frequently say that if Christianity is a truth, it ought to have been accepted by all men at its very appearance, and ought at that very moment to have changed the lives of men and made them better. But to say this is the same as saying that if the seed is fertile, it must immediately produce a sprout, a flower, and a fruit.

The Christian teaching is no legislation which, being introduced by violence, can at once change the lives of men. Christianity is another, newer, higher concept of life, which is different from the previous one. But the new concept of life cannot be prescribed; it can only be freely adopted.

Now the new life-conception can be acquired only in two ways: in a spiritual (internal) and an experimental (external) way.

Some people — the minority — immediately, at once, by a prophetic feeling divine the truth of the teaching, abandon themselves to it, and execute it. Others — the majority — are led only through a long path of errors, experiences, and sufferings to the recognition of the truth of the teaching and the necessity of acquiring it.

It is to this necessity of acquiring the teaching in an experimental external way that the whole mass of the men of the Christian world have now been brought.

Sometimes we think: what need was there for that corruption of Christianity which even now more than anything else interferes with its adoption in its real sense? And yet this corruption of Christianity, having brought men to the condition in which they now are, was a neces-

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sary condition for the majority of men to be able to receive it in its real significance.

If Christianity had been offered to men in its real, and not its corrupted, form, it would not have been accepted by the majority of men, and the majority of men would have remained alien to it, as the nations of Asia are alien to it at the present time. But, having received it in its corrupted form, the nations who received it were subjected to its certain, though slow, action, and by a long experimental road of errors and of sufferings resulting therefrom are now brought to the necessity of acquiring it in its true sense.

The corruption of Christianity and its acceptance in its corrupted form by the majority of men was as indispensable as that a seed, to sprout, should be for a time concealed by the earth.

The Christian teaching is a teaching of the truth and at the same time a prophecy.

Eighteen hundred years ago the Christian teaching revealed to men the truth of how they should live, and at the same time predicted what human life would be if men would not live thus, but would continue to live by those principles by which they had lived heretofore, and what it would be if they should accept the Christian teaching and should carry it out in life.

In imparting in the Sermon on the Mount the teaching which was to guide the lives of men, Christ said:

"Therefore, whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and

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beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it" (Matt. vii. 24–27).

Now, after eighteen hundred years, the prophecy has been fulfilled. By not following Christ's teaching in general and its manifestation in public life as non-resistance to evil, men involuntarily came to that position of inevitable ruin which was promised by Christ to those who would not follow His teaching.

People frequently think that the question of non-resistance to evil is an invented question, a question which it is possible to circumvent. It is, however, a question which life itself puts before all men and before every thinking man, and which invariably demands a solution. For men in their public life this question has, ever since the Christian teaching has been preached, been the same as the question for a traveller which road to take, when he comes to a fork on the highway on which he has been walking. He must go on, and he cannot say, "I will not think, and I will continue to walk as before." Before this there was one road, and now there are two of them, and it is impossible to walk as before, and one of the two roads must inevitably be chosen.

Even so it has been impossible to say, ever since Christ's teaching was made known to men, "I will continue to live as I lived before, without solving the question as to resisting or not resisting evil by means of violence." It is inevitably necessary at the appearance of every struggle to solve the question, "Shall I with violence resist that which I consider to be an evil and violence, or not?"

The question as to resisting or not resisting evil by means of violence appeared when there arose the first struggle among men, since every struggle is nothing but a resistance by means of violence to what each of the contending parties considers to be an evil. But the men before Christ did not see that the resistance by means of violence to what each considers to be an evil, only because he re-

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gards as an evil what another regards as a good, is only one of the means of solving the struggle, and that another means consists in not at all resisting evil by means of violence.

Previous to Christ's teaching it appeared to men that there was but one way of solving a struggle, and that was by resisting evil with violence, and so they did, each of the contending parties trying to convince himself and others that what each of them considered to be an evil was a real, absolute evil.

And so since most remote times men have endeavoured to discover such definitions of evil as would be obligatory for all men, and as such were given out the statutes of law which, it was assumed, were received in a supernatural manner, or the injunctions of men or of assemblies of men, to whom is ascribed the quality of infallibility. Men have employed violence against other men and have assured themselves and others that they have employed this violence against the evil which was acknowledged by all men.

This means has been employed since remote antiquity, especially by those men who usurped the power, and men for a long time did not see the irrationality of this means.

But the longer men lived, the more complex their relations became, the more obvious did it become that it was irrational by means of violence to resist that which is by every one regarded as an evil, that the struggle was not diminished by doing so, and that no human definitions could succeed in making that which was considered to be evil by one set of men considered such by others.

Even at the time of the appearance of Christianity, in the place where it made its appearance, in the Roman Empire, it was clear for the majority of men that what by Nero and Caligula was considered to be an evil which ought to be resisted with violence could not be considered an evil by other men. Even then men began to

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understand that human laws which were given out as being divine had been written by men, that men could not be infallible, no matter with what external grandeur they might be vested, and that erring men could not become infallible simply because they came together and called themselves a senate or some such name. This was even then felt and understood by many, and it was then that Christ preached His teaching, which did not consist simply in this, that evil ought not to be resisted by means of violence, but in the teaching of the new comprehension of life, a part, or rather an application of which to public life was the teaching about the means for abolishing the struggle among all men, not by obliging only one part of men without a struggle to submit to what would be prescribed to them by certain authorities, but by having no one, consequently even not those (and preëminently not those) who rule, employ violence against any one, and under no consideration.

The teaching was at that time accepted by but a small number of disciples; but the majority of men, especially all those who ruled over men, continued after the nominal acceptance of Christianity to hold to the rule of violently resisting that which they considered to be evil. Thus it was in the time of the Roman and the Byzantine emperors, and so it continued even afterward.

The inadequacy of the principle of defining with authority what is evil and resisting it with violence, which was already obvious in the first centuries of Christianity, became even more obvious during the decomposition of the Roman Empire into many states of equal right, with their mutual hostilities and the inner struggles which took place in the separate states.

But men were not prepared to receive the solution which was given by Christ, and the former means for the definition of the evil, which had to be resisted by establishing laws which, being obligatory for all, were carried

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out by the use of force, continued to be applied. The arbiter of what was to be considered an evil and what was to be resisted by means of force was now the Pope, now the emperor, now the king, now an assembly of the elect, now the whole nation. But both inside and outside the state there always existed some men who did not recognize the obligatoriness for themselves either of the injunctions which were given out to be the commands of the divinity, or of the decrees of men who were vested with sanctity, or of the institutions which purported to represent the will of the people, and these men, who considered to be good what the existing powers regarded as evil, fought against the powers, using the same violence which was directed against themselves.

Men who were vested with sanctity regarded as evil what men and institutions that were vested with civil power considered to be good, and vice versa, and the struggle became ever more acute. And the more such people held to this method for solving their struggle, the more obvious did it become that this method was useless, because there is and there can be no such external authority for the definition of evil as would be recognized by all men.

Thus it lasted for eighteen hundred years, and it reached the present point, — the complete obviousness of the fact that there is and there can be no external definition of evil which would be obligatory for all men. It reached such a point that men ceased to believe in the possibility of finding this common definition which would be obligatory for all men, and even in the necessity of putting forward such a definition. It came to such a pass that the men in power stopped proving that that which they considered to be an evil was an evil, and said outright that they considered that an evil which did not please them; and the men who obeyed the power began to obey it, not because they believed that the definitions

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of evil given by this power were correct, but only because they could not help but obey. Nice is added to France, Lorraine to Germany, Bohemia to Austria; Poland is divided; Ireland and India are subjected to English rule; war is waged against China and the Africans; the Americans expel the Chinese, and the Russians oppress the Jews; the landowners use the land which they do not work, and the capitalists make use of the labours of others, not because this is good, useful, and needful to men and because the contrary is evil, but because those who are in power want it to be so. What has happened is what happens now: one set of men commit acts of violence, no longer in the name of resisting evil, but in the name of their advantage or whim, while another set submit to violence, not because they assume, as was the case formerly, that violence is exerted against them in the name of freeing them from evil and for their good, but only because they cannot free themselves from this violence.

If a Roman, a man of the Middle Ages, a Russian, as I remember him to have been fifty years ago, was incontestably convinced that the existing violence of the power was necessary in order to free him from evil, that taxes, levies, serf law, prisons, whips, knouts, hard labour, capital punishment, militarism, wars, must exist, — it will be hard now to find a man who either believes that all acts of violence free any one from anything, or even does not see clearly that the majority of all those cases of violence to which he is subject and in which he partly shares are in themselves a great and useless evil.

There is now no such a man who does not see, not only the uselessness, but even the insipidity, of collecting taxes from the labouring classes for the purpose of enriching idle officials; or the senselessness of imposing punishments upon corrupt and weak people in the shape of deportation from one place to another, or in the form of imprisonment in jails, where they live in security and

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idleness and become more corrupted and weakened; or, not the uselessness and insipidity, but simply the madness and cruelty of military preparations and wars, which ruin and destroy the masses and have no explanation and justification, — and yet these cases of violence are continued and even maintained by the very men who see their uselessness, insipidity, and cruelty, and suffer from them.

If fifty years ago a rich idle man and an ignorant labouring man were both equally convinced that their condition of an eternal holiday for the one and of eternal labour for the other was ordained by God Himself, it is now, not only in Europe, but even in Russia, thanks to the migration of the populace, and the dissemination of culture and printing, hard to find either a rich or a poor man who, from one side or another, has not been assailed by doubts of the justice of such an order of things. Not only do the rich know that they are guilty even because they are rich, and try to redeem their guilt by offering contributions to art and science, as formerly they redeemed their sins by means of contributions to the churches, but even the greater half of the working people recognize the present order as being false and subject to destruction or change. One set of religious people, of whom there are millions in Russia, the so-called sectarians, recognize this order as false and subject to destruction on the basis of the Gospel teaching as taken in its real meaning; others consider it to be false on the basis of socialistic, communistic, anarchistic theories, which now have penetrated into the lower strata of the working people.

Violence is now no longer maintained on the ground that it is necessary, but only that it has existed for a long time, and has been so organized by men to whom it is advantageous, that is, by governments and the ruling classes, that the men who are in their power cannot tear themselves away from it.

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The governments in our time — all governments, the most despotic and the most liberal — have become what Herzen so aptly called Dzhingis-Khans with telegraphs, that is, organizations of violence, which have nothing at their base but the coarsest arbitrary will, and yet use all those means which science has worked out for the aggregate social peaceful activity of free and equal men, and which they now employ for the enslavement and oppression of men.

The governments and the ruling classes do not now lean on the right, not even on the semblance of justice, but on an artificial organization which, with the aid of the perfections of science, encloses all men in the circle of violence, from which there is no possibility of tearing themselves away. This circle is now composed of four means of influencing men. All those means are connected and sustain one another, as the links in the ring of a united chain.

The first, the oldest, means is the means of intimidation. This means consists in representing the existing state structure (no matter what it may be, — whether a free republic or the wildest despotism) as something sacred and invariable, and so in inflicting the severest penalties for any attempt at changing it. This means, having been used before, is even now used in an unchanged form wherever there are governments: in Russia — against the so-called nihilists; in America — against the anarchists; in France — against the imperialists, monarchists, communists, and anarchists. The railways, telegraphs, photographs, and the perfected method of removing people, without killing them, into eternal solitary confinement, where, hidden from men, they perish and are forgotten, and many other modern inventions, which governments employ more freely than any one else, give them such strength that as soon as the power has fallen into certain hands, and the visible and the secret police,

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and the administration, and all kinds of prosecutors, and jailers, and executioners are earnestly at work, there is no possibility of overthrowing the government, no matter how senseless or cruel it may be.

The second means is that of bribery. It consists in taking the wealth away from the labouring classes in the shape of monetary taxes, and distributing this wealth among the officials, who for this remuneration are obliged to maintain and strengthen the enslavement of the masses.

These bribed officials, from the highest ministers to the lowest scribes, who, forming one continuous chain of men, are united by the same interest of supporting themselves by the labours of the masses, and grow wealthier in proportion as they more humbly do the will of their governments, always and everywhere, stopping short before no means, in all branches of activity, in word and deed, defend the governmental violence, upon which their very well-being is based.

The third means is what I cannot call by any other name than the hypnotization of the people. This means consists in retarding the spiritual development of men and maintaining them with all kinds of suggestions in a concept of life which humanity has already outlived, and on which the power of the governments is based. This hypnotization is at the present time organized in the most complex manner, and, beginning its action in childhood, continues over men to their death. This hypnotization begins at early youth in compulsory schools which are established for the purpose, and in which the children are instilled with world-conceptions which were peculiar to their ancestors and are directly opposed to the modern consciousness of humanity. In countries in which there is a state religion, the children are taught the senseless blasphemies of ecclesiastical catechisms, in which the necessity of obeying the powers is pointed out; in republican governments they are taught the savage superstí-

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tion of patriotism, and the same imaginary obligation of obeying the authorities. At a more advanced age, this hypnotization is continued by encouraging the religious and the patriotic superstitions.

The religious superstition is encouraged by means of the institution of churches, processions, monuments, festivities, from the money collected from the masses, and these, with the aid of painting, architecture, music, incense, but chiefly by the maintenance of the so-called clergy, stupefy the masses: their duty consists in this, that with their representations, the pathos of the services, their sermons, their interference in the private lives of the people, — at births, marriages, deaths, — they bedim the people and keep them in an eternal condition of stupefaction. The patriotic superstition is encouraged by means of public celebrations, spectacles, monuments, festivities, which are arranged by the governments and the ruling classes on the money collected from the masses, and which make people prone to recognize the exclusive importance of their own nation and the grandeur of their own state and rulers, and to be ill inclined toward all other nations and even hate them. In connection with this, the despotic governments directly prohibit the printing and dissemination of books and the utterance of speeches which enlighten the masses, and deport or incarcerate all men who are likely to rouse the masses from their lethargy; besides, all governments without exception conceal from the masses everything which could free them, and encourage everything which could corrupt them, such as the authorship of books which maintain the masses in the savagery of their religious and patriotic superstitions, all kinds of sensuous amusements, spectacles, circuses, theatres, and even all kinds of physical intoxications, such as tobacco, and brandy, which furnish the chief income of states; they even encourage prostitution, which is not only acknowledged, but even organ-

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ized by the majority of governments. Such is the third means.

The fourth means consists in this, that with the aid of the three preceding means there is segregated, from the men so fettered and stupefied, a certain small number of men, who are subjected to intensified methods of stupefaction and brutalization, and are turned into involuntary tools of all those cruelties and bestialities which the governments may need. This stupefaction and brutalization is accomplished by taking the men at that youthful age when they have not yet had time to form any firm convictions in regard to morality, and, having removed them from all natural conditions of human life, from home, family, native district, rational labour, locking them all up together in narrow barracks, dressing them up in peculiar garments, and making them, under the influence of shouts, drums, music, glittering objects, perform daily exercises specially invented for the purpose, and thus inducing such a state of hypnosis in them that they cease to be men, and become unthinking machines, which are obedient to the command of the hypnotizer. These hypnotized, physically strong young men (all young men, on account of the present universal military service), who are provided with instruments of murder, and who are always obedient to the power of the governments and are prepared to commit any act of violence at their command, form the fourth and chief means for the enslavement of men.

With this means the circle of violence is closed.

Intimidation, bribery, hypnotization, make men desirous to become soldiers; but it is the soldiers who give the power and the possibility for punishing people, and picking them clean (and bribing the officials with the money thus obtained), and for hypnotizing and enlisting them again as soldiers, who in turn afford the possibility for doing all this.

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The circle is closed, and there is no way of tearing oneself away from it by means of force.

If some men affirm that the liberation from violence, or even its weakening, may be effected, should the oppressed people overthrow the oppressing government by force and substitute a new one for it, a government in which such violence and enslavement would not be necessary, and if some men actually try to do so, they only deceive themselves and others by it, and thus fail to improve men's condition, and even make it worse. The activity of these men only intensifies the despotism of the governments. The attempts of these men at freeing themselves only give the governments a convenient excuse for strengthening their power, and actually provoke its strengthening.

Even if we admit that, in consequence of an unfortunate concurrence of events in the government, as, for example, in France in the year 1870, some governments may be overthrown by force and the power pass into other hands, this power would in no case be less oppressive than the former one, and, defending itself against the infuriated deposed enemies, would always be more despotic and cruel than the former, as indeed has been the case in every revolution.

If the socialists and communists consider the individualistic, capitalistic structure of society to be an evil, and the anarchists consider the government itself to be an evil, there are also monarchists, conservatives, capitalists, who consider the socialistic, communistic, and anarchistic order to be evil; and all these parties have no other means than force for the purpose of uniting men. No matter which of these parties may triumph, it will be compelled, for the materialization of its tenets, as well as for the maintenance of its power, not only to make use of all the existing means of violence, but also to invent new ones. Other men will be enslaved, and men will be compelled to do something else; but there will be, not only the same, but even a more cruel

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form of violence and enslavement, because, in consequence of the struggle, the hatred of men toward one another will be intensified, and at the same time new means of enslavement will be worked out and confirmed.

Thus it has always been after every revolution, every attempt at a revolution, every plot, every violent change of government. Every struggle only strengthens the means of the enslavement of those who at a given time are in power.

The condition of the men of our Christian world, and especially the current ideals themselves prove this in a striking manner.

There is left but one sphere of human activity which is not usurped by the governmental power, — the domestic, economic sphere, the sphere of the private life and of labour. But even this sphere, thanks to the struggle of the communists and socialists, is slowly being usurped by the governments, so that labour and rest, the domicile, the attire, the food of men will by degrees be determined and directed by the governments, if the wishes of the reformers are to be fulfilled.

The whole long, eighteen-centuries-old course of the life of the Christian nations has inevitably brought them back to the necessity of solving the question, so long evaded by them, as to the acceptance or non-acceptance of Christ's teaching, and the solution of the question resulting from it as regards the social life, whether to resist or not to resist evil with violence, but with this difference, that formerly men could accept the solution which Christianity offered, or not accept it, while now the solution has become imperative, because it alone frees them from that condition of slavery in which they have become entangled as in a snare.

But it is not merely the wretchedness of men's condition that brings them to this necessity.

Side by side with the negative proof of the falseness of

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the pagan structure, there went the positive proof of the truth of the Christian teaching.

There was a good reason why, in the course of eighteen centuries, the best men of the whole Christian world, having recognized the truths of the teaching by means of an inner, spiritual method, should have borne witness to them before men, in spite of all threats, privations, calamities, and torments. With this their martyrdom these best men have put the stamp of truthfulness upon the teaching and have transmitted it to the masses.

Christianity penetrated into the consciousness of humanity, not merely by the one negative way of proving the impossibility of continuing the pagan life, but also by its simplification, elucidation, liberation from the dross of superstitions, and dissemination among all the classes of people.

Eighteen hundred years of the profession of Christianity did not pass in vain for the men who accepted it, even though only in an external manner. These eighteen centuries have had this effect that, continuing to live a pagan life, which does not correspond to the age of humanity, men have not only come to see clearly the whole wretchedness of the condition in which they are, but believe in the depth of their hearts (they live only because they believe) in this, that the salvation from this condition is only in the fulfilment of the Christian teaching in its true significance. As to when and how this salvation will take place, all men think differently, in accordance with their mental development and the current prejudices of their circle; but every man of our world recognizes the fact that our salvation lies in the fulfilment of the Christian teaching. Some believers, recognizing the Christian teaching as divine, think that the salvation will come when all men shall believe in Christ, and the second advent shall approach; others, who also recognize the divinity of Christ's teaching, think that this salvation will come through the

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church, which, subjecting all men to itself, will educate in them Christian virtues and will change their lives. Others again, who do not recognize Christ as God, think that the salvation of men will come through a slow, gradual progress, when the foundations of the pagan life will slowly give way to the foundations of liberty, equality, fraternity, that is, to Christian principles; others again, who preach a social transformation, think that the salvation will come when men by a violent revolution shall be compelled to adopt community of possession, absence of government, and collective, not individual, labour, that is, the materialization of one of the sides of the Christian teaching.

In one way or another, all men of our time in their consciousness not only reject the present obsolete pagan order of life, but recognize, frequently not knowing it themselves and regarding themselves as enemies of Christianity, that our salvation lies only in the application of the Christian teaching, or of a part of it, in its true meaning, to life.

For the majority of men, as its teacher has said, Christianity could not be realized at once, but had to grow, like an immense tree, from a small seed. And so it grew and has spread, if not in reality, at least in the consciousness of the men of our time.

Now it is not merely the minority of men, who always comprehended Christianity internally, that recognizes it in its true meaning, but also that vast majority of men which on account of its social life seems to be so far removed from Christianity.

Look at the private life of separate individuals; listen to those valuations of acts, which men make in judging one another; listen, not only to the public sermons and lectures, but also to those instructions which parents and educators give to their charges, and you will see that, no matter how far the political, social life of men, which is united through violence, is from the realization of

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Christian truths in private life, it is only the Christian virtues that are by all and for all, without exception and indubitably, considered to be good, and that the anti-Christian vices are by all and for all, without exception and indubitably, considered to be bad. Those are considered to be the best of men who renounce and sacrifice their lives in the service of humanity and who sacrifice themselves for others; those are considered to be the worst who are selfish, who exploit the misery of their neighbours for their own personal advantage.

If by some, who have not yet been touched by Christianity, are recognized the non-Christian ideals, force, valour, wealth, these are ideals which are not experienced and shared by all men, and certainly not by men who are considered to be the best.

The condition of our Christian humanity, if viewed from without, with its cruelty and its slavery, is really terrible. But if we look upon it from the side of its consciousness, an entirely different spectacle is presented to us.

The whole evil of our life seems to exist for no other reason than that it was done long ago, and the men who have done it have not yet had time to learn how not to do it, though none of them wish to do it.

All this evil seems to exist for some other reason, which is independent of the consciousness of men.

No matter how strange and contradictory this may seem, all the men of our time despise the very order of things which they help to maintain.

I think it is Max Müller who tells of the surprise of an Indian converted to Christianity, who, having grasped the essence of the Christian teaching, arrived in Europe and saw the life of the Christians. He could not recover from his astonishment in the presence of the reality, which was the very opposite of what he had expected to find among the Christian nations.

If we are not surprised at the contradiction between

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our beliefs, convictions, and acts, this is due only to the fact that the influences which conceal this contradiction from men act also upon us. We need only look upon our life from the standpoint of the Indian, who understood Christianity in its real significance, without any compromises and adaptations, and upon those savage bestialities, with which our life is filled, in order that we may be frightened at the contradictions amidst which we live, frequently without noticing them.

We need but think of warlike preparations, mitrailleuses, silver-plated bullets, torpedoes, — and the Red Cross; of the construction of prisons with solitary cells, of the experiments at electrocution, — and of the benevolent cares for the imprisoned; of the philanthropic activity of rich men, — and of their lives, which are productive of those very poor whom they benefit. And these contradictions do not result, as may appear, because people pretend to be Christians, when in reality they are pagans, but, on the contrary, because people lack something, or because there is some force which keeps them from being what they already feel themselves to be in their consciousness and what they actually wish to be. The men of our time do not pretend to hate oppression, inequality, the division of men, and all kinds of cruelty, not only toward men, but also toward animals, — they actually do hate all this, but they do not know how to destroy it all, and they have not the courage to part with what maintains all this and seems to them to be indispensable.

Indeed, ask any man of our time privately, whether he considers it laudable or even worthy of a man of our time to busy himself with collecting taxes from the masses, who frequently are poverty-stricken, receiving for this work a salary which is entirely out of proportion with his labour, this money to be used for the construction of cannon, torpedoes, and implements for murdering

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men, with whom we wish to be at peace, and who wish to be at peace with us; or for a salary to devote all his life to the construction of these implements of murder; or to prepare himself and others to commit murder. And ask him whether it is laudable and worthy of a man, and proper for a Christian, to busy himself, again for money, with catching unfortunate, erring, frequently ignorant, drunken men for appropriating to themselves other people's possessions in much smaller quantities than we appropriate things to ourselves, and for killing men differently from what we are accustomed to kill men, and for this to put them in prisons, and torment, and kill them, and whether it is laudable and worthy of a man and a Christian, again for money, to preach to the masses, instead of Christianity, what is well known to be insipid and harmful superstitions; and whether it is laudable and worthy of a man to take from his neighbour, for the sake of his own lust, what his neighbour needs for the gratification of his prime necessities, as is done by the large landowners; or to compel him to perform labour above his strength, which ruins his life, in order to increase his own wealth, as is done by manufacturers, by owners of factories; or to exploit men's want for the purpose of increasing his wealth, as is done by merchants. And each of them taken privately, especially in speaking of another, will tell you that it is not. And yet this same man, who sees all the execrableness of these acts, who is himself not urged by any one, will himself voluntarily, and frequently without the monetary advantage of a salary, for the sake of childish vanity, for the sake of a porcelain trinket, a ribbon, a piece of lace, which he is permitted to put on, go into military service, become an examining magistrate, a justice of the peace, a minister, a rural officer, a bishop, a sexton, that is, he will take an office in which he is obliged to do things the disgrace and execrableness of which he cannot help but know.

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I know many of these men will self-conceitedly prove that they consider their positions not only legitimate, but even indispensable; they will say in their defence that the power is from God, that political offices are necessary for the good of humanity, that wealth is not contrary to Christianity, that the rich young man was told to give up his wealth only if he wished to be perfect, that the now existing distribution of wealth and commerce must be so and is advantageous for everybody, and so forth. But, no matter how they may try to deceive themselves and others, all these men know that what they do is contrary to everything they believe in, and in the name of which they live, and in the depth of their hearts, when they are left alone with their consciences, they think with shame and pain of what they are doing, especially if the execrableness of their activity has been pointed out to them. A man of our time, whether he professes the divinity of Christ or not, cannot help but know that to take part, whether as a king, a minister, a governor, or a rural officer, in the sale of a poor family's last cow for taxes, with which to pay for cannon or the salaries and pensions of luxuriating, idle, and harmful officials; or to have a share in putting the provider of a family into prison, because we ourselves have corrupted him, and let his family go a-begging; or to take part in the plunders and murders of war; or to help substitute savage and idolatrous superstitions for Christ's law; or to detain a trespassing cow of a man who has no land of his own; or to deduct a sum from the wages of a factory hand for an article which he accidentally ruined; or to extort a double price from a poor fellow, only because he is in need, — a man of our time cannot help but know that all these things are disgraceful and execrable, and that they should not be done. They all know it: they know that what they do is bad, and they would not be doing it under any consideration, if they were able to withstand those forces which, closing

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their eyes to the criminality of their acts, draw them on to committing them.

In nothing is the degree of the contradiction which the lives of the men of our time have reached so striking, as in that phenomenon which forms the last means and expression of violence,—in the universal military service.

Only because this condition of universal arming and military service has come step by step and imperceptibly, and because for its maintenance the governments employ all means in their power for intimidating, bribing, stupefying, and ravishing men, we do not see the crying contradiction between this condition and those Christian feelings and thoughts, with which all the men of our time are really permeated.

This contradiction has become so habitual to us that we do not even see all the terrifying senselessness and immorality of the acts, not only of the men who voluntarily choose the profession of killing as something honourable, but even of those unfortunate men who agree to perform military duty, or even of those who in countries where military service is not introduced, voluntarily give up their labours to hire soldiers and prepare them to commit murder. All these men, be they Christians or men who profess humanity and liberalism, certainly know that, in committing these crimes, they become the participants, and, in personal military service, the actors, in the most senseless, aimless, cruel of murders, and yet they commit them.

But more than this: in Germany, whence comes the universal military service, Caprivi said openly, what before was carefully concealed, that the men who had to be killed were not merely the foreigners, but the working people, from whom come the majority of the soldiers. And this confession did not open men's eyes, did not frighten them. Even after this, as before, they continue

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to go like sheep to the enlistment and to submit to everything demanded of them.

And this is not enough: lately the German Emperor stated more definitely the significance and the calling of a soldier, when distinguishing, thanking, and rewarding a soldier for having shot a defenceless prisoner, who had attempted to run away. In thanking and rewarding the man for an act which has always been regarded as the lowest and basest by men who stand on the lowest stage of morality, William showed that the chief duty of a soldier, the one most valued by the authorities, consisted in being an executioner, not one like the professional executioners, who kill only condemned criminals, but one who kills all those innocent men whom he is ordered by his superiors to kill.

But more than this: in 1891 this same William, the *enfant terrible* of the political power, who expresses what others think, in speaking with some soldiers, said the following in public, and the next day thousands of newspapers reprinted these words:

"Recruits! In the sight of the altar and the servant of God you swore allegiance to me. You are still too young to understand the true meaning of everything which is said here, but see to this, that you first of all follow the commands and instructions given you. You have sworn allegiance to me; this, children of my guard, means that you are now my soldiers, that you have surrendered your souls and bodies to me. For you there now exists but one enemy, namely, the one who is my enemy. With the present socialistic propaganda it may happen that I will command you to shoot at your own relatives, your brothers, even parents, — which God forfend, — and then you are obliged without murmuring to do my commands."

This man expresses what all wise men know, but carefully conceal. He says frankly that men who serve in

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the army serve him and his advantage, and must be prepared for his advantage to kill their brothers and fathers.

He expresses frankly and with the coarsest of words all the horror of the crime for which the men who enter into military service are prepared, all that abyss of degradation which they reach, when they promise obedience. Like a bold hypnotizer, he tests the degree of the hypnotized man's sleep: he puts the glowing iron to his body, the body sizzles and smokes, but the hypnotized man does not wake.

This miserable, ill man, who has lost his mind from the exercise of power, with these words offends everything which can be holy for a man of our time, and men, — Christians, liberals, cultured men of our time, — all of them, are not only not provoked by this insult, but even do not notice it. The last, extreme trial, in its coarsest, most glaring form, is offered to men, and men do not even seem to notice that this is a trial, that they have a choice. It looks as though it seemed to them that there was not even any choice, and that there was but the one path of slavish obedience. One would think that these senseless words, which offend everything which a man of our time considers to be sacred, ought to have provoked people, but nothing of the kind took place. All the young men of all Europe are year after year subjected to this trial, and with the rarest exceptions they all renounce everything which is and can be sacred to a man, they all express their readiness to kill their brothers, even their fathers, at the command of the first erring man who is clad in a red livery embroidered with gold, and all they ask is when and whom to kill. And they are ready.

Every savage has something sacred for which he is prepared to suffer and for which he will make no concessions. But where is this sacredness for a man of our time? He is told, "Go into slavery to me, into a slavery in which you have to kill your own father," and he, who

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very frequently is a learned man, who has studied all the sciences in a university, submissively puts his neck into the yoke. He is dressed up in a fool's attire, is commanded to jump, to contort his body, to bow, to kill, — and he does everything submissively. And when he is let out, he returns briskly to his former life and continues to talk of man's dignity, liberty, equality, and fraternity.

"Yes, but what is to be done?" people frequently ask, in sincere perplexity. "If all should refuse, it would be well; otherwise I alone shall suffer, and no one will be helped by it."

And, indeed, a man of the social concept of life cannot refuse. The meaning of his life is the good of his personality. For the sake of his personality it is better for him to submit, and he submits.

No matter what may be done to him, no matter how he may be tortured and degraded, he will submit, because he can do nothing himself, because he has not that foundation in the name of which he could by himself withstand the violence; but those who govern men will never give them a chance to unite. It is frequently said that the invention of terrible implements of murder will abolish war and that war will abolish itself. That is not true. As it is possible to increase the means for the slaughter of men, so it is possible to increase the means for subjugating the men of the social concept of life. Let them be killed by the thousand, by the million, and be torn to pieces, — they will none the less go to the slaughter like senseless cattle, because they are driven with a goad; others will go, because for this they will be permitted to put on ribbons and galloons, and they will even be proud of it.

And it is in connection with such a contingent of men, who are so stupefied that they promise to kill their parents, that the public leaders — the conservatives, liberals, socialists, anarchists — talk of building up a rational

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and moral society. What rational and moral society can be built up with such men? Just as it is impossible to build a house with rotten and crooked logs, no matter how one may transpose them, so it is impossible with such people to construct a rational and moral society. Such people can only form a herd of animals which is directed by the shouts and goads of the shepherds. And so it is.

And so, on the one hand, Christians by name, who profess liberty, equality, and fraternity, are side by side with that prepared in the name of liberty for the most slavish and degraded submission, in the name of equality for the most glaring and senseless divisions of men by external signs alone into superiors and inferiors, their allies and their enemies, and in the name of fraternity for the murder of these brothers.[1]

The contradictions of consciousness and the resulting wretchedness of life have reached the extremest point, beyond which it is impossible to go. The life which is built up on the principles of violence has reached the negation of those very principles in the name of which it was built up. The establishment of society on the principles of violence, which had for its aim the security of the personal, domestic, and social good, has led men to a complete negation and destruction of this good.

The first part of the prophecy has been fulfilled in respect to men and their generations, who did not accept the teaching, and their descendants have now been brought to the necessity of experiencing the justice of its second part.

[1] The fact that some nations, the English and the Americans, have not yet any universal military service (though voices in its favour are already heard), but only the enlistment and hire of soldiers, does in no way change the condition of slavery in which the citizens stand relative to the governments. Here everybody has to go himself to kill and be killed; there everybody has to give his labours for the hire and preparation of murderers. — *Author's Note.*

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IX.

THE condition of the Christian nations in our time has remained as cruel as it was in the times of paganism. In many relations, especially in the enslavement of men, it has become even more cruel than in the times of paganism.

But between the condition of the men of that time and of our time there is the same difference that there is for the plants between the last days of autumn and the first days of spring. There, in the autumnal Nature, the external lifelessness corresponds to the internal condition of decay; but here, in the spring, the external lifelessness is in the sharpest contradiction to the condition of the internal restoration and the change to a new form of life.

The same is true of the external resemblance between the previous pagan life and the present one: the external condition of men in the times of paganism and in our time is quite different.

There the external condition of cruelty and slavery was in full agreement with the internal consciousness of men, and every forward movement increased this agreement; but here the external condition of cruelty and slavery is in complete disagreement with the Christian consciousness of men, and every forward step only increases this disagreement.

What is taking place is, as it were, useless sufferings, — something resembling childbirth. Everything is prepared for the new life, but the life itself has not made its appearance.

The situation seems to be without an issue, and it

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would be so, if the individual man, and so all men, were not given the possibility of another, higher conception of life, which at once frees him from all those fetters which, it seemed, bound him indissolubly.

Such is the Christian concept of life, which was pointed out to humanity eighteen hundred years ago.

A man need only make this life-concept his own, in order that the chains which seemed to have fettered him so indissolubly may fall off of themselves, and that he may feel himself quite free, something the way a bird would feel free when it expanded its wings in a place which is fenced in all around.

People speak of the liberation of the Christian church from the state, of granting or not granting liberty to Christians. In these thoughts and expressions there is some terrible misconception. Liberty cannot be granted to a Christian or to Christians, or taken from them. Liberty is a Christian's inalienable property.

When people speak of granting liberty to Christians, or taking it from them, it is evident that they are not speaking of real Christians, but of men who call themselves Christians. A Christian cannot be anything else but free, because the attainment of the end which he has set before himself cannot be retarded or detained by any one or anything.

A man need but understand his life as Christianity teaches him to understand it, that is, understand that life does not belong to him, his personality, or the family, or the state, but to Him who sent him into this life; that, therefore, he must not fulfil the law of his personality, his family, or the state, but the unlimited law of Him from whom he has come, in order that he may feel himself quite free from every human power and may even stop seeing this power as something which may be oppressive for any one.

A man need but understand that the aim of his life is

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the fulfilment of God's law, in order that this law, taking for him the place of all other laws and subjugating him to itself, by this very subjugation may deprive all the human laws in his eyes of all their obligatoriness and oppression.

A Christian is freed from every human power in that he considers for his life and for the lives of others the divine law of love, which is implanted in the soul of every man and is brought into consciousness by Christ, as the only guide of his life and of that of other men.

A Christian may submit to external violence, may be deprived of his bodily freedom, may not be free from his passions (he who commits a sin is a slave of sin), but he cannot help but be free, in the sense of not being compelled by some danger or external threat to commit an act which is contrary to his consciousness.

He cannot be compelled to do this, because the privations and sufferings which are produced by violence, and which form a mighty tool against the men of the social concept of life, have no compulsory force with him. The privations and sufferings which take from the men of the social concept of life the good for which they live, cannot impair the Christian's good, which consists in the fulfilment of God's will; they can only strengthen him, when they assail him in the performance of this will.

And so a Christian, in submitting to the internal, divine law, cannot only not perform the prescription of the external law, when it is not in accord with the divine law of love as recognized by him, as is the case in the demands set forth by the government, but cannot even recognize the obligation of obeying any one or anything, — he cannot recognize what is called the subject's allegiance. For a Christian the promise of allegiance to any government — that very act which is regarded as the foundation of the political life — is a direct renunciation of Christianity, because a man who unconditionally promises in

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advance to submit to laws which are made and will be made by men, by this very promise in a very definite manner renounces Christianity, which consists in this, that in all problems of life he is to submit only to the divine law of love, of which he is conscious in himself.

It was possible with the pagan world-conception to promise to do the will of the civil authorities, without violating the will of God, which consisted in circumcision, the Sabbath, praying at set times, abstaining from a certain kind of food, and so forth. One did not contradict the other. But the Christian profession differs in this very thing from the pagan, in that it does not demand of a man certain external negative acts, but places him in another relation to man from what he was in before, a relation from which may result the most varied acts, which cannot be ascertained in advance, and so a Christian cannot promise to do another person's will, without knowing in what the demands of this will may consist, and cannot obey the variable human laws; he cannot even promise to do anything definite at a certain time or to abstain from anything at a certain time, because he cannot know what at any time that Christian law of love, the submission to which forms the meaning of his life, may demand of him. In promising in advance unconditionally to fulfil the laws of men, a Christian would by this very promise indicate that the inner law of God does not form for him the only law of his life.

For a Christian to promise that he will obey men or human laws is the same as for a labourer who has hired out to a master to promise at the same time that he will do everything which other men may command him to do. It is impossible to serve two masters.

A Christian frees himself from human power by recognizing over himself nothing but God's power, the law of which, revealed to him by Christ, he recognizes in himself, and to which alone he submits.

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And this liberation is not accomplished by means of a struggle, not by the destruction of existing forms of life, but only by means of the changed comprehension of life. The liberation takes place in consequence of this, in the first place, that a Christian recognizes the law of love, which was revealed to him by his teacher, as quite sufficient for human relations, and so regards all violence as superfluous and illegal, and, in the second place, that those privations, sufferings, threats of sufferings and privations, with which the public man is brought to the necessity of obeying, present themselves to a Christian, with his different concept of life, only as inevitable conditions of existence, which he, without struggling against them by exercising violence, bears patiently, like diseases, hunger, and all other calamities, but which by no means can serve as a guide for his acts. What serves as a guide for a Christian's acts is only the divine principle that lives within him and that cannot be oppressed or directed by anything.

A Christian acts according to the word of the prophecy applied to his teacher, "He shall not strive, nor cry; neither shall any man hear His voice in the streets; a bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench, till He send forth judgment unto victory" (Matt. xii. 19–20).

A Christian does not quarrel with any one, does not attack any one, nor use violence against one; on the contrary, he himself without murmuring bears violence; but by this very relation to violence he not only frees himself, but also the world from external power.

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John viii. 32). If there were any doubt as to Christianity being truth, that complete freedom, which cannot be oppressed by anything, and which a man experiences the moment he makes the Christian life-conception his own, would be an undoubted proof of its truth.

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In their present condition men are like bees which have just swarmed and are hanging down a limb in a cluster. The position of the bees on the limb is temporary, and must inevitably be changed. They must rise and find a new home for themselves. Every one of the bees knows that and wishes to change its position and that of the others, but not one is able to do so before the others are going to do so. They cannot rise all at once, because one hangs down from the other, keeping it from separating itself from the swarm, and so all continue to hang. It would seem that the bees could not get out of this state, just as it seems to worldly men who are entangled in the snare of the social world-conception. But there would be no way out for the bees, if each of the bees were not separately a living being, endowed with wings. So there would also be no way out for men, if each of them were not a separate living being, endowed with the ability of acquiring the Christian concept of life.

If every bee which can fly did not fly, the rest, too, would not move, and the swarm would never change its position. And as one bee need but open its wings, rise up, and fly away, and after it a second, third, tenth, hundredth, in order that the immovable cluster may become a freely flying swarm of bees, so one man need but understand life as Christianity teaches him to understand it, and begin to live accordingly, and a second, third, hundredth, to do so after him, in order that the magic circle of the social life, from which there seemed to be no way out, be destroyed.

But people think that the liberation of all men in this manner is too slow, and that it is necessary to find and use another such a means, so as to free all at once; something like what the bees would do, if, wishing to rise and fly away, they should find that it was too long for them to wait for the whole swarm to rise one after another, and should try to find a way where every individual bee would not have to unfold its wings and fly away, but the whole

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swarm could fly at once wherever it wanted. But that is impossible: so long as the first, second, third, hundredth bee does not unfold its wings and fly, the swarm, too, will not fly away or find the new life. So long as every individual man does not make the Christian life-conception his own, and does not live in accordance with it, the contradiction of the human life will not be solved and the new form of life will not be established.

One of the striking phenomena of our time is that preaching of slavery which is disseminated among the masses, not only by the governments, which need it, but also by those men who, preaching socialistic theories, imagine that they are the champions of liberty.

These people preach that the improvement of life, the bringing of reality in agreement with consciousness, will not take place in consequence of personal efforts of separate men, but of itself, in consequence of a certain violent transformation of society, which will be inaugurated by somebody. What is preached is that men do not have to go with their own feet whither they want and have to go, but that some kind of a floor will be put under their feet, so that, without walking, they will get whither they have to go. And so all their efforts must not be directed toward going according to one's strength whither one has to go, but toward constructing this imaginary floor while standing in one spot.

In the economic relation they preach a theory, the essence of which consists in this, that the worse it is, the better it is, that the more there shall be an accumulation of capital, and so an oppression of the labourer, the nearer will the liberation be, and so every personal effort of a man to free himself from the oppression of capital is useless; in the relation of the state, they preach that the greater the power of the state, which according to this theory has to take in the still unoccupied field of the private life, the better it will be, and that, therefore, the

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interference of the governments in the private life has to be invoked; in the political and international relations they preach that the increase of the means of destruction, the increase of the armies, will lead to the necessity of disarmament by means of congresses, arbitrations, and so forth. And, strange to say, the obstinacy of men is so great that they believe in these theories, although the whole course of life, every step in advance, betrays its incorrectness.

Men suffer from oppression, and to save themselves from this oppression, they are advised to invent common means for the improvement of their situation, to be applied by the authorities, while they themselves continue to submit to them. Obviously, nothing results from it but a strengthening of the power, and consequently the intensification of the oppression.

Not one of the errors of men removes them so much from the end which they have set for themselves as this one. In order to attain the end which they have set before themselves, men do all kinds of things, only not the one, simple thing which all have to do. They invent the most cunning of ways for changing the situation which oppresses them, except the one, simple one that none of them should do that which produces this situation.

I was told of an incident which happened with a brave rural judge who, upon arriving at a village where the peasants had been riotous and whither the army had been called out, undertook to settle the riot in the spirit of Nicholas I., all by himself, through his personal influence. He sent for several wagon-loads of switches, and, collecting all the peasants in the corn-kiln, locked himself up with them, and so intimidated the peasants with his shouts, that they, obeying him, began at his command to flog one another. They continued flogging one another until there was found a little fool who did not submit and shouted to his companions to stop flogging one an-

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other. It was only then that the flogging stopped, and the rural judge ran away from the kiln. It is this advice of the fool that the men of the social order do not know how to follow, for they flog one another without cessation, and men teach this mutual flogging as the last word of human wisdom.

Indeed, can we imagine a more striking example of how men flog themselves than the humbleness with which the men of our time carry out the very obligations which are imposed upon them and which lead them into servitude, especially the military service? Men obviously enslave themselves, suffer from this slavery, and believe that it must be so, that it is all right and does not interfere with the liberation of men, which is being prepared somewhere and somehow, in spite of the ever increasing and increasing slavery.

Indeed, let us take a man of our time, whoever he be (I am not speaking of a true Christian, but of a man of the rank and file of our time), cultured or uncultured, a believer or unbeliever, rich or poor, a man of a family or a single man. Such a man of our time lives, doing his work or enjoying himself, employing the fruits of his own labour or those of others for his own sake or for the sake of those who are near to him, like any other man, despising all kinds of oppressions and privations, hostility, and sufferings. The man lives peacefully; suddenly people come to him, who say: "In the first place, promise and swear to us that you will slavishly obey us in everything which we shall prescribe to you, and that everything we shall invent, determine, and call a law you will consider an indubitable truth and will submit to; in the second place, give part of your earnings into our keeping: we shall use this money for keeping you in slavery and preventing you from forcibly opposing our decrees; in the third place, choose yourself and others as imaginary participants in the government, knowing full well that the government

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will take place entirely independently of those stupid speeches which you will utter to your like, and that it will take place according to our will, in whose hands is the army; in the fourth place, appear at a set time in court and take part in all those senseless cruelties which we commit against the erring men, whom we ourselves have corrupted, in the shape of imprisonments, exiles, solitary confinements, and capital punishments. And finally, in the fifth place, besides all this, though you may be in the most friendly relations with people belonging to other nations, be prepared at once, when we command you, to consider such of these men as we shall point out to you your enemies, and to coöperate personally or by hiring others in the ruin, pillage, and murder of their men, women, children, old people, and, perhaps, your own countrymen, even your parents, if we want it."

What could any man of our time who is not stupefied answer to such demands?

"Why should I do all this?" every spiritually healthy man, we should think, ought to say. "Why should I promise to do all that which I am commanded to do, to-day by Salisbury, to-morrow by Gladstone, to-day by Boulanger, to-morrow by a Chamber of just such Boulangers, to-day by Peter III., to-morrow by Catherine, day after to-morrow by Pugachév, to-day by the crazy King of Bavaria, to-morrow by William? Why should I promise to obey them, since I know them to be bad or trifling men, or do not know them at all? Why should I in the shape of taxes give them the fruits of my labours, knowing that the money will be used for bribing the officials, for prisons, churches, armies, for bad things and my own enslavement? Why should I flog myself? Why should I go, losing my time and pulling the wool over my eyes, and ascribing to the violators a semblance of legality, and take part in the government, when I know full well that the government of the state is in the hands of those in

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whose hands is the army? Why should I go into courts and take part in the torture and punishments of men for having erred, since I know, if I am a Christian, that the law of revenge has given way to the law of love, and, if I am a cultured man, that punishments do not make men who are subjected to them better, but worse? And why should I, above all, simply because the keys of the temple at Jerusalem will be in the hands of this bishop and not of that, because in Bulgaria this and not that German will be prince, and because English and not American merchants will catch seals, recognize as enemies the men of a neighbouring nation, with whom I have heretofore lived at peace and wish to live in love and concord, and why should I hire soldiers or myself go and kill and destroy them, and myself be subjected to their attack? And why, above all else, should I coöperate personally or by the hiring of a military force in the enslavement and murder of my own brothers and fathers? Why should I flog myself? All this I do not need, and all this is harmful for me, and all this on all sides of me is immoral, abominable. So why should I do it all? If you tell me that without it I shall fare ill at somebody's hands, I, in the first place, do not foresee anything so bad as that which you cause me if I listen to you; in the second place, it is quite clear to me that, if you do not flog yourself, nobody is going to flog us. The government is the kings, the ministers, the officials with their pens, who cannot compel me to do anything like what the rural judge compelled the peasants to do: those who will take me forcibly to court, to prison, to the execution are not the kings and the officials with their pens, but those very people who are in the same condition in which I am. It is just as useless and harmful and disagreeable for them to be flogged as it is for me, and so in all probability, if I open their eyes, they not only must do me no violence, but must even do as I do.

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"In the third place, even if it should happen that I must suffer for it, it still is more advantageous for me to be exiled or shut up in a prison, while defending common sense and the good, which shall triumph, if not to-day, certainly to-morrow, or in a very short time, than to suffer for a foolish thing and an evil, which sooner or later must come to an end. And so it is even in this case more advantageous for me to risk being deported, locked up in a prison, or even executed, than through my own fault to pass my whole life as a slave to other bad men, than to be ruined by an enemy making an incursion and stupidly to be maimed or killed by him, while defending a cannon, or a useless piece of land, or a stupid rag which they call a flag.

"I do not want to flog myself, and I won't. There is no reason why I should. Do it yourselves, if you are so minded, but I won't."

It would seem that not only the religious or moral feeling, but the simplest reflection and calculation would make a man of our time answer and act in this manner. But no: the men of the social life-conception find that it is not right to act in this manner, and that it is even harmful to act thus if we wish to obtain the end of the liberation of men from slavery, and that it is necessary for us, as in the case of the rural judge and the peasants, to continue to flog one another, consoling ourselves with the thought that the fact that we prattle in Chambers and assemblies, form labour-unions, parade the streets on the first of May, form plots, and secretly tease the government which flogs us, — that all this will have the effect of freeing us very soon, though we are enslaving ourselves more and more.

Nothing so much impedes the liberation of men as this remarkable delusion. Instead of directing all his forces to the liberation of himself, to the change of his world-conception, every man seeks for an external

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aggregate means for freeing himself, and thus fetters himself more and more.

It is as though men should affirm that, in order to fan a fire, it is not necessary to make every coal catch fire, but to place the coals in a certain order.

In the meantime it has been getting more and more obvious of late that the liberation of all men will take place only through the liberation of the individual men. The liberation of individual persons in the name of the Christian life-conception from the enslavement of the state, which used to be an exclusive and imperceptible phenomenon, has of late received a significance which is menacing to the power of state.

If formerly, in the days of Rome, in the Middle Ages, it happened that a Christian, professing his teaching, refused to take part in sacrifices, to worship the emperors and gods, or in the Middle Ages refused to worship the images, to recognize the papal power, these refusals were, in the first place, accidental; a man might have been put to the necessity of professing his faith, and he might have lived a life without being placed in this necessity. But now all men without exception are subject to these trials. Every man of our time is put to the necessity of recognizing his participation in the cruelties of the pagan life, or rejecting it. And, in the second place, in those days the refusals to worship the gods, the images, the Pope, did not present any essential phenomena for the state: no matter how many men worshipped the gods, the images, or the Pope, the state remained as strong as ever. But now the refusal to comply with the non-Christian demands of governments undermines the power of state to the root, because all the power of the state is based on these non-Christian demands.

The worldly powers were led by the course of life to the proposition that for their own preservation they had to demand from all men such acts as could

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not be performed by those who professed true Christianity.

And so in our time every profession of true Christianity by a separate individual most materially undermines the power of the government and inevitably leads to the emancipation of all men.

What importance can there be in such phenomena as the refusals of a few dozens of madmen, as they are called, who do not wish to swear to the government, or pay taxes, or take part in courts and military service? These men are punished and removed, and life continues as of old. It would seem that there is nothing important in these phenomena, and yet it is these very phenomena that more than anything else undermine the power of the state and prepare the emancipation of men. They are those individual bees which begin to separate from the swarm and fly about, awaiting what cannot be delayed,—the rising of the whole swarm after them. The governments know this, and are afraid of these phenomena more than of all socialists, communists, anarchists, and their plots with their dynamite bombs.

A new reign begins: according to the general rule and customary order all the subjects are ordered to swear allegiance to the new government. A general order is sent out, and everybody is called to the cathedral to swear. Suddenly one man in Perm, another in Túla, a third in Moscow, a fourth in Kalúga declare that they will not swear, and they base their refusal, every one of them, without having plotted together, on one and the same reason, which is, that the oath is prohibited by the Christian law, and that, even if it were not prohibited, they could not, according to the spirit of the Christian law, promise to commit the evil acts which are demanded of them in the oath, such as denouncing all those who will violate the interests of the government, defending their government with weapons in their hands, or attacking its

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enemies. They are summoned before the rural judges or chiefs, priests, or governors, are admonished, implored, threatened, and punished, but they stick to their determination and do not swear. Among millions of those who swear, there are a few dozens who do not. And they are asked:

"So you have not sworn?"

"We have not."

"Well, nothing happened?"

"Nothing."

All the subjects of a state are obliged to pay taxes. And all pay; but one man in Khárkov, another in Tver, a third in Samára, refuse to pay their taxes, all of them repeating, as though by agreement, one and the same thing. One says that he will pay only when he is told what the money taken from him will be used for: if for good things, he says, he will himself give more than is asked of him; but if for bad things, he will not give anything voluntarily, because, according to Christ's teaching, which he follows, he cannot contribute to evil deeds. The same, though with different words, is said by the others, who do not voluntarily pay their taxes. From those who possess anything, the property is taken by force, but those who have nothing to give are left alone.

"Well, you did not pay the taxes?"

"I did not."

"Well, and nothing happened to you?"

"Nothing."

Passports are established. All who remove themselves from their place of abode are obliged to take them and pay a revenue for them. Suddenly on all sides appear men who say that it is not necessary to take passports and that it is not right to recognize one's dependence on a government which lives by violence, and they take no passports and pay no revenue. Again it is impossible to make these people carry out what is demanded of them.

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They are locked up in prisons and let out again, and they continue to live without passports.

All the peasants are obliged to serve as hundred-men, ten-men, and so forth. Suddenly a peasant refuses in Khárkov to perform this office, explaining his refusal by this, that, according to the Christian law which he professes, he cannot bind, lock up, and lead a man from one place to another. The same is asserted by a peasant in Tver, in Támbov. The peasants are cursed, beaten, locked up, but they stick to their determination and do not do what is contrary to their faith. And they are no longer chosen as hundred-men, and that is the end of it.

All the citizens must take part in court proceedings in the capacity of jurymen. Suddenly the greatest variety of men, wheelwrights, professors, merchants, peasants, gentlemen, as though by agreement, all refuse to serve, not for causes which are recognized by the law, but because the court itself, according to their conviction, is an illegal, non-Christian thing, which ought not to exist. These men are fined, without being allowed publicly to express the motives of their refusal, and others are put in their places. The same is done to those who on the same grounds refuse to be witnesses at court. And nothing more happens.

All men of twenty-one years of age are obliged to draw lots. Suddenly one young man in Moscow, another in Tver, a third in Khárkov, a fourth in Kiev, appear, as though by previous agreement, in court, and declare that they will neither swear nor serve, because they are Christians. Here are the details of one of the first cases (since then these refusals have become more and more frequent), with which I am acquainted.[1] In all the other cases approximately the same was done. A young man of

[1] All the details of this and the preceding cases are authentic. — *Author's Note.*

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medium culture refuses in the Moscow Council to serve. No attention is paid to his words, and he is ordered to pronounce the words of the oath, just like the rest. He refuses, pointing out the definite place in the Gospel where taking an oath is prohibited. No attention is paid to his arguments, and they demand that he fulfil their command, but he does not do so. Then it is assumed that he is a sectarian and so understands Christianity incorrectly, that is, not in the way the clergy in the government pay understand it, and so the young man is sent under convoy to the priests, to be admonished. The priests begin to admonish the young man, but their admonitions in the name of Christ to renounce Christ have apparently no effect upon the young man, and he is sent back to the army, having been declared incorrigible. The young man still refuses to take the oath and openly declines to fulfil his military duties. This case is not provided for in the laws. It is impossible to admit a refusal to do the will of the authorities, and it is equally impossible to rate this as a case of simple disobedience. In a consultation the military authorities determine to get rid of the troublesome young man by declaring him to be a revolutionist, and send him under guard into the office of the secret police. The police and the gendarmes examine the young man, but nothing of what he says fits in with the crimes dealt with in their departments, and there is absolutely no way of accusing him of revolutionary acts, or of plotting, since he declares that he does not wish to destroy anything, but, on the contrary, rejects all violence, and conceals nothing, but seeks an opportunity for saying and doing in a most open manner what he says and does. And the gendarmes, though no laws are binding on them, like the clergy, find no cause for an accusation and return the young man to the army. Again the chiefs confer and decide to enlist the young man in the army, though he refuses to take the oath. He is

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dressed up, entered on the lists, and sent under guard to the place where the troops are distributed. Here the chief of the section into which he enters again demands of the young man the fulfilment of military duties, and he again refuses to obey, and in the presence of other soldiers gives the cause for his refusal, saying that, as a Christian, he cannot voluntarily prepare himself to commit murder, which was prohibited even by the laws of Moses.

The case takes place in a provincial city. It evokes interest and even sympathy, not only among outsiders, but also among officers, and so the superiors do not dare to apply the usual disciplinary measures for a refusal to serve. However, for decency's sake the young man is locked up in prison, and an inquiry is sent to the higher military authority, requesting it to say what is to be done. From the official point of view a refusal to take part in military service, in which the Tsar himself serves and which is blessed by the church, presents itself as madness, and so they write from St. Petersburg that, since the young man is, no doubt, out of his mind, no severe measures are to be used against him, but he is to be sent to an insane asylum, where his mental health is to be investigated and he is to be cured. He is sent there in the hope that he will stay there, just as happened ten years before with another young man, who in Tver refused to do military service and who was tortured in an insane asylum until he gave in. But even this measure does not save the military authorities from the inconvenient young man. The doctors examine him, are very much interested in him, and, finding in him no symptoms whatever of any mental trouble, naturally return him to the army. He is received, and, pretending that his refusal and motives are forgotten, they again propose to him that he go to the exercises; but he again, in the presence of other soldiers, refuses, and gives the cause for his refusal. This case more and more attracts the attention of the

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soldiers and the inhabitants of the town. Again they write to St. Petersburg, and from there comes the decision that the young man be transferred to the army at the frontier, where it is in a state of siege, and where he may be shot for refusing to serve, and where the matter may pass unnoticed, since in that distant country there are few Russians and Christians, and mostly natives and Mohammedans. And so they do. The young man is attached to the troops located in the Transcaspian Territory, and with criminals he is despatched to a chief who is known for his determination and severity.

During all this time, with all these transportations from one place to another, the young man is treated rudely: he is kept cold, hungry, and dirty, and his life in general is made a burden for him. But all these tortures do not make him change his determination. In the Transcaspian Territory, when told to stand sentry with his gun, he again refuses to obey. He does not refuse to go and stand near some haystacks, whither he is sent, but he refuses to take his gun, declaring that under no condition would he use violence against any one. All this takes place in the presence of other soldiers. It is impossible to let such a case go unpunished, and the young man is tried for violation of discipline. The trial takes place, and the young man is sentenced to incarceration in a military prison for two years. He is again sent by étapes with other criminals to the Caucasus and is shut up in a prison, where he falls a prey to the uncontrolled power of the jailer. There he is tormented for one year and six months, but he still refuses to change his decision about taking up arms, and he explains to all those with whom he comes in contact why he does not do so, and at the end of his second year he is discharged before the expiration of his term, by counting, contrary to the law, his time in prison as part of his service, only to get rid of him as quickly as possible.

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Just like this man, as though having plotted together, act other men in various parts of Russia, and in all those cases the mode of the government's action is as timid, indefinite, and secretive. Some of these men are sent to insane asylums, others are enlisted as scribes and are transferred to service in Siberia, others are made to serve in the forestry department, others are locked up in prisons, and others are fined. Even now a few such men who have refused are sitting in prisons, not for the essential point in the case, the rejection of the legality of the government's action, but for the non-fulfilment of the private demands of the government. Thus an officer of the reserve, who did not keep the authorities informed of his residence and who declared that he would not again serve as a military man, was lately, for not fulfilling the commands of the authorities, fined thirty roubles, which, too, he refused to pay voluntarily. Thus several peasants and soldiers, who lately refused to take part in military exercises and take up arms, were locked up for disobedience and contempt.

And such cases of refusing to comply with the government demands which are contrary to Christianity, especially refusals to do military service, have of late occurred not in Russia alone, but even elsewhere. Thus, I know that in Servia men of the so-called sect of Nazarenes constantly refuse to do military service, and the Austrian government has for several years been vainly struggling with them, subjecting them to imprisonment. In the year 1885 there were 130 such refusals. In Switzerland, I know men were incarcerated in the Chillon Fortress in the year 1890 for refusing to do military service, and they did not change their determination in consequence of their imprisonment. Such refusals have also happened in Prussia. I know of an under-officer of the Guard, who in 1891 declared to the authorities in Berlin that as a Christian he would not continue to serve, and, in spite of

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all admonitions, threats, and punishments, he stuck to his decision. In France there has of late arisen in the south a community of men, who bear the name of Hinschists (this information is received from the *Peace Herald*, July, 1891), the members of which on the basis of the Christian profession refuse to do military service, and at first were inscribed in hospitals, but now, having increased in numbers, are subjected to punishments for disobedience, but still refuse to take up arms.

The socialists, communists, anarchists, with their bombs, riots, and revolutions, are by no means so terrible to the governments as these scattered people, who from various sides refuse to do military service, — all of them on the basis of the same well-known teaching. Every government knows how and why to defend itself against revolutionists, and they have means for it, and so are not afraid of these external enemies. But what are the governments to do against those men who point out the uselessness, superfluity, and harmfulness of all governments, and do not struggle with them, but only have no use for them, get along without them, and do not wish to take part in them?

The revolutionists say, "The governmental structure is bad for this and that reason, — it is necessary to put this or that in its place." But a Christian says, "I know nothing of the governmental structure, about its being good or bad, and do not wish to destroy it for the very reason that I do not know whether it is good or bad, but for the same reason I do not wish to sustain it. I not only do not wish to, but even cannot do so, because what is demanded of me is contrary to my conscience."

What is contrary to a Christian's conscience is all obligations of state, — the oath, the taxes, the courts, the army. But on all these obligations the state is founded.

The revolutionary enemies struggle with the state from

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without; but Christianity does not struggle at all, — it inwardly destroys all the foundations of government.

Among the Russian people, where, especially since the time of Peter I., the protest of Christianity against the government has never ceased, where the structure of life is such that men have gone away by whole communities to Turkey, to China, to uninhabitable lands, and not only are in no need of the government, but always look upon it as an unnecessary burden, and only bear it as a calamity, be it Turkish, Russian, or Chinese, — among the Russian people there have of late been occurring more and more frequently cases of the Christian conscious emancipation of separate individuals from submission to the government. And now especially these manifestations are very terrible to the government, because those who refuse frequently do not belong to the so-called lower uncultured classes, but to the people with a medium or higher education, and because these men no longer base their refusals on some mystical exclusive beliefs, as was the case formerly, nor connect them with some superstition or savage practices, as is the case with the Self-Consumers and Runners, but put forth the simplest and clearest truths, which are accessible to all men and recognized by them all.

Thus they refuse to pay their taxes voluntarily, because the taxes are used for acts of violence, for salaries to violators and military men, for the construction of prisons, fortresses, cannon, while they, as Christians, consider it sinful and immoral to take part in these things. Those who refuse to take the common oath do so because to promise to obey the authorities, that is, men who are given to acts of violence, is contrary to the Christian teaching; they refuse to take their oath in courts, because the oath is directly forbidden in the Gospel. They decline to serve in the police, because in connection with these duties they have to use force against

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their own brothers and torment them, whereas a Christian may not do so. They decline to take part in court proceedings, because they consider every court proceeding a fulfilment of the law of revenge, which is incompatible with the Christian law of forgiveness and love. They decline to take part in all military preparations and in the army, because they do not wish to be and cannot be executioners, and do not want to prepare themselves for the office of executioner.

All the motives of these refusals are such that, no matter how despotic a government may be, it cannot punish them openly. To punish them for such refusals, a government must itself irretrievably renounce reason and the good; whereas it assures men that it serves only in the name of reason and of the good.

What are the governments to do against these men?

Indeed, the governments can kill off, for ever shut up in prisons and at hard labour their enemies, who wish by the exercise of violence to overthrow them; they can bury in gold half of the men, such as they may need, and bribe them; they can subject to themselves millions of armed men, who will be ready to destroy all the enemies of the governments. But what can they do with men who, not wishing to destroy anything, nor to establish anything, wish only for their own sakes, for the sake of their lives, to do nothing which is contrary to the Christian law, and so refuse to fulfil the most common obligations, which are most indispensable to the governments?

If they were revolutionists, who preach violence and murder, and who practise all these things, it would be easy to oppose them: part of them would be bribed, part deceived, part frightened into subjection; and those who could not be bribed, or deceived, or frightened, would be declared malefactors and enemies of society, would be executed or locked up, and the crowd would applaud the action of the government. If they were some horrible

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sectarians who preached a peculiar faith, it would be possible, thanks to those superstitions of falsehood, which by them are mixed in with their doctrine, to overthrow whatever truth there is in their faith. But what is to be done with men who preach neither revolution, nor any special religious dogmas, but only, because they do not wish to harm any one, refuse to take the oath of allegiance, to pay taxes, to take part in court proceedings, in military service, and in duties on which the whole structure of the government is based? What is to be done with such men? It is impossible to bribe them: the very risk which they take shows their unselfishness. Nor can they be deceived by claiming that God wants it so, because their refusal is based on the explicit, undoubted law of God, which is professed by the very men who wish to make them act contrary to it. Still less is it possible to intimidate them with threats, because the privations and sufferings to which they are subjected for their faith only strengthen their desire, and because it says distinctly in their law that God must be obeyed more than men, and that they should not fear those who may ruin their bodies, but that which may ruin both their bodies and their souls. Nor can they be executed or locked up for ever. These men have a past, and friends, and their manner of thinking and acting is known; all know them as meek, good, peaceful men, and it is impossible to declare them to be malefactors who ought to be removed for the safety of society. The execution of men who by all men are recognized to be good will only call forth defenders of the refusal and commentators on it; and the causes of the refusal need but be made clear, in order that it may become clear to all men that the causes which make these Christians refuse to comply with the demands of the state are the same for all other men, and that all men ought to have done so long ago.

In the presence of the refusals of the Christians the

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governments are in a desperate plight. They see that the prophecy of Christianity is being fulfilled, — it tears asunder the fetters of the fettered and sets free the men who lived in slavery, and they see that this liberation will inevitably destroy those who keep others in slavery. The governments see this; they know that their hours are numbered, and are unable to do anything. All they can do for their salvation is to defer the hour of their ruin. This they do, but their situation is none the less desperate.

The situation of the governments is like the situation of a conqueror who wants to save the city that is fired by its own inhabitants. He no sooner puts out the fire in one place than it begins to burn in two other places; he no sooner gives way to the fire and breaks off what is burning in a large building, than even this building begins to burn from two sides. These individual fires are still rare, but having started with a spark, they will not stop until everything is consumed.

And just as the governments find themselves in such unprotected straits in the presence of men who profess Christianity, and when but very little is wanting for this force, which seems so powerful and which was reared through so many centuries, to fall to pieces, the public leaders preach that it is not only unnecessary, but even harmful and immoral, for every individual to try and free himself from slavery. It is as though some people, to free a dammed up river, should have all but cut through a ditch, when nothing but an opening is necessary for the water to flow into this ditch and do the rest, and there should appear some people who would persuade them that, rather than let off the water, they should construct above the river a machine with buckets, which, drawing the water up on one side, would drop it into the same river from the other side.

But the matter has gone too far: the governments feel their indefensibleness and weakness, and the men of the

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Christian consciousness are awakening from their lethargy and are beginning to feel their strength.

"I brought the fire upon earth," said Christ, "and how I long for it to burn up!"

And this fire is beginning to burn up.

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X.

CHRISTIANITY in its true meaning destroys the state. Thus it was understood from the very beginning, and Christ was crucified for this very reason, and thus it has always been understood by men who are not fettered by the necessity of proving the justification of the Christian state. Only when the heads of the states accepted the external nominal Christianity did they begin to invent all those impossible finely spun theories, according to which Christianity was compatible with the state. But for every sincere and serious man of our time it is quite obvious that true Christianity — the teaching of humility, of forgiveness of offences, of love — is incompatible with the state, with its magnificence, its violence, its executions, and its wars. The profession of true Christianity not only excludes the possibility of recognizing the state, but even destroys its very foundations.

But if this is so, and it is true that Christianity is incompatible with the state, there naturally arises the question: "What is more necessary for the good of humanity, what more permanently secures the good of men, the political form of life, or its destruction and the substitution of Christianity in its place?"

Some men say that the state is most necessary for humanity, that the destruction of the political form would lead to the destruction of everything worked out by humanity, that the state has been and continues to be the only form of the development of humanity, and that all that evil which we see among the nations who live in

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the political form is not due to this form, but to the abuses, which can be mended without destruction, and that humanity, without impairing the political form, can develop and reach a high degree of well-being. And the men who think so adduce in confirmation of their opinion philosophic, historic, and even religious arguments, which to them seem incontrovertible. But there are men who assume the opposite, namely, that, as there was a time when humanity lived without a political form, this form is only temporary, and the time must arrive when men shall need a new form, and that this time has arrived even now. And the men who think so also adduce in confirmation of their opinion philosophic, and historic, and religious arguments, which also seem incontrovertible to them.

It is possible to write volumes in the defence of the first opinion (they have been written long ago, and there is still no end to them), and there can be written much against it (though but lately begun, many a brilliant thing has been written against it).

It is impossible to prove, as the defenders of the state claim, that the destruction of the state will lead to a social chaos, mutual rapine, murder, and the destruction of all public institutions, and the return of humanity to barbarism; nor can it be proved, as the opponents of the state claim, that men have already become so wise and good that they do not rob or kill one another, that they prefer peace to hostility, that they will themselves without the aid of the state arrange everything they need, and that therefore the state not only does not contribute to all this, but, on the contrary, under the guise of defending men, exerts a harmful and bestializing influence upon them. It is impossible to prove either the one or the other by means of abstract reflections. Still less can it be proved by experience, since the question consists in this, whether the experiment is to be made or not. The question as to

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whether the time has come for abolishing the state, or not, would be insoluble, if there did not exist another vital method for an incontestable solution of the same.

Quite independently of anybody's reflections as to whether the chicks are sufficiently matured for him to drive the hen away from the nest and let the chicks out of their eggs, or whether they are not yet sufficiently matured, the incontestable judges of the case will be the chicks themselves, when, unable to find enough room in their eggs, they will begin to pick them with their bills, and will themselves come out of them.

The same is true of the question whether the time for destroying the political form and for substituting another form has come, or not. If a man, in consequence of the higher consciousness matured in him, is no longer able to comply with the demands of the state, no longer finds room in it, and at the same time no longer is in need of the preservation of the political form, the question as to whether men have matured for the change of the political form, or not, is decided from an entirely different side, and just as incontestably as for the chick that has picked its shell, into which no power in the world can again return it, by the men themselves who have outgrown the state and who cannot be returned to it by any power in the world.

"It is very likely that the state was necessary and even now is necessary for all those purposes which you ascribe to it," says the man who has made the Christian life-conception his own, "but all I know is that, on the one hand, I no longer need the state, and, on the other, I can no longer perform those acts which are necessary for the existence of the state. Arrange for yourselves what you need for your lives: I cannot prove either the common necessity, or the common harm of the state; all I know is what I need and what not, what I may do and what not. I know for myself that I do not need any separation from

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the other nations, and so I cannot recognize my exclusive belonging to some one nation or state, and my subjection to any government; I know in my own case that I do not need all those government offices and courts, which are the product of violence, and so I cannot take part in any of them; I know in my own case that I do not need to attack other nations and kill them, nor defend myself by taking up arms, and so I cannot take part in wars and in preparations for them. It is very likely that there are some people who cannot regard all that as necessary and indispensable. I cannot dispute with them, — all I know concerning myself, but that I know incontestably, is that I do not need it all and am not able to do it. I do not need it, and I cannot do it, not because I, my personality, do not want it, but because He who has sent me into life, and has given me the incontestable law for guidance in my life, does not want it."

No matter what arguments men may adduce in proof of the danger of abolishing the power of the state and that this abolition may beget calamities, the men who have outgrown the political form can no longer find their place in it. And, no matter what arguments may be adduced to a man who has outgrown the political form, about its indispensableness, he cannot return to it, cannot take part in the affairs which are denied by his consciousness, just as the full-grown chicks can no longer return into the shell which they have outgrown.

"But even if this is so," say the defenders of the existing order, "the abolition of the violence of state would be possible and desirable only if all men became Christians. So long as this is not the case, so long as among men who only call themselves Christians there are men who are no Christians, evil men, who for the sake of their personal lust are prepared to do harm to others, the abolition of the power of state would not only fail to be a good for all the rest, but would even increase their

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wretchedness. The abolition of the political form of life is undesirable, not only when there is a small proportion of true Christians, but even when all shall be Christians, while in their midst or all about them, among other nations, there shall remain non-Christians, because the non-Christians will with impunity rob, violate, kill the Christians and make their life miserable. What will happen will be that the evil men will with impunity rule the good and do violence to them. And so the power of state must not be abolished until all the bad, rapacious men in the world are destroyed. And as this will not happen for a long time to come, if at all, this power, in spite of the attempts of individual Christians at emancipating themselves from the power of state, must be maintained for the sake of the majority of men." Thus speak the defenders of the state. "Without the state the evil men do violence to the good and rule over them, but the power of state makes it possible for the good to keep the evil in check," they say.

But, in asserting this, the defenders of the existing order of things decide in advance the justice of the position which it is for them to prove. In saying that without the power of state the evil men would rule over the good, they take it for granted that the good are precisely those who at the present time have power, and the bad the same who are now subjugated. But it is precisely this that has to be proved. This would be true only if in our world took place what really does not take place, but is supposed to take place, in China, namely, that the good are always in power, and that, as soon as at the helm of the government stand men who are not better than those over whom they rule, the citizens are obliged to depose them. Thus it is supposed to be in China, but in reality this is not so, and cannot be so, because, in order to overthrow the power of the violating government, it is not enough to have the right to do so, — one must also have

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the force. Consequently this is only assumed to be so even in China; but in our Christian world this has never even been assumed. In our world there is not even any foundation for assuming that better men or the best should rule, and not those who have seized the power and retain it for themselves and for their descendants. Better men are absolutely unable to seize the power and to retain it.

In order to get the power and retain it, it is necessary to love power; but love of power is not connected with goodness, but with qualities which are the opposite of goodness, such as pride, cunning, cruelty.

Without self-aggrandizement and debasement of others, without hypocrisy, deceit, prisons, fortresses, executions, murders, a power can neither arise nor maintain itself.

"If the power of state be abolished, the more evil men will rule over the less evil ones," say the defenders of the state. But if the Egyptians subjugated the Jews, the Persians the Egyptians, the Macedonians the Persians, the Romans the Greeks, the barbarians the Romans, is it possible that all those who have subjugated were better than those whom they subjugated?

And similarly, in the transference of the power in one state from one set of persons to another, has the power always passed into the hands of those who were better? When Louis XVI. was deposed, and Robespierre and later Napoleon ruled, who did rule? Better or worse men? And when did better men rule, when men from Versailles or from the Commune were in power? or when Charles I. or Cromwell was at the head of the government? or when Peter III. was Tsar or when he was killed, and the sovereign was Catherine for one part of Russia and Pugachév for the other? Who was then evil and who good?

All men in power assert that their power is necessary in order that the evil men may not do violence to the

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good, meaning by this that they are those same good men, who protect others against the evil men.

But to rule means to do violence, and to do violence means to do what the other man, on whom the violence is exerted, does not wish to have done to him, and what, no doubt, he who exerts the violence would not wish to have done to himself; consequently, to rule means to do to another what we do not wish to have done to ourselves, that is, to do evil.

To submit means to prefer suffering to violence. But to prefer suffering to violence means to be good, or at least less evil than those who do to another what they do not wish to have done to themselves.

And so all the probabilities are in favour of the fact that not those who are better than those over whom they rule, but, on the contrary, those who are worse, have always been and even now are in power. There may also be worse men among those who submit to the power, but it cannot be that better men should rule over worse men.

This was impossible to assume in case of the pagan inexact definition of goodness; but with the Christian lucid and exact definition of goodness and evil, it is impossible to think so. If more or less good men, more or less bad men, cannot be distinguished in the pagan world, the Christian conception of good and evil has so clearly defined the symptoms of the good and the evil, that they can no longer be mistaken. According to Christ's teaching the good are those who humble themselves, suffer, do not resist evil with force, forgive offences, love their enemies; the evil are those who exalt themselves, rule, struggle, and do violence to people, and so, according to Christ's teaching, there is no doubt as to where the good are among the ruling and the subjugated. It even sounds ridiculous to speak of ruling Christians.

The non-Christians, that is, those who base their lives on the worldly good, must always rule over Christians,

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over those who assume that their lives consist in the renunciation of this good.

Thus it has always been and it has become more and more definite, in proportion as the Christian teaching has been disseminated and elucidated.

The more the true Christianity spread and entered into the consciousness of men, the less it was possible for Christians to be among the rulers, and the easier it grew for non-Christians to rule over Christians.

"The abolition of the violence of state at a time when not all men in society have become true Christians would have this effect, that the bad would rule over the good and would with impunity do violence to them," say the defenders of the existing order of life.

"The bad will rule over the good and will do violence to them."

But it has never been different, and it never can be. Thus it has always been since the beginning of the world, and thus it is now. The bad always rule over the good and always do violence to them. Cain did violence to Abel, cunning Jacob to trustful Esau, deceitful Laban to Jacob; Caiaphas and Pilate ruled over Christ, the Roman emperors ruled over a Seneca, an Epictetus, and good Romans who lived in their time. John IV. with his oprichniks, the drunken syphilitic Peter with his fools, the harlot Catherine with her lovers, ruled over the industrious religious Russians of their time and did violence to them. William rules over the Germans, Stambulov over the Bulgarians, Russian officials over the Russian people. The Germans ruled over the Italians, now they rule over Hungarians and Slavs; the Turks have ruled over Greeks and Slavs; the English rule over Hindoos; the Mongolians rule over the Chinese.

Thus, whether the political violence be abolished or not, the condition of the good men who are violated by the bad will not be changed thereby.

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It is absolutely impossible to frighten men with this, that the bad will rule over the good, because what they are frightened with is precisely what has always been and cannot be otherwise.

The whole pagan history of humanity consists of only those cases when the worse seized the power over the less bad, and, having seized it, maintained it by cruelties and cunning, and, proclaiming themselves as guardians of justice and defenders of the good against the bad, ruled over the good. As to the rulers' saying that, if it were not for their power, the worse would do violence to the good, it means only this, that the violators in power do not wish to cede this power to other violators, who may wish to take it from them. But, in saying this, the rulers only give themselves away. They say that their power, that is, violence, is necessary for the defence of men against some other violators, or such as may still appear.[1]

The exercise of violence is dangerous for the very reason that, as soon as it is exercised, all the arguments adduced by the violators can, not only with the same, but even with greater force, be applied against them. They speak of the past, and more frequently of the imaginary future of violence, but themselves without cessation commit acts of violence. "You say that men used to rob and kill others, and you are afraid that men will rob and kill one another, if your power does not exist. That may be so or not, but your ruining thousands of men in prisons, at hard labour, in fortresses, in exile; your ruining

[1] Comically striking in this respect is the naïve assertion of the Russian authorities in doing violence to other nationalities, the Poles, Baltic Germans, Jews. The Russian government practises extortion on its subjects, for centuries has not troubled itself about the Little Russians in Poland, nor about the Letts in the Baltic provinces, nor about the Russian peasants who have been exploited by all manner of men, and suddenly it becomes a defender of the oppressed against the oppressors, those very oppressors whom it oppresses. — *Author's Note.*

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millions of families with your militarism, and destroying millions of people physically and morally, is not imaginary, but real violence, against which, according to your own statement, people ought to fight by exercising violence. Consequently, those evil men, against whom, according to your own reflection, it is absolutely necessary to exercise violence, are you yourselves," is what the violated ought to say to the violators, and the non-Christians have always spoken and thought and acted in this manner. If the violated are worse than those who exercise violence, they attack them and try to overthrow them, and, under favourable conditions, do overthrow them, or, what is most usual, enter the ranks of the violators and take part in their acts of violence.

Thus the very thing with which the defenders of the state frighten men, that, if there did not exist a violating power, the bad would be ruling over the good, is what without cessation has been accomplished in the life of humanity, and so the abolition of political violence can in no case be the cause of the increase of the violence of the bad over the good.

When the violence of the government is destroyed, acts of violence will, probably, be committed by other men than before; but the sum of the violence will in no case be increased, simply because the power will pass from the hands of one set of men into those of another.

"The violence of state will be stopped only when the bad men in society shall be destroyed," say the defenders of the existing order, meaning by this that, since there will always be bad men, violence will never come to a stop. That would be true only if what they assume actually existed, namely, that the violators are better, and that the only means for the emancipation of men from evil is violence. In that case violence could, indeed, never be stopped. But as this is not the case, and the very opposite is true, namely, that it is not the better

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men who exercise violence against the bad, but the bad who do violence to the good, and that outside of violence, which never puts a stop to evil, there is another means for the abolition of violence, the assertion that violence will never stop is not correct. Violence grows less and less, and must evidently stop, but not, as the defenders of the existing order imagine, because men who are subject to violence will in consequence of the influence exerted upon them by the governments become better and better (in consequence of this they will, on the contrary, always become worse), but because, since all men are constantly growing better and better, even the worst men in power, growing less and less evil, will become sufficiently good to be incapable of exercising violence.

The forward movement of humanity takes place, not in this way, that the best elements of society, seizing the power and using violence against those men who are in their power, make them better, as the conservatives and revolutionists think, but, in the first and chief place, in that all men in general unswervingly and without cessation more and more consciously acquire the Christian life-conception, and in the second place, in that, even independently of the conscious spiritual activity of men, men unconsciously, in consequence of the very process of seizure of power by one set of men and transference to another set, and involuntarily are brought to a more Christian relation to life. This process takes place in the following manner: the worst elements of society, having seized the power and being in possession of it, under the influence of the sobering quality which always accompanies it, become less and less cruel and less able to make use of the cruel forms of violence, and, in consequence of this, give place to others, in whom again goes on the process of softening and, so to speak, unconscious Christianization.

What takes place in men is something like the process of

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boiling. All the men of the majority of the non-Christian life-conception strive after power and struggle to obtain it. In this struggle the most cruel and coarse, and the least Christian elements of society, by doing violence to the meeker, more Christian people, who are more sensible to the good, rise to the higher strata of society. And here with the men in this condition there takes place what Christ predicted, saying: "Woe unto you that are rich, that are full now, and when all are glorified." What happens is that men in power, who are in possession of the consequences of power, — of glory and wealth, — having reached certain different aims, which they have set to themselves in their desires, recognize their vanity and return to the position which they left. Charles V., John IV., Alexander I., having recognized all the vanity and evil of power, renounced it, because they saw all its evil and were no longer able calmly to make use of violence as of a good deed, as they had done before.

But it is not only a Charles and an Alexander who travel on this road and recognize the vanity and evil of power: through this unconscious process of softening of manners passes every man who has acquired the power toward which he has been striving, not only every minister, general, millionaire, merchant, but also every head of an office, who has obtained the place he has been ten years waiting for, every well-to-do peasant, who has laid by a hundred or two hundred roubles.

Through this process pass not only separate individuals, but also aggregates of men, whole nations.

The temptations of power and of everything which it gives, of wealth, honours, luxurious life, present themselves as a worthy aim for the activity of men only so long as the power is not attained; but the moment a man attains it, they reveal their emptiness and slowly lose their force of attraction, like clouds, which have form and beauty only from a distance: one needs but

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enter them, in order that that which seemed beautiful in them should disappear.

Men who have attained power and wealth, frequently the very men who have gained them, more frequently their descendants, stop being so anxious for power and so cruel in attaining it.

Having through experience, under the influence of Christianity, learned the vanity of the fruits of violence, men, at times in one, at others in a few generations, lose those vices which are evoked by the passion for power and wealth, and, becoming less cruel, do not hold their position, and are pushed out of power by other, less Christian, more evil men, and return to strata of society lower in position, but higher in morality, increasing the average of the Christian consciousness of all men. But immediately after them other, worse, coarser, less Christian elements of society rise to the top, again are subjected to the same process as their predecessors, and again in one or a few generations, having experienced the vanity of the fruits of violence and being permeated by Christianity, descend to the level of the violated, and again make place for new, less coarse violators than the preceding ones, but coarser than those whom they oppress. Thus, despite the fact that the power remains externally the same that it was, there is with every change of men in power a greater increase in the number of men who by experience are brought to the necessity of accepting the Christian life-conception, and with every change the coarsest, most cruel, and least Christian of all enter into the possession of the power, but they are such as are constantly less coarse and cruel and more Christian than their predecessors.

Violence selects and attracts the worst elements of society, works them over, and, improving and softening them, returns them to society.

Such is the process by means of which Christianity, in

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spite of the violence which is exercised by the power of the state and which impedes the forward movement of humanity, takes possession of men more and more. Christianity is penetrating into the consciousness of men, not only despite the violence exerted by the power, but even by means of it.

And thus the assertion of the defenders of the political structure that, if the violence of the state be abolished, the evil men will rule over the good, not only does not prove that this (the ruling of the bad over the good) is dangerous, for it is precisely what is taking place now, but, on the contrary, proves that the violence of the state, which gives the bad a chance to rule over the good, is the very evil which it is desirable to destroy, and which is continuously destroyed by life itself.

"But even if it were true that the violence of the state will come to an end when those who are in power shall become Christian enough to renounce the power of their own choice, and there shall no longer be found any men who are prepared to take their places, and if it is true that this process is taking place," say the defenders of the existing order, "when will that be? If eighteen hundred years have passed and there are still so many volunteers who are ready to rule, and so few who are ready to submit, there is no probability that this will happen very soon, or ever at all.

"If there are, as there have been among all men, such as prefer to refuse power rather than to use it, the supply of men who prefer ruling to submitting is so great that it is hard to imagine the time when it shall be exhausted.

"For this process of the Christianization of all men to take place, for all men one after another to pass over from the pagan concept of life to the Christian, and voluntarily renounce power and wealth, and for no one to desire to make use of them, it is necessary that not only all those rude, semisavage men, who are entirely incapable of

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adopting Christianity and following it, and of whom there are always such a great number amidst every Christian society, but also all savage and non-Christian nations in general, of whom there are so many outside the Christian society, should be made Christian. And so, even if we admit that the process of Christianization will some day be accomplished in the case of all men, we must assume, judging from how much the matter has advanced in eighteen hundred years, that this will happen in several times eighteen hundred years, — and so it is impossible and useless to think now of the impossible abolition of power, and all we should think of is that the power should be vested in the best of hands."

Thus retort the defenders of the existing order. And this reflection would be quite correct if the transition of men from one concept of life to another took place only by force of the one process where every man learns individually and one after another by experience the vanity of power, and by an inner way reaches the Christian truths.

This process takes place without cessation, and by this way men one after another pass over to the side of Christianity.

But men pass over to the side of Christianity not by this inner path alone; there is also an external method, with which the gradualness of this transition is destroyed.

The transition of men from one structure of life to another does not always take place in the manner in which the sand is poured out from an hour-glass, — one kernel of sand after another, from the first to the last, — but rather like water pouring into a vessel that is immerged in the water, when it at first admits the water evenly and slowly at one side, and then, from the weight of the water already taken in, suddenly dips down fast and almost all at once receives all the water which it can hold.

The same occurs with societies of men at the transition

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from one concept, and so from one structure of life, to another. It is only at first that one after another slowly and gradually receives the new truth by an inner way and follows it through life; but after a certain diffusion it is no longer received in an internal manner, nor gradually, but all at once, almost involuntarily.

And so there is no truth in the reflection of the defenders of the existing order that, if in the course of eighteen hundred years only a small part of mankind has passed over to the side of Christianity, it will take several times eighteen hundred years before the rest of humanity will pass over to its side; there is no truth in it, because with this reflection no attention is paid to any other than the internal attainment of the truth, and the transition from one form of life to another.

This other method of attaining a newly revealed truth and transition to a new structure of life consists in this, that men do not attain the truth simply because they perceive it with a prophetic feeling or experience of life, but also because at a certain stage of the dissemination of the truth all men who stand on a lower stage of development accept it all at once, out of confidence in those who have accepted it in an internal way, and apply it to life.

Every new truth, which changes the composition of human life and moves humanity forward, is at first accepted by only a very small number of men, who understand it in an internal way. The rest, who out of confidence had accepted the previous truth, on which the existing order is based, always oppose the dissemination of the new truth.

But since, in the first place, men do not stand still, but incessantly move forward, comprehending the truth more and more, and approaching it with their lives, and, in the second place, all of them, through their age, education, and race, are predisposed to a gradation of men, from those who are most capable to comprehend newly re-

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vealed truths in an internal way to those who are least capable to do so, the men who stand nearest to those who have attained the truth in an internal way one after another, at first after long periods of time, and then more and more frequently, pass over to the side of the new truth, and the number of men who recognize the new truth grows larger and larger, and the truth grows all the time more and more comprehensible.

The greater the number of men who attain the truth and the more the truth is comprehensible, the more confidence is evoked in the rest of the men, who in their ability to comprehend stand on a lower stage, and the easier does the attainment of the truth grow for them, and the greater is the number who make the truth their own. Thus the movement keeps accelerating and accelerating, expanding and expanding, like a snowball, until there germinates a public opinion which is in accord with the new truth, and the remaining mass of men no longer singly, but in a body, under the pressure of this force, passes over to the side of the new truth, and a new structure of life is established, which is in agreement with this truth.

Men who pass over to the side of a new truth which has reached a certain degree of dissemination always do so all at once, in a mass, and they are like that ballast with which every vessel is laden all at once for its stable equilibrium and regular course. If there were no ballast, the vessel would not stay in the water, and would be changing its course with the least change in conditions. This ballast, though at first it seems to be superfluous and even to retard the ship's motion, is a necessary condition of its regular motion.

The same is true of that mass of men who, not one by one, but always all together, under the influence of a new public opinion, pass over from one concept of life to another. By its inertia this mass always retards the rapid,

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frequent transitions, unverified by human wisdom, from one structure of life to another, and for a long time retains every truth which, verified by a long experience of a struggle, has entered into the consciousness of humanity.

And so there is no truth in the reflection that, if only a small, a very small, part of humanity has attained the Christian truth in the course of eighteen centuries, the whole of humanity will attain it only in many, many times eighteen hundred years, that is, that it is so far away that we of the present time need not even think of it. It is untrue, because the men who stand on a lower stage of development, those very nations and people whom the defenders of the existing order represent as a hindrance for the realization of the Christian structure of life, are the same people who always at once, in a mass, pass over to the side of a truth which is accepted by public opinion.

Therefore the change in the life of humanity, the one in consequence of which men in power will renounce the power and among the men who submit to power there will not be found such as are desirous of seizing it, will not arrive when all men one after another to the very last shall have consciously attained the Christian life-conception, but when there arises a definite, easily comprehensible Christian public opinion which will conquer all that inert mass that is unable by an internal way to attain the truths and so is always subject to the effect of public opinion.

But public opinion to arise and be diffused does not need hundreds and thousands of years, and has the property of acting infectiously upon people and with great rapidity embracing large numbers of men.

"But if it is even true," the defenders of the existing order will say, "that public opinion, at a certain stage of its definiteness and lucidity, is able to make the inert mass of men outside the Christian societies, — the non-

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Christian nations, — and corrupt and coarse men, who live within the societies, submit to it, what are the symptoms that this Christian public opinion has arisen and may take the place of violence?

"It is not right for us to take the risk and reject violence, by which the existing order is maintained, and to depend on the impalpable and indefinite force of public opinion, leaving it to the savage men outside and inside the societies with impunity to rob, kill, and in every way violate the Christians.

"If with the aid of the power we with difficulty eddy away from the non-Christian elements, which are ever ready to inundate us and destroy all the progress of the Christian civilization, is there, in the first place, a probability that public opinion can take the part of this force and make us secure, and, in the second, how are we to find that moment when public opinion has become so strong that it can take the place of the power? To remove the power and to depend for our self-defence on nothing but public opinion means to act as senselessly as would a man who in a menagerie would throw away his weapons and let out all the lions and tigers from their cages, depending on the fact that the animals in the cages and in the presence of heated rods appeared tame.

"And so the men who have the power, who by fate or by God are placed in the position of the ruling, have no right to risk the ruin of all the progress of civilization, only because they would like to make an experiment as to whether public opinion can take the place of the protection of power, and so must not give up their power."

The French writer, Alphonse Karr, now forgotten, has said somewhere, when speaking of the impossibility of abolishing capital punishment, "*Que Messieurs les assassins commencent par nous donner l'exemple,*" and many times after that have I heard the repetition of this joke by men who thought that with these words they gave a

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conclusive and clever argument against the abolition of capital punishment. And yet it is impossible more lucidly to express all that falseness of the argument of those who think that the governments cannot give up their power so long as men are capable of it, than by this very joke.

"Let the assassins," say the defenders of the violence of state, "set us the example, by abolishing murder, and then we shall abolish it." But the assassins say the same, only with greater right. The assassins say, "Let those who have undertaken to teach and guide us set us the example of abolishing murder, and then we will follow them." And they do not say so for a joke, but in all seriousness, because such indeed is the state of affairs.

"We cannot desist from violence, because we are on all sides surrounded by violators."

Nothing in our day interferes more than this false consideration with the forward motion of humanity and the establishment among it of that structure of life which is already proper for its present consciousness.

The men in power are convinced that it is only violence that moves and guides men, and so they boldly use violence for the maintenance of the present order of things. But the existing order is not maintained through violence, but through public opinion, the effect of which is impaired by violence.

Thus the activity of violence weakens and impairs precisely what it intends to maintain.

Violence, in the best case, if it does not pursue only the personal ends of men in power, always denies and condemns by the one immovable form of the law what for the most part has been denied and condemned before by public opinion, but with this difference, that, while public opinion denies and condemns all acts which are contrary to the moral law, embracing in its condemnation the most varied propositions, the law which is supported

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by violence condemns and persecutes only a certain, very narrow order of acts, thus, as it were, justifying all the acts of the same order which have not entered into its definition. Public opinion has ever since the time of Moses considered avarice, debauchery, and cruelty to be evil, and has condemned them; and this public opinion denies and condemns every kind of a manifestation of avarice, — not only the acquisition of another man's property by means of violence, deceit, and cunning, but also a cruel usufruct of the same; it condemns every kind of debauchery, be it fornication with a concubine, or a slave, a divorced wife, or even one's own wife; it condemns every cruelty which is expressed in assaults, in bad treatment, in the murder, not only of men, but also of animals. But the law, which is based on violence, prosecutes only certain forms of avarice, such as theft, rascality, and certain forms of debauchery and cruelty, such as the violation of marital fidelity, murders, crippling, — therefore, as it were, permitting all those phases of avarice, debauchery, and cruelty which do not fit in with the narrow definition, which is subject to misinterpretations.

But not only does violence distort public opinion, — it also produces in men that pernicious conviction that men are not moved by spiritual force, which is the source of every forward movement of humanity, but by violence, — that very action which not only does not bring people nearer to truth, but always removes them from it. This delusion is pernicious in that it compels men to neglect the fundamental force of their life, — their spiritual activity, — and to transfer all their attention and energy to the superficial, idle, and for the most part harmful, activity of violence.

This delusion is like the one men would be in if they wished to make a locomotive move by turning its wheels with their hands, forgetting entirely that the prime cause of its motion is the expansion of steam and not the mo-

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tion of the wheels. Men who would turn the wheels with their hands and with levers would produce nothing but a semblance of motion, in the meantime bending the wheels and interfering with the possibility of the locomotive's real motion.

It is this that men do when they want to move men by means of external violence.

Men say that a Christian life without violence cannot be established, because there are savage nations outside of Christian society, — in Africa, in Asia (some people represent the Chinese as such a peril for our civilization), — and there are such savage, corrupt, and, according to the new theory of heredity, confirmed criminals amidst Christian societies; and that violence is needed for the purpose of keeping either from destroying our civilization.

But those savage men, outside and within the societies, with whom we frighten ourselves and others, have never submitted to violence, and are not even now conquered by it.

Nations have never subjugated other nations by violence alone. If a nation which subjugated another stood on a lower stage of development, there was always repeated the phenomenon that it did not introduce its structure of life by means of violence, but, on the contrary, always submitted to the structure of life which existed in the conquered nation. If a nation, crushed by force, is subjugated or close to subjugation, it is so only through public opinion, and by no means through violence, which, on the contrary, provokes the nation more and more.

If men have ever been subjugated by whole nations to a new religious confession, and by whole nations have been baptized or have passed over to Mohammedanism, these transformations did not take place because men in power compelled them to do so (violence has, on the contrary, more frequently encouraged the movements in the opposite direction), but because public opinion compelled them

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to do so; but the nations that were compelled by force to accept the faiths of their conquerors have never accepted them.

The same is true in respect to those savage elements which exist within the societies: it is not the increase nor the decrease of the severity of punishments, nor the change of prisons, nor the increase of the police, that diminish or increase the number of crimes, — it is changed only in consequence of the change in public opinion. No severities have eradicated duels and vendettas in some countries. No matter how much the Circassians may be punished for theft, they continue to steal out of bravado, because not one maiden will marry a man who has not shown his daring, by stealing a horse, or at least a sheep. If men shall stop fighting duels and Circassians shall stop stealing, this will not be so because they are afraid of punishment (the fear of being punished only increases the charm of the daring), but because public opinion will be changed. The same is true in all other crimes. Violence can never destroy what is accepted by public opinion. On the contrary, public opinion need only be diametrically opposed to violence to destroy its every action, as has always been the case with every martyrdom.

We do not know what would happen if no violence were exerted against hostile nations and criminal elements of society. But that the employment of violence at the present time does not subjugate either of them, that we know from protracted experience.

Indeed, how can we subjugate by force the nations whose whole education, all whose traditions, even religious teaching, leads them to see the highest virtue in a struggle with their enslavers and in striving after liberty? And how are we forcibly to eradicate crimes in the midst of our societies, when what by the governments are considered to be crimes are considered to be virtues by public opinion. It is possible by means of violence to destroy

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such nations and such men, as is indeed done, but it is impossible to subjugate them.

The judge of everything, the fundamental force which moves men and nations, has always been the one invisible, impalpable force, — the resultant of all the spiritual forces of a certain aggregate of men and of all humanity, which is expressed in public opinion.

Violence only weakens this force, retards, and distorts it, and puts in its place another activity, which is not only not useful, but even harmful for the forward movement of humanity.

To subjugate to Christianity all the wild people outside the Christian world, — all the Zulus, Manchurians, and Chinese, whom many consider to be wild, — and the savages within the Christian world, there is one, only one means, — the dissemination among these nations of a Christian public opinion, which is established only through a Christian life, Christian acts, Christian examples. And so in order to conquer the nations which have remained unconquered by Christianity, the men of our time, who possess one, and only one, means for this purpose, do precisely the opposite of what might attain their end.

To conquer to Christianity the wild nations, who do not touch us and who do not in any way provoke us to oppress them, we — instead of leaving them first of all alone, and, in case of necessity or of a wish to get in closer relations with them, acting upon them only through a Christian relation to them, through the Christian teaching as proved by truly Christian acts of suffering, humility, abstinence, purity, brotherhood, love — begin by this, that we open among them new markets for our commerce, with nothing but our advantage in view, seize their land, that is, rob them, sell them wine, tobacco, opium, that is, corrupt them, and establish among them our order, teach them violence and all its methods, that is, the following of nothing but the animal law of struggle, below which

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no man can descend, and we do everything which can be done in order to conceal from them whatever of Christianity there is in us. And after that we send to them about two dozen missionaries, who prattle some hypocritical ecclesiastic absurdities and, in the shape of incontrovertible proofs of the impossibility of applying the Christian truths to life, adduce these our experiments at the Christianization of the savages.

The same is true of the so-called criminals, who live within our societies. To subjugate these men to Christianity, there is but one, the only way, — the Christian public opinion, which can be established among these men only by means of the true Christian teaching, confirmed by a true, Christian example of life.

And so, to preach this Christian teaching and confirm it by a Christian example, we establish among these people agonizing prisons, guillotines, gallows, capital punishments, preparations for murder, for which we use all our strength; we establish for the common people idolatrous doctrines, which are to stupefy them; we establish the governmental sale of intoxicants, — wine, tobacco, opium; we establish even prostitution; we give the land to those who do not need it; we establish spectacles of senseless luxury amidst wretchedness; we destroy every possibility of every semblance of a Christian public opinion; we cautiously destroy the established Christian public opinion, — and then we quote these very men, who have carefully been corrupted by ourselves, and whom we lock up, like wild beasts, in places from which they cannot get away, and in which they grow more bestial still, or whom we kill, as examples of the impossibility of acting upon them otherwise than through violence.

What takes place is like what happens when conscientious ignorant physicians place a patient who has been cured by the force of Nature under most unhygienic conditions and stuff him full of poisonous medicines, and then

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claim that it was only thanks to their hygiene and care that the patient did not die, whereas the sick man would have been well long ago, if they had left him alone.

Violence, which is put forth as the instrument for maintaining the Christian structure of life, not only does not produce this effect, but, on the contrary, prevents the social structure from being what it could and should be. The social structure is such as it is, not thanks to violence, but in spite of it.

And so there is no truth in the assertion of the defenders of the existing order, that, if violence barely keeps the evil non-Christian elements of humanity from attacking us, the abolition of violence and the substitution of public opinion for it will not protect humanity. It is not true, because violence does not protect humanity, but, on the contrary, deprives humanity of the one possibility of a true protection through the establishment and diffusion of the Christian public opinion as regards the existing order of life. Only with the abolition of violence will Christian public opinion cease to be corrupt, and receive the possibility of an unimpeded diffusion, and men will not direct their strength toward what they do not need, but toward the one spiritual force which moves them.

"But how can we reject the visible, palpable protection of the policeman with his revolver, and depend on something invisible, impalpable, — the public opinion? Does it still exist, or not? Above all else, we know the order of things in which we live. Be it good or bad, we know its defects and are used to it; we know how to act, what to do under present conditions; but what will happen when we reject them and depend on something invisible, impalpable, and entirely unknown?" And the uncertainty upon which men enter, when rejecting the known order of things, seems terrible to them.

It is all very well to be afraid of the uncertainty, when

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our position is firm and secure; but our position is not only not secure, — we know for certain that we are standing on the brink of perdition.

If we have to be afraid of something, let us be afraid of what is really terrible, and not of what we only imagine to be terrible.

In our fear to make an effort to tear ourselves away from the conditions which ruin us, only because the future is not quite certain to us, we resemble the passengers of a sinking ship, who, for fear of stepping into a boat which is to take them to the shore, retreat to their cabins and refuse to come out from them; or those sheep which, out of fear of the fire which has enveloped the whole yard, press close under the penthouses and do not walk through the open gates.

How can we, who are standing on the threshold of a war of inner revolutions, which is terrifying by its wretchedness and destructiveness, and in comparison with which, as those who are preparing it say, the terrors of the year '93 will be play, speak of a danger which is threatened us by the Dahomeans, the Zulus, etc., who live far, far away, and do not think of attacking us, and by those few thousands of robbers, thieves, and murderers, whom we ourselves have stupefied and corrupted, and whose number is not at all diminishing as the result of all our courts, prisons, and capital punishments?

Besides, this fear of the abolition of the visible protection of the policeman is preëminently a fear of city people, that is, of people who live under abnormal and artificial conditions. Men who live under normal conditions of life, not amidst cities, but amidst Nature, struggling with it, live without this protection and know how little violence can protect them against the actual dangers with which they are surrounded. In this fear there is something morbid, which depends mainly on those false conditions under which many of us live and have grown up.

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An alienist told me how one summer day he was accompanied by his insane patients as far as the gate of the hospital which he was leaving. "Come with me to the city," the doctor proposed to them. The patients agreed to it, and a small crowd followed the doctor. But the farther they proceeded along the street, where took place the free motion of sound men, the more did they feel timid, and the more did they press close to the doctor, retarding his walk. Finally, they all began to ask him to take them back to the hospital, to their senseless, but habitual mode of life, to their guards, their blows, their long sleeves, their solitary cells.

Even thus men press close and hanker after their senseless structure of life, their factories, courts, prisons, capital punishments, wars, though Christianity calls them to freedom, to the free, rational life of the future, the imminent age.

Men say, "By what shall we be made secure, when the existing order is destroyed? What will the new orders be which will take the place of those of the present time, and in what will they consist? So long as we do not know how our life will be composed, we shall not move on or budge from our place."

This demand is what the explorer of new countries might put forth, in demanding a detailed description of the country into which he is entering.

If the life of the individual man, in passing from one age to another, were fully known to him, he would have no reason for living. The same is true of the life of humanity: if it had a programme of the life which awaits it as it enters upon its new age, this would be the surest symptom that it is not living, does not move on, but is whirling about in one spot.

The conditions of the new structure of life cannot be known to us, because they have to be worked out by ourselves. In this alone does life consist, namely, in recog-

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nizing the unknown and conforming our activity to this new cognition.

In this does the life of every individual and the life of human societies and of humanity consist.

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XI.

THE condition of Christian humanity, with its prisons, hard labour, gallows, with its factories, accumulations of capital, with its taxes, churches, saloons, houses of ill fame, ever growing armaments, and millions of stupefied men, who are ready, like chained dogs, to thrust themselves upon those the masters may set them on, would be terrible if it were the product of violence, whereas it is above all the product of public opinion. But what is established by public opinion not only can be, but actually is, destroyed by it.

Hundreds of millions in money, tens of millions of disciplined men, implements of destruction of wonderful power, with an organization which of late has been carried to the highest degree of perfection, with a whole army of men whose calling it is to deceive and hypnotize the masses, and all this, by means of electricity, which annihilates space, subjected to men, who not only consider such a structure of society to be advantageous for them, but even such that without it they would inevitably perish, and who, therefore, use every effort of their minds in order to maintain it, — what an invincible force, one would think!

And yet, one needs but get a conception of what it all tends to and what no one can keep back, — that among men there will be established a Christian public opinion, with the same force and universality as the pagan public opinion, and that it will take the place of the pagan one, that the majority of men will be just as ashamed of all participation in violence and its exploitation as men are

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now ashamed of rascality, stealing, beggary, cowardice, and immediately this complex and apparently powerful structure of life falls of its own accord, without any struggle. It is not necessary for anything new to enter into the consciousness of men, but only for the mist to disappear, which conceals from men the true meaning of some acts of violence, in order that this may happen and the growing Christian public opinion should get the better of the obsolescent pagan public opinion, which admitted and justified acts of violence. All that is needed is that men should feel as much ashamed of doing acts of violence, of taking part in them, and exploiting them, as it is now a disgrace to pass for a rascal, a thief, a coward, a beggar. And it is precisely this that is beginning to happen. We do not notice it, just as men do not notice any motion, when they move together with everything surrounding them.

It is true, the structure of life in its main features remains as violent in nature as it was one hundred years ago, and not only the same, but in some relations, especially in the preparations for war and in the wars themselves, it appears to be even more cruel; but the germinating Christian public opinion, which at a certain stage of its development is to change the whole pagan structure of life, is beginning to be active. The dried-up tree stands apparently as firm as before, — it even looks firmer, because it is rougher, — but it is already weakened at the pith and is getting ready to fall. The same is true of the present structure of life, which is based on violence. The external condition of men is the same: some are the violators, as before, and others are the violated; but the view of the violators and the violated upon the meaning and worth of the position of either has changed.

The violating people, that is, those who take part in the government, and those who make use of the violence, that is, the rich, no longer represent, as formerly, the flower of society and the ideal of human well-being and

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grandeur, toward which all the violated used to strive. Now very frequently it is not so much the violated who strive after the position of the violators and try to imitate them, as the violators, who frequently of their own free will renounce the advantages of their position, choose the condition of the violated, and try in simplicity of life to emulate the violated.

To say nothing of the now openly despised occupations and offices, such as those of spies, agents of secret police, usurers, saloon-keepers, a large number of occupations of violators, which formerly used to be considered respectable, such as those of policemen, courtiers, members of courts, the administration, the clergy, the military, monopolists, bankers, not only are not considered by all to be desirable, but are even condemned by a certain most respectable circle of men. There are now men who voluntarily renounce these positions, which heretofore were considered to be above reproach, and who prefer less advantageous positions, which are not connected with violence.

It is not only men of the state, but also rich men, who, not from a religious feeling, as used to be the case, but only from a peculiar sensitiveness for the germinating public opinion, refuse to receive their inherited fortunes, considering it just to use only so much as they earn by their own labour.

The conditions of the participant in the government and of the rich man no longer present themselves, as they presented themselves formerly and even now present themselves among the non-Christian nations, as unquestionably honourable and worthy of respect and as divine blessings. Very sensitive, moral men (they are for the most part the most highly cultured) avoid these conditions and prefer more modest ones, which are independent of violence.

The best young men, at an age when they are not yet

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corrupted by life and when they choose a career, prefer the activities of physicians, technologists, teachers, artists, writers, even simply of agriculturists, who live by their own labour, to positions in courts, in the administration, in the church, and in the army, which are paid by the government, or the positions of men who live on their own incomes.

The majority of monuments which are now erected are no longer in commemoration of men of state, of generals, and less certainly not of the rich, but of the learned, of artists, of inventors, of men who have not only had nothing in common with the governments, or with the authorities, but who frequently have struggled against them. It is not so much men of state and rich men, as learned men and artists, who are extolled in poetry, represented in plastic art, and honoured with festive jubilees.

The best men of our time tend toward these most honoured positions, and so the circle from which the men of state and the rich come is growing smaller and smaller, so that in intellect, culture, and especially in moral qualities, the men who now stand at the head of governments, and the rich no longer represent, as in olden times, the flower of society, but, on the contrary, stand below the average.

As in Russia and in Turkey, so in America and in France, no matter how much the governments may change their officials, the majority of them are selfish and venal men, who stand on so low a level of morality that they do not satisfy even those low demands of simple integrity which the governments make upon them. We now frequently get to hear the naïve regrets of men of state, because the best men by some strange accident, as they think, are always in the hostile camp. It is as though men should complain that by a strange accident it is always men with little refinement, who are not particularly good, that become hangmen.

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The majority of rich men, similarly, in our time are no longer composed of the most refined and cultured men of society, as used to be the case, but of coarse accumulators of wealth, who are interested only in their enrichment, for the most part by dishonest means, or of degenerating descendants of these accumulators, who not only do not play any prominent part in society, but in the majority of cases are subject to universal contempt.

Not only is the circle of men, from which the servants of the government and the rich men are chosen, growing all the time smaller and smaller, and more and more debased, but these men themselves no longer ascribe to the positions which they hold their former significance, and frequently, being ashamed of them, to the disadvantage of the cause which they serve, neglect to carry out what by their position they are called upon to do. Kings and emperors have the management of hardly anything, hardly ever have the courage to make internal changes and to enter into new external political conditions, but for the most part leave the solution of these questions to state institutions or to public opinion. All their duties reduce themselves to being the representatives of state unity and supremacy. But even this duty they are performing worse and worse. The majority of them not only do not keep themselves in their former inaccessible grandeur, but, on the contrary, are becoming more and more democratized, and even keep low company, throwing off their last external prestige, that is, violating precisely what they are called upon to maintain.

The same takes place among the military. The military men of the higher ranks, instead of encouraging the coarseness and cruelty of the soldiers, which are necessary for their business, themselves disseminate culture among the military, preach humanitarianism, and frequently themselves share the socialistic convictions of the masses, and reject war. In the late plots against the Russian govern-

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ment, many of those mixed up with them were army men. The number of these military plotters is growing larger and larger. Very frequently it happens, as was the case lately, that the soldiers, who are called upon to pacify the inhabitants, refuse to shoot at them. Military bravado is directly condemned by army men themselves, and frequently serves as a subject for ridicule.

The same is true of judges and prosecuting attorneys: judges, whose duty it is to judge and sentence criminals, manage the proceedings in such a way as to discharge them, so that the Russian government, to have men sentenced that it wants to have sentenced, never subjects them to common courts, but turns them over to so-called military courts, which represent but a semblance of courts. The same is true of prosecuting attorneys, who frequently refuse to prosecute, and, instead of prosecuting, circumvent the law, defending those whom they should prosecute. Learned jurists, who are obliged to justify the violence of power, more and more deny the right to punish, and in its place introduce theories of irresponsibility, and even not of the correction, but of the cure of those whom they call criminals.

Jailers and superintendents of hard-labour convicts for the most part become defenders of those whom they are supposed to torture. Gendarmes and spies constantly save those whom they are supposed to ruin. Clerical persons preach toleration, often also the negation of violence, and the more cultured among them try in their sermons to avoid the lie which forms the whole meaning of their position and which they are called upon to preach. Executioners refuse to carry out their duties, so that in Russia capital punishment can frequently not be carried out for want of executioners, since, in spite of the advantages held out to make hard-labour convicts become executioners, there is an ever decreasing number of such as are willing to take up the duty. Governors, rural

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judges and officers, collectors of taxes, publicans, pitying the people, frequently try to find excuses for not collecting the taxes from them. Rich men cannot make up their minds to use their wealth for themselves alone, but distribute it for public purposes. Landowners erect on their lands hospitals and schools, and some of them even renounce the ownership of land and transfer it to the agriculturists, or establish communes on it. Manufacturers build hospitals, schools, houses for their workmen, and establish savings-banks and pensions; some establish companies, in which they take an equal share with other shareholders. Capitalists give part of their capital for public, educational, artistic, philanthropic institutions. Unable to part from their wealth during their lifetime, many of them will it away after their death in favour of public institutions.

All these phenomena might appear accidental, if they did not all reduce themselves to one common cause, just as it might seem accidental that the buds should swell on some of the trees in spring, if we did not know that the cause of it is the common spring, and that, if the buds have begun to swell on some of the trees, the same no doubt will happen with all of the trees.

The same is true in the manifestation of the Christian public opinion as regards the significance of violence and of what is based upon it. If this public opinion is already influencing some very sensitive men, and causes them, each in his own business, to renounce the privileges which violence grants, or not to use them, it will continue to act on others, and will act until it will change the whole activity of men and will bring them in agreement with that Christian consciousness which is already living among the leading men of humanity.

And if there now are rulers who do not have the courage to undertake anything in the name of their own power, and who try as much as possible to resemble, not

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monarchs, but the simplest mortals, and who show their readiness to renounce their prerogatives and to become the first citizens of their republics; and if there are now army men who understand all the evil and sinfulness of war and do not wish to shoot at men belonging to another nation, or to their own; and judges and prosecuting attorneys, who do not wish to prosecute and condemn criminals; and clergymen, who renounce their lie; and publicans, who try as little as possible to perform what they are called upon to perform; and rich men, who give up their wealth, — the same will inevitably happen with other governments, other army men, other members of the court, clergymen, publicans, and rich men. And when there shall be no men to hold these positions, there will be none of these positions and no violence.

But it is not by this road alone that public opinion leads men to the abolition of the existing order and the substitution of another for it. In proportion as the positions of violence become less and less attractive, and there are fewer and fewer men willing to occupy them, their uselessness becomes more and more apparent.

In the Christian world there are the same rulers and governments, the same courts, the same publicans, the same clergy, the same rich men, landowners, manufacturers, and capitalists, as before, but there is an entirely different relation of men toward men and of the men themselves toward their positions.

It is still the same rulers, the same meetings, and chases, and feasts, and balls, and uniforms, and the same diplomats, and talks about alliances and wars; the same parliaments, in which they still discuss Eastern and African questions, and alliances, and breaches of relations, and Home Rule, and an eight-hour day. And the ministries give way to one another in the same way, and there are the same speeches, the same incidents. But men who see how one article in a newspaper changes the state of

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affairs more than dozens of meetings of monarchs and sessions of parliaments, see more and more clearly that it is not the meetings and rendezvous and the discussions in the parliaments that guide the affairs of men, but something independent of all this, which is not centred anywhere.

There are the same generals, and officers, and soldiers, and guns, and fortresses, and parades, and manœuvres, but there has been no war for a year, ten, twenty years, and, besides, one can depend less on the military for the suppression of riots, and it is getting clearer and clearer that, therefore, generals, and officers, and soldiers are only members of festive processions, — objects of amusement for rulers, large, rather expensive corps-de-ballet.

There are the same prosecutors and judges, and the same proceedings, but it is getting clearer and clearer that, since civil cases are decided on the basis of all kinds of considerations except that of justice, and since criminal cases have no sense, because punishments attain no purpose admitted even by the judges, these institutions have no other significance than that of serving as a means for supporting men who are not fit for anything more useful.

There are the same clergymen, and bishops, and churches, and synods, but it is becoming clearer and clearer to all men that these men have long ago ceased to believe in what they preach, and that, therefore, they cannot convince any one of the necessity of believing in what they themselves do not believe.

There are the same collectors of taxes, but they are becoming less and less capable of taking away by force people's property, and it is becoming clearer and clearer that people can without collectors of taxes collect all that is necessary by subscribing it voluntarily.

There are the same rich men, but it is becoming clearer and clearer that they can be useful only in proportion as

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they cease to be personal managers of their wealth and give to society all, or at least a part, of their fortunes.

When all this shall become completely clear to all, it will be natural for men to ask themselves, "But why should we feed and maintain all these kings, emperors, presidents, and members of all kinds of Chambers and ministries, if nothing results from all their meetings and discussions? Would it not be better, as some jester said, to make a queen out of rubber?"

"And what good to us are the armies, with their generals, and music, and cavalry, and drums? What good are they when there is no war and no one wants to conquer any one, and when, even if there is a war, the other nations do not let us profit from it, and the troops refuse to shoot at their own people?"

"And what good are judges and prosecutors who in civil cases do not decide according to justice and in criminal cases know themselves that all punishments are useless?"

"And of what use are collectors of taxes who unwillingly collect the taxes, while what is needed is collected without them?"

"And of what use is the clergy, which has long ago ceased to believe in what it preaches?"

"And of what use is capital in private hands, when it can be of use only by becoming the common possession?"

And having once asked themselves this, people cannot help but come to the conclusion that they ought not to support all these useless institutions.

But not only will the men who support these institutions arrive at the necessity of abolishing them, — the men themselves who occupy these positions will simultaneously or even earlier be brought to the necessity of giving up their positions.

Public opinion more and more condemns violence, and so men, more and more submitting to public opinion, are

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less and less desirous of holding their positions, which are maintained by violence, and those who hold these positions are less and less able to make use of violence.

But by not using violence, and yet remaining in positions which are conditioned by violence, the men who occupy these positions become more and more useless. And this uselessness, which is more and more felt by those who maintain these positions and by those who hold them, will finally be such that there will be found no men to maintain them and none who would be willing to hold them.

Once I was present in Moscow at some discussions about faith, which, as usual, took place during Quasimodo week near a church in Hunter's Row. About twenty men were gathered on the sidewalk, and a serious discussion on religion was going on. At the same time there was some kind of a concert in the adjoining building of the Assembly of Noblemen, and an officer of police, noticing a crowd of people gathered near the church, sent a mounted gendarme to order them to disperse. The officer had personally no desire that they should disperse. The crowd of twenty men were in nobody's way, but the officer had been standing there the whole morning, and he had to do something. The gendarme, a young lad, with his right arm jauntily akimbo and clattering sword, rode up to us and shouted commandingly, "Scatter! What are you doing there?" Everybody looked at the gendarme, and one of the speakers, a modest man in a long coat, said calmly and kindly: "We are talking about something important, and there is no reason why we should scatter. Young man, you had better get down and listen to what we are talking about, — it will do you good," and turning away, he continued his discourse. The gendarme made no reply, wheeled his horse around, and rode off.

The same thing must happen in all matters of violence.

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The officer feels ennui, he has nothing to do; the poor fellow is placed in a position where he must command. He is deprived of all human life, and all he can do is to look and command, to command and look, though his commands and his watching are of no earthly use. In such a condition all those unfortunate rulers, ministers, members of parliaments, governors, generals, officers, bishops, clergymen, even rich men are now partly and soon will be completely. They can do nothing else but command, and they command and send their messengers, as the officer sends his gendarme, to be in people's way, and since the people whom they trouble turn to them with the request that they be left alone, they imagine that they are indispensable.

But the time is coming, and will soon be here, when it shall be quite clear for all men that they are not any good and are only in the way of people, and the people whom they bother will say to them kindly and meekly, as that man in the long overcoat, "Please, do not bother us." And all the messengers and senders will have to follow that good advice, that is, stop riding with arms akimbo among the people, bothering them, and get down from their hobbies, take off their attire, listen to what people have to say, and, joining them, take hold with them of the true human work.

The time is coming, and will inevitably come, when all the institutions of violence of our time will be destroyed in consequence of their too obvious uselessness, silliness, and even indecency.

The time must come, when with the men of our world, who hold positions that are given by violence, will happen what happened with the king in Andersen's fable, "The New Royal Garment," when a small child, seeing the naked king, naïvely called out, "Behold, he is naked!" and all those who had seen it before, but had not expressed it, could no longer conceal it.

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The point of the fable is this, that to the king, a lover of new garments, there come some tailors who promise to make him an extraordinary garment. The king hires the tailors, and they begin to sew, having informed him that the peculiarity of their garment is this, that he who is useless in his office cannot see the garments.

The courtiers come to see the work of the tailors, but they see nothing, as the tailors stick their needles into empty space. But, mindful of the condition, all the courtiers say that they see the garment, and they praise it. The king does the same. The time arrives for the procession, when the king is to appear in his new garment. The king undresses himself and puts on his new garments, that is, he remains naked, and goes naked through the city. But, mindful of the condition, no one dares to say that there are no garments, until a small child calls out, "Behold, he is naked!"

The same thing must happen with all those who from inertia hold offices which have long ago become useless, when the first man who is not interested (as the proverb has it, "One hand washes the other"), in concealing the uselessness of these institutions, will point out their uselessness and will naïvely call out, "But, good people, they have long ago ceased to be good for anything."

The condition of Christian humanity, with its fortresses, guns, dynamite, cannon, torpedoes, prisons, gallows, churches, factories, custom-houses, palaces, is indeed terrible; but neither fortresses, nor cannon, nor guns shoot themselves at any one, prisons do not themselves lock any one up, the gallows does not hang any one, the churches do not of themselves deceive any one, the custom-houses hold no one back, palaces and factories do not erect and maintain themselves, but everything is done by men. But when men understand that this ought not to be done, there will be none of these things.

Men are already beginning to understand this. If not

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all men understand it as yet, the leaders among men do, those after whom follow all other men. And what the leaders have once come to understand, they can never stop understanding, and what the leaders have come to understand, all other men not only can, but inevitably must understand.

Thus the prediction that the time will come when all men shall be instructed by God, shall stop warring, shall forge the swords into ploughshares and the spears into pruning-hooks, that is, translating into our language, when all the prisons, fortresses, barracks, palaces, churches, shall remain empty, and all the gallows, guns, cannon, shall remain unused, is no longer a dream, but a definite, new form of life, toward which humanity is moving with ever increasing rapidity.

But when shall this be?

Eighteen hundred years ago Christ answered this question by saying that the end of the present world, that is, of the pagan structure of the world, would come when the calamities of men should be increased to their farthest limit and at the same time the gospel of the kingdom of God, that is, the possibility of a new, violenceless structure of the world, should be preached in all the world (Matt. xxiv. 3–28).

"But of that day and hour knoweth no man, but my Father only" (Matt. xxiv. 36), is what Christ says, for it may come any time, at any moment, even when we do not expect it.

In reply to the question when this hour shall arrive, Christ says that we cannot know it; but for the very reason that we do not know the time of its coming, we should not only be at all times prepared to meet it, as must be the goodman watching the house, and the virgins with their lamps going forth to meet the bridegroom, but also we should work with all our strength for the coming of that hour, as the servants had to work for the talents

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given to them (Matt. xxiv. 43; xxv. 1–30). In reply to the question when this hour should come, Christ admonished all men to work with all their strength for its quicker coming.

There can be no other answer. People can nowise know when the day and the hour of the kingdom of God shall arrive, because the coming of that hour depends on no one but the men themselves.

The answer is the same as that of the sage, who in reply to the question of a passer-by, how far it was to the city, answered, "Go."

How can we know how far it is to the goal toward which humanity is moving, since we do not know how humanity, on whom it depends whether to go or not, to stop, to temper the motion, or to accelerate it, will move toward that goal?

All we can know is, what we, who compose humanity, must do, and what not, in order that the kingdom of God may come. That we all know. And every one need but begin to do what we must do, and stop doing what we must not do; every one of us need only live by all that light which is within us, in order that the promised kingdom of God, toward which the heart of every man is drawn, may come at once.

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XII.

CONCLUSION

1

I HAD ended this two years' labour, when, on the ninth of September, I happened to travel on a train to a locality in the Governments of Túla and Ryazán, where the peasants had been starving the year before, and were starving still more in the present year. At one of the stations the train in which I was travelling met a special train which, under the leadership of the governor, was transporting troops with guns, cartridges, and rods for the torture and killing of those very famine-stricken peasants.

The torturing of the peasants with rods for the purpose of enforcing the decision of the authorities, although corporal punishment was abolished by law thirty years ago, has of late been applied more and more freely in Russia.

I had heard of it, had even read in newspapers of the terrible tortures of which the Governor of Nízhni-Nóvgorod, Baránov, is said to have boasted, of the tortures which had taken place in Chernígov, Tambóv, Sarátov, Astrakhán, Orél, but not once had I had a chance to see men in the process of executing these deeds.

Here I saw with my own eyes good Russians, men who are permeated with the Christian spirit, travelling with guns and rods, to kill and torture their starving brothers.

The cause that brought them out was the following:

In one of the estates of a wealthy landowner the peasants had raised a forest on a pasture which they owned

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in common with the proprietor (had raised, that is, had watched it during its growth), and had always made use of it, and so regarded this forest as their own, at least as a common possession; but the proprietor, appropriating to himself this forest, began to cut it down. The peasants handed in a complaint. The judge of the first instance irregularly (I say "irregularly," using the word employed by the prosecuting attorney and the governor, men who ought to know the case) decided the case in favour of the proprietor. All the higher courts, among them the senate, though they could see that the case had been decided irregularly, confirmed the decision, and the forest was adjudged to the proprietor. The proprietor began to cut down the forest, but the peasants, unable to believe that such an obvious injustice could be done them by a higher court, did not submit to the decree, and drove away the workmen who were sent to cut down the forest, declaring that the forest belonged to them, and that they would petition the Tsar, but would not allow the proprietor to cut down the forest.

The case was reported to St. Petersburg, whence the governor was ordered to enforce the decree of the court. The governor asked for troops, and now the soldiers, armed with bayonets, ball-cartridges, and, besides, a supply of rods, purposely prepared for this occasion and carried in a separate car, were travelling to enforce this decree of the higher authorities.

The enforcement of the decree of the higher authorities is accomplished by means of killing, of torturing men, or by means of a threat of doing one or the other, according as to whether any opposition is shown or not.

In the first case, if the peasants show any opposition, the following takes place in Russia (the same things happen wherever there are a state structure and property rights): the chief makes a speech and demands submission. The excited crowd, generally deceived by its

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leaders, does not understand a word that the representative of the power says in official book language, and continues to be agitated. Then the chief declares that if they do not submit and disperse, he will be compelled to have recourse to arms. If the crowd does not submit even then, the chief commands his men to load their guns and shoot above the heads of the crowd. If the crowd does not disperse even then, he commands the soldiers to shoot straight into the crowd, at haphazard, and the soldiers shoot, and in the street fall wounded and killed men, and then the crowd generally runs away, and the troops at the command of the chiefs seize those who present themselves to them as the main rioters, and lead them away under guard.

After that they pick up the blood-stained, dying, maimed, killed, and wounded men, frequently also women and children; the dead are buried, and the maimed are sent to the hospital. But those who are considered to be the plotters are taken to the city and tried by a special military court. If on their part there was any violence, they are sentenced to be hanged. Then they put up a gallows and with the help of ropes choke to death a few defenceless people, as has many times been done in Russia and as is being done, and must be done where the public structure is based on violence. Thus they do in case of opposition.

In the second case, when the peasants submit, there takes place something special and peculiarly Russian. What happens is this: the governor arrives at the place of action, makes a speech to the people, rebuking them for their disobedience, and either stations troops in the farms of the village, where the soldiers, quartering at times as much as a month at a time, ruin the peasants, or, satisfied with threatening them, graciously pardons the people and returns home, or, which happens more frequently than anything else, announces to them that the

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instigators ought to be punished, and arbitrarily, without trial, selects a certain number of men, who are declared to be the instigators and in his presence are subjected to tortures.

In order to give an idea as to how these things are done, I will describe an affair which took place at Orél and received the approval of the higher authorities.

What happened in Orél was this: just as here, in the Government of Túla, a proprietor wanted to take away some property from certain peasants, and the peasants opposed him, just as they did here. The point was that the landed proprietor wanted without the consent of the peasants to keep the water in his mill-pond at so high a level that their fields were inundated. The peasants objected. The proprietor entered a complaint before the County Council chief. The County Council chief illegally (as was later declared by the court) decided the case in favour of the proprietor, by permitting him to raise the water. The proprietor sent his workmen to raise the ditch through which the water ran down. The peasants were provoked by this irregular decision, and called out their wives, to prevent the proprietor's workmen from raising the ditch. The women went to the dam, overturned the carts, and drove off the workmen. The proprietor entered a complaint against the women for taking the law into their hands. The County Council chief ordered one woman from each peasant farm in the whole village to be locked up ("in the cold room"). The decision could not well be carried out; since there were several women on each farm, it was impossible to determine which of them was liable to arrest, and so the police did not carry out the decree. The proprietor complained to the governor of the inactivity of the police, and the governor, without looking into the matter, gave the rural chief the strict order immediately to enforce the decision of the County Council chief. Obeying the higher author-

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ities, the rural chief arrived in the village and, with a disrespect for men which is characteristic of the Russian authorities, commanded the policemen to seize one woman from each house. But since there were was more than one woman in each house, and it was impossible to tell which one of them was subject to incarceration, there began quarrels, and opposition was shown. In spite of these quarrels and this opposition, the rural chief commanded that one woman, no matter who she be, be seized in each house and led to a place of confinement. The peasants began to defend their wives and mothers, did not give them up, and upon this occasion beat the police and the rural chief. There appeared the first terrible crime, — an assault on the authorities, — and this new crime was reported to the city. And so the governor, like the Governor of Túla, arrived on a special train with a battalion of soldiers, with guns and rods, having made use of the telegraph, of telephones, and of the railway, and brought with him a learned doctor, who was to watch the hygienic conditions of the flogging, thus fully personifying Dzhingis Khan with the telegraphs, as predicted by Herzen.

Near the township office stood the troops, a squad of policemen with red cords, to which is attached the revolver, official persons from among the peasants, and the accused. Round about stood a crowd of one thousand people or more. Upon driving up to the township office, the governor alighted from his carriage, delivered a speech previously prepared, and called for the guilty and for a bench. This command was not understood at first. But a policeman, whom the governor always took with him, and who attended to the preparation of the tortures, which had more than once been employed in the Government, explained that what was meant was a bench for flogging. A bench was brought, the rods, which had been carried on the train, were piled up, and the executioners were called

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for. These had been previously chosen from among the horse-thieves of the village, because the soldiers refused to perform this duty.

When everything was ready, the governor commanded the first of the twelve men pointed out by the proprietor as the most guilty to step forward. The one that came out was the father of a family, a respected member of society of about forty years of age, who had bravely defended the rights of society and so enjoyed the respect of the inhabitants. He was led up to the bench, his body was bared, and he was ordered to lie down.

The peasant tried to beg for mercy, but when he saw that this was useless, he made the sign of the cross and lay down. Two policemen rushed forward to hold him down. The learned doctor stood near by, ready to offer learned medical aid. The prisoners, spitting into their hands, swished the rods and began to strike. However, it turned out that the bench was too narrow and that it was too difficult to keep the writhing, tortured man upon it. Then the governor ordered another bench to be brought and to be cleated to the first. Putting their hands to their visors and muttering: "Yes, your Excellency," some men hurriedly and humbly fulfilled the commands; meanwhile the half-naked, pale, tortured man, frowning and looking earthward, waited with trembling jaws and bared legs. When the second bench was attached, he was again put down, and the horse-thieves began to beat him again. The back, hips, and thighs, and even the sides of the tortured man began more and more to be covered with wales and bloody streaks, and with every blow there were heard dull sounds, which the tortured man was unable to repress. In the surrounding crowd were heard the sobs of the wives, mothers, children, relatives of the tortured man and of all those who were selected for the punishment.

The unfortunate governor, intoxicated by his power,

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thought that he could not do otherwise, and, bending his fingers, counted the blows, and without stopping smoked cigarettes, to light which several officious persons hastened every time to hand him a lighted match. When fifty blows had been dealt, the peasant stopped crying and stirring, and the doctor, who had been educated in a Crown institution for the purpose of serving his Tsar and country with his scientific knowledge, walked over to the tortured man, felt his pulse, listened to the beating of his heart, and announced to the representative of power that the punished man had lost consciousness and that according to the data of science it might be dangerous to his life to continue the punishment. But the unfortunate governor, who was now completely intoxicated by the sight of blood, commanded the men to go on, and the torture lasted until they had dealt seventy blows, to which number it for some reason seemed to him necessary to carry the number of the blows. When the seventieth blow was dealt, the governor said, "Enough! The next!" And the disfigured man, with his swollen back, was lifted up and carried away in a swoon, and another was taken up. The sobs and groans of the crowd became louder; but the representative of the governmental power continued the torture.

Thus they flogged the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth man,—each man receiving seventy blows. All of them begged for mercy, groaned, cried. The sobs and groans of the mass of women grew louder and more heartrending, and the faces of the men grew gloomier and gloomier; but the troops stood all about them, and the torture did not stop until the work was accomplished in the measure which for some reason appeared indispensable to the caprice of the unfortunate, half-drunken, deluded man, called a governor.

Not only were officials, officers, soldiers present, but

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with their presence they took part in this matter and kept this order of the fulfilment of the state act from being impaired on the part of the crowd.

When I asked one of the governors why these tortures are committed on men, when they have already submitted and troops are stationed in the village, he replied to me, with the significant look of a man who has come to know all the intricacies of state wisdom, that this is done because experience has shown that if the peasants are not subjected to torture they will again counteract the decrees of the power, while the performance of the torture in the case of a few men for ever confirms the decrees of the authorities.

And so now the Governor of Túla was travelling with his officials, officers, and soldiers, in order to perform just such a work. In just the same manner, that is, by means of murder or torture, were to be carried out the decree of the higher authorities, which consisted in this, that a young fellow, a landed proprietor, who had an income of one hundred thousand roubles per year, was to receive another three thousand roubles, for a forest which he had in a rascally manner taken away from a whole society of hungry and cold peasants, and be able to spend this money in two or three weeks in the restaurants of Moscow, St. Petersburg, or Paris. It was to do such a deed that the men whom I met were travelling.

Fate, as though on purpose, after my two years' tension of thought in one and the same direction, for the first time in my life brought me in contact with this phenomenon, which showed me with absolute obviousness in practice what had become clear to me in theory, namely, that the whole structure of our life is not based, as men who enjoy an advantageous position in the existing order of things are fond of imagining, on any juridical principles, but on the simplest, coarsest violence, on the murder and torture of men.

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Men who own large tracts of land or have large capitals, or who receive large salaries, which are collected from the working people, who are in need of the simplest necessities, as also those who, as merchants, doctors, artists, clerks, savants, coachmen, cooks, authors, lackeys, lawyers, live parasitically about these rich people, are fond of believing that those prerogatives which they enjoy are not due to violence, but to an absolutely free and regular exchange of services, and that these prerogatives are not only not the result of assault upon people, and the murder of them, like what took place this year in Orél and in many other places in Russia, and continually takes place in all of Europe and of America, but has even no connection whatsoever with these cases of violence. They are fond of believing that the privileges which they enjoy exist in themselves and take place and are due to a voluntary agreement among people, while the violence exerted against people also exists in itself and is due to some universal and higher juridical, political, and economical laws. These men try not to see that they enjoy the privileges which they enjoy only by dint of the same thing which now would force the peasants, who raised the forest and who were very much in need of it, to give it up to the rich proprietor, who took no part in the preservation of the forest and had no need of it, that is, that they would be flogged or killed if they did not give up this forest.

And yet, if it is quite clear that the Orél mill began to bring greater returns to the proprietor, and that the forest, which the peasants raised, is turned over to the proprietor, only in consequence of assaults or murders, or the threat of them, it must be just as clear that all the other exclusive rights of the rich, which deprive the poor of their prime necessities, are based on the same thing. If the peasants, who are in need of the land for the support of their families, do not plough the land which adjoins their

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very farms, while this land, which is capable of supporting something like one thousand families, is in the hands of one man, — a Russian, Englishman, Austrian, or some large landed proprietor, — who does not work on this land, and if the merchant, buying up the corn from the needy agriculturists, can securely keep this corn in his granaries, amidst starving people, and sell it at three times its price to the same agriculturists from whom he bought it at one-third its present worth, it is evident that this takes place from the same causes. And if one man cannot buy cheap goods, which are sold to him from beyond a conventional line called a border, without paying customs dues to people who had no share whatsoever in the production of the goods; and if people cannot help but give up their last cow for taxes, which are distributed by the government to officials and are used for the maintenance of soldiers who will kill these very taxpayers, it would seem to be obvious that even this does not take place in consequence of some abstract rights, but in consequence of the same that happened in Orél and that now may happen in the Government of Túla, and periodically in one form or another takes place in the whole world, wherever there is a state structure and there are the rich and the poor.

Because not all human relations of violence are accompanied by tortures and murders, the men who enjoy the exclusive prerogatives of the ruling classes assure themselves and others that the privileges which they enjoy are not due to any tortures or murders, but to other mysterious common causes, abstract rights, and so forth. And yet, it would seem, it is clear that, if people, though they consider this to be an injustice (all working people now do), give the main portion of their work to the capitalist, the landed proprietor, and pay taxes, though they know that bad use is made of them, they do so first of all, not because they recognize any abstract rights, of which

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they have never heard, but only because they know that they will be flogged and killed, if they do not do so.

But if there is no occasion to imprison, flog, and kill men, every time the rent for the land is collected by the landed proprietor, and the man in need of corn pays to the merchant who has cheated him a threefold price, and the factory hand is satisfied with a wage which represents proportionately half the master's income, and if a poor man gives up his last rouble for customs dues and taxes, this is due to the fact that so many men have been beaten and killed for their attempts to avoid doing what is demanded of them, that they keep this well in mind. As the trained tiger in the cage does not take the meat which is placed under his mouth, and does not lie quiet, but jumps over a stick, whenever he is ordered to do so, not because he wants to do so, but because he remembers the heated iron rod or the hunger to which he was subjected every time he did not obey, — even so men who submit to what is not advantageous for them, what even is ruinous to them, do so because they remember what happened to them for their disobedience.

But the men who enjoy prerogatives which are the result of old violence, frequently forget, and like to forget, how these prerogatives were obtained. We need, however, only think of history, not the history of the successes of various dynasties of rulers, but real history, the history of the oppression of the majority by a small number of men, to see that the bases of all the prerogatives of the rich over the poor have originated from nothing but switches, prisons, hard labour, murders.

We need but think of that constant, stubborn tendency of men to increase their well-being, which guides the men of our time, to become convinced that the prerogatives of the rich over the poor could not and cannot be maintained in any other way.

There may be oppressions, assaults, prisons, executions,

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which have not for their purpose the preservation of the prerogatives of the wealthy classes (though this is very rare), but we may boldly say that in our society, for each well-to-do, comfortably living man, there are ten who are exhausted by labour, who are envious and greedy, and who frequently suffer with their whole families,— all the prerogatives of the rich, all their luxury, all that superfluity which the rich enjoy above the average labourer, all that is acquired and supported only by tortures, incarcerations, and executions.

2

The train which I came across the ninth of September, and which carried soldiers, with their guns, cartridges, and rods, to the starving peasants, in order to secure to the rich proprietor the small forest, which he had taken from the peasants and which the peasants were in dire need of, showed me with striking obviousness to what extent men have worked out the ability of committing acts which are most revolting to their convictions and to their conscience, without seeing that they are doing so.

The special train with which I fell in consisted of one car of the first class for the governor, the officials, and the officers, and of several freight-cars, which were cram-full of soldiers.

The dashing young soldiers, in their clean new uniforms, stood crowding or sat with dangling legs in the wide-open doors of the freight-cars. Some smoked, others jostled one another, jested, laughed, displaying their teeth; others again cracked pumpkin seeds, spitting out the shells with an air of self-confidence. Some of them were running up and down the platform, toward the water-barrel, in order to get a drink, and, upon meeting an officer, tempered their gait, went through the stupid gesture of putting their hands to their brows, and with

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serious faces, as though they were doing not only something sensible, but even important, walked past them, seeing them off with their eyes, and then raced more merrily, thumping with their feet on the planks of the platform, laughing, and chattering, as is characteristic of healthy, good lads, who in good company travel from one place to another.

They were travelling to slay their hungry fathers and grandfathers, as though going to some very jolly, or at least very usual, piece of work.

The same impression was conveyed by the officials and officers in gala-uniform, who were scattered on the platform and in the hall of the first class. At the table, which was covered with bottles, dressed in his semi-military uniform, sat the governor, the chief of the expedition, eating something, and speaking calmly about the weather with an acquaintance whom he had met, as though the matter which he was about to attend to were so simple and so common that it could not impair his calm and his interest in the change of the weather.

At some distance away from the table, not partaking of any food, sat a general of gendarmes, with an impenetrable, but gloomy look, as though annoyed by the tedious formality. On all sides moved and chattered officers, in their beautiful, gold-bedecked uniforms: one, sitting at the table, was finishing a bottle of beer; another, standing at the buffet, munched at an appetizing patty, shaking off the crumbs, which had lodged on the breast of his uniform, and throwing the money on the table with a self-confident gesture; a third, vibrating both legs, was walking past the cars of our train, ogling the feminine faces.

All these men, who were on their way to torture or kill hungry, defenceless men, the same that fed them, had the appearance of men who know conclusively that they are doing what is right, and even are proud, "stuck up," at what they are doing.

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What is this?

All these men are one half-hour's ride away from the place where, to secure to a rich fellow some three thousand useless roubles, which he has taken away from a whole community of starving peasants, they may be compelled to perform the most terrible acts that one can imagine, may begin, just as in Orél, to kill or to torture innocent men, their brothers, and they calmly approach the place and time where and when this may happen.

It is impossible to say that these men, all these officials, officers, and soldiers, do not know what awaits them, because they prepared themselves for it. The governor had to give his orders concerning the rods, the officials had to purchase birch switches, to haggle for them, and to enter this item as an expense. The military gave and received and executed commands concerning the ball-cartridges. All of them know that they are on the way to torture and, perhaps, to kill their famished brothers, and that they will begin to do this, perhaps, within an hour.

It would be incorrect to say that they do this from conviction, — as is frequently said and as they themselves repeat, — from the conviction that they do this because it is necessary to maintain the state structure, in the first place, because all these men have hardly ever even thought of the state structure and of its necessity; in the second place, they can in no way be convinced that the business in which they take part maintains the state, instead of destroying it, and, in the third place, in reality the majority of these men, if not all, will not only never sacrifice their peace and pleasure for the purpose of supporting the state, but will even never miss a chance of making use, for their peace and pleasure, of everything they can, even though it be to the disadvantage of the state. Consequently they do not do so for the sake of the abstract principle of the state.

What is it, then?

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I know all these men. If I do not know them personally, I know approximately their characters, their past, their manner of thought. All of them have mothers, and some have wives and children. They are, for the most part, good-hearted, meek, frequently tender men, who despise every cruelty, to say nothing of the murder of men, and many of them would be incapable of killing or torturing animals; besides, they are all people who profess Christianity and consider violence exerted against defenceless men a low and disgraceful matter. Not one of these men would be able for the sake of his smallest advantage to do even one-hundredth part of what the Governor of Orél did to those people; and any of them would even be offended, if it were assumed that in his private life he would be capable of doing anything like it.

And yet, here they are, within half an hour's ride from the place, where they may be led inevitably to the necessity of doing it.

What is it, then?

But, besides these people who are travelling on the train, and who are ready to commit murder and tortures, how could those people with whom the whole matter began, — the proprietor, the superintendent, the judges, and those who from St. Petersburg prescribed this matter and by their commands are taking part in it, — how could these men, the minister, the emperor, also good men, who are professing the Christian religion, have undertaken and ordered such a thing, knowing its consequences? How can even those who do not take part in this matter, the spectators, who are provoked at every special case of violence or at the torture of a horse, admit the performance of so terrible a deed? How can they help being provoked at it, standing on the road, and shouting, "No, we shall not allow hungry people to be killed and flogged for not giving up their property, which has been seized from them by force"? But not only does no one do so,

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— the majority of men, even those who were the instigators of the whole thing, like the superintendent, the proprietor, the judges, and those who were the participants in it and who gave the orders, like the governor, the minister, the emperor, are calm, and do not even feel any pangs of conscience. Just as calm are apparently all those men who are travelling to commit this evil deed.

The spectators, too, it seemed, who were not in any way interested in the matter, for the most part looked with sympathy, rather than with disapproval, upon the men who were getting ready for this execrable deed. In the same car with me there was travelling a merchant, a lumber dealer from the peasant class, and he loudly proclaimed his sympathy for those tortures to which the peasants were about to be subjected: "It is not right not to obey the authorities," he said; "that's what the authorities are for. Just wait, they will have their fleas driven out of them, — they won't think of rioting after that. Serves them right."

What is it, then?

It is equally impossible to say that all these men — the instigators, participants, abettors of this matter — are such rascals that, knowing all the baseness of what they are doing, they, either for a salary, or for an advantage, or out of fear of being punished, do a thing which is contrary to their convictions. All these men know how, in certain situations, to defend their convictions. Not one of these officials would steal a purse, or read another person's letter, or bear an insult without demanding satisfaction from the insulter. Not one of these officers would have the courage to cheat at cards, not to pay his card debts, to betray a friend, to run away from the field of battle, or to abandon his flag. Not one of these soldiers would have the courage to spit out the sacrament or to eat meat on Good Friday. All these men are prepared to bear all kinds of privations, sufferings, and dangers,

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rather than do something which they consider to be bad. Consequently, there is in these men a counteracting force, whenever they have to do something which is contrary to their convictions.

Still less is it possible to say that all these men are such beasts that it is proper and not at all painful for them to do such things. We need but have a talk with these men, to see that all of them, the proprietor, the judges, the minister, the Tsar, the governor, the officers, and the soldiers not only in the depth of their hearts do not approve of such deeds, but even suffer from the consciousness of their part in them, when they are reminded of the significance of this matter. They simply try not to think of it.

We need but have a talk with them, with all the participants in this matter, from the proprietor to the last policeman and soldier, to see that all of them in the depth of their hearts know that this is a bad thing and that it would be better not to take part in it, and that they suffer from it.

A lady of liberal tendencies, who was travelling on the same train with us, upon noticing the governor and the officers in the hall of the first class, and learning of the purpose of their journey, began on purpose in a loud voice, so as to be heard, to curse the orders of our time and to put to shame the men who were taking part in this matter. All persons present felt ill at ease. Nobody knew whither to look, but no one dared to answer her. The passengers looked as though it were not worth while to reply to such empty talk. But it was evident from the faces and fugitive eyes that all felt ashamed. This also I noticed in the case of the soldiers. They, too, knew that the business for which they were travelling was a bad one, but they did not wish to think of what awaited them.

When the lumber dealer began insincerely, as I thought, merely to show his culture, to speak of how necessary

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such measures were, the soldiers who heard it turned away from him, as though they did not hear him, and frowned.

All these men, both those who, like the proprietor, the superintendent, the minister, the Tsar, participated in the performance of this act, and those who are just now travelling on the train, and even those who, without taking part in this matter, look on at the accomplishment of it, know every one of them that this is a bad business, and are ashamed of the part which they are taking in it and even of their presence during its execution.

Why, then, have they been doing and tolerating it?

Ask those who, like the proprietor, started this matter, and those who, like the judges, handed down a formally legal, but obviously unjust decision, and those who ordered the enforcement of the decree, and those who, like the soldiers, the policemen, and the peasants, will with their own hands carry it into execution, — who will beat and kill their brothers, — all of them, the instigators, and the accomplices, and the executors, and the abettors of these crimes, and all will give you essentially the same answer.

The men in authority, who provoked the matter and coöperated in it and directed it, will say that they are doing what they are doing because such matters are necessary for the maintenance of the existing order; and the maintenance of the existing order is necessary for the good of the country and of humanity, for the possibility of a social life and a forward movement of progress.

The men from the lower spheres, the peasants and the soldiers, those who will be compelled with their own hands to exercise the violence, will say that they are doing what they are doing because this is prescribed by the higher authorities, and that the higher authorities know what they are doing. That the authorities consist of the very men who ought to be the authorities and that they know what they are doing, presents itself to them as an incontestable truth. If these lower executors even

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admit the possibility of an error or delusion, they admit it only in the case of the lower authorities; but the highest power, from whom all this proceeds, seems to them to be unquestionably infallible.

Though explaining the motives for their activities in a different manner, both the rulers and the ruled agree in this, that they do what they do because the existing order is precisely the one which is indispensable and which must exist at the present time, and which, therefore, it is the sacred duty of every person to maintain.

On this recognition of the necessity, and so of the unchangeableness of the existing order, is based the reflection, which has always been adduced by all the participants in state violence in their justification, that, since the present order is unchangeable, the refusal of a single individual to perform the duties imposed upon him will not change the essence of the matter, and will have no other effect than that in place of the person refusing there will be another man, who may perform the duty less well, that is, more cruelly, more harmfully for those men against whom the violence is practised.

This conviction that the existing order is indispensable, and so unchangeable, and that it is the sacred duty of every man to maintain it, is what gives to good people and, in private life, to moral people the possibility of participating with a more or less calm conscience in such affairs as the one which took place in Orél and the one which the people who were travelling in the Túla train were getting ready to act in.

But on what is this conviction based?

It is naturally agreeable and desirable for the proprietor to believe that the existing order is indispensable and unchangeable, because it is this very existing order which secures for him the income from his hundreds and thousands of desyatínas, thanks to which he leads his habitual idle and luxurious life.

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Naturally enough, the judge, too, readily believes in the necessity of the order in consequence of which he receives fifty times as much as the most industrious labourer. This is just as comprehensible in the case of the supreme judge, who receives a salary of six or more thousand, and in the case of all the higher officials. Only with the present order can he, as a governor, prosecutor, senator, member of various councils, receive his salary of several thousands, without which he would at once perish with all his family, because, except by the position which he holds, he would not be able, with his ability, industry, and knowledge, to earn one hundredth part of what he is getting. In the same situation are the minister, the emperor, and every higher authority, but with this difference, that, the higher they are and the more exclusive their position is, the more indispensable it is for them to believe that the existing order is the only possible order, because outside of it they not only cannot get an equal position, but will have to stand much lower than the rest of mankind. A man who voluntarily hires himself out as a policeman at a salary of ten roubles, which he can easily get in any other position, has little need of the preservation of the existing order, and so can get along without believing in its unchangeableness. But a king or an emperor, who in his position receives millions; who knows that all around him there are thousands of men who are willing to depose him and take his place; who knows that in no other position will he get such an income and such honours; who in the majority of cases, with a more or less despotic rule, knows even this, that, if he should be deposed, he would be tried for everything he did while in possession of his power, cannot help but believe in the unchangeableness and sacredness of the existing order. The higher the position which a man occupies, the more advantageous and, therefore, the more unstable it is, and the more terrible and dangerous a fall from it is, the more

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does a man who holds that position believe in the unchangeableness of the existing order, and with so much greater peace of mind can such a man, as though not for himself, but for the support of the existing order, do bad and cruel deeds.

Thus it is in the case of all the men of the ruling classes who hold positions that are more advantageous than those which they could hold without the existing order, — beginning with the lowest police officials and ending with the highest authorities. All these men more or less believe in the unchangeableness of the existing order, because, above all else, it is advantageous for them.

But what is it that compels the peasants, the soldiers, who stand on the lowest rung of the ladder, who have no profit from the existing order, who are in a condition of the most abject submission and humiliation, to believe that the existing order, in consequence of which they are in a most disadvantageous and humble state, is the very order which must be, and which, therefore, must be maintained, even by performing the basest and most unconscionable acts for it.

What is it that compels these men to make the false reflection that the existing order is invariable and, therefore, must be maintained, whereas it is evident that, on the contrary, it is unchangeable only because it is maintained as such ?

What is it that compels the men who were but yesterday taken from the plough, and who are dressed up in these monstrous, indecent garments with blue collars and gilt buttons, to travel with guns and swords, in order to kill their hungry fathers and brothers ? They certainly have no advantages, and are in no danger of losing the position which they hold, because their condition is worse than the one from which they are taken.

The men of the higher ruling classes, the proprietors, ministers, kings, officers, take part in these matters, thus

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supporting the existing order, because it is advantageous for them. Besides, these frequently good, meek men feel themselves able to take part in these things for this other reason, that their participation is limited to instigations, decrees, and commands. None of these men in authority do themselves those things which they instigate, determine upon, and order to be done. For the most part they do not even see how all those terrible things which they provoke and prescribe are carried out.

But the unfortunate people of the lower classes, who derive no advantage from the existing order, who, on the contrary, in consequence of this order are held in the greatest contempt, why do they, who, for the maintenance of this order, with their own hands tear people away from their families, who bind them, who lock them up in prisons and at hard labour, who watch and shoot them, do all these things?

What is it that compels these men to believe that the existing order is unchangeable and that it is necessary to maintain it?

All violence is based only on them, on those men who with their own hands beat, bind, lock up, kill. If these men did not exist, — these soldiers and policemen, — the armed men in general, who are prepared on command to commit violence and to kill all those whom they are commanded to kill, not one of the men who sign the decrees for executions, life imprisonment, hard labour, would ever have the courage himself to hang, lock up, torture to death one thousandth part of those whom now, sitting quietly in their studies, they order to be hung and to be tortured in every way, only because they do not see it and it is not done by them, but somewhere far away by obedient executors.

All those injustices and cruelties which have entered into the curriculum of the existing life, have entered there only because there exist these people, who are always

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prepared to maintain these injustices and cruelties. If these men did not exist, there would not be any one to offer violence to all these enormous masses of violated people, and those who give orders would never even dare either to command or even to dream of what they now command with so much self-assurance. If there were no people who would be ready at the command of those whom they obey to torture or to kill him who is pointed out to them, no one would ever dare to affirm, what is with so much self-confidence asserted by the non-working landowners, that the land which surrounds the peasants, who are dying for lack of land, is the property of a man who does not work on it, and that the supply of corn, which has been garnered in a rascally manner, ought to be kept intact amidst a starving population, because the merchant needs some profit, and so forth. If there were no men who would be ready at the will of the authorities to torture and kill every person pointed out to them, it could never occur to a landed proprietor to take away from the peasants a forest which had been raised by them, nor to the officials to consider legal the payment to them of salaries, which are collected from the hungry masses, for oppressing them, to say nothing of executing men, or locking them up, or exiling them, because they overthrow the lie and preach the truth. All this is demanded and done only because these ruling people are firmly convinced that they have always at hand submissive people, who will be ready to carry any of their demands into execution by means of tortures and murders.

The only reason why they commit deeds like those committed by all the tyrants from Napoleon down to the last commander of a company, who shoots into a crowd, is because they are stupefied by the power behind them, consisting of subservient men who are ready to do anything they are commanded. The whole strength, therefore, lies in the men who with their hands do acts of

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violence, in the men who serve with the police, among the soldiers, more especially among the soldiers, because the police do their work only when they have an army behind them.

What is it, then, that has led these good men, who derive no advantage from it, who are compelled with their hands to do all these terrible things, men on whom the whole matter depends, into that remarkable delusion that assures them that the existing disadvantageous, pernicious, and for them painful order is the one which must be?

Who has led them into this remarkable delusion?

They have certainly not assured themselves that they must do what is not only painful, disadvantageous, and pernicious to them and their whole class, which forms nine-tenths of the whole population, and what is even contrary to their conscience.

"How are you going to kill men, when in God's law it says, 'Thou shalt not kill'?" I frequently asked soldiers, and, by reminding them of what they did not like to think about, I always made them feel awkward and embarrassed. Such a soldier knew that there was an obligatory law of God, "Thou shalt not kill," and he knew that there was an obligatory military service, but it had never occurred to him that there was any contradiction there. The sense of the timid answers that I always received to this question consisted approximately in this, that murder in war and the execution of criminals at the command of the government were not included in the common prohibition of murders. But when I told them that no such limitation was made in God's law, and reminded them of the doctrine of brotherhood, of the forgiveness of offences, of love, which are obligatory for all Christians and which could in no way be harmonized with murder, the men of the people generally agreed with me, and on their side put the question to me as to how it happened that the government, which, according to their

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ideas, could not err, commanded the armies, when necessary, to go to war, and ordered the execution of prisoners. When I answered them that the government acted incorrectly when it commanded these things to be done, my interlocutors became even more embarrassed, and either broke off the conversation or grew provoked at me.

"There must be such a law. I guess the bishops know better than we," I was told by a Russian soldier. And, having said this, the soldier apparently felt his conscience eased, being fully convinced that his guides had found a law, the same under which his ancestors had served, and the kings and the kings' heirs, and millions of people, and he himself served, and that what I was telling him was some piece of cunning or cleverness, like a riddle.

All the men of our Christian world know, know firmly, from tradition, and from revelation, and from the irrefutable voice of conscience, that murder is one of the most terrible crimes which a man can commit, as the Gospel says, and that this sin cannot be limited to certain men, that is, that it is a sin to kill some men, but not a sin to kill others. All know that if the sin of murder is a sin, it is always a sin, independently of what men are the victims of it, just like the sin of adultery and thieving and any other; at the same time men have seen, since childhood, since youth, that murder is not only admitted, but even blessed by all those whom they are accustomed to respect as their spiritual guides, ordained by God; they see that their worldly guides with calm assurance institute murders, bear arms of murder, of which they are proud, and demand of all, in the name of the civil and even the divine law, that they shall take part in murder. Men see that there is here some contradiction, and, being unable to solve it, they involuntarily assume that this contradiction is due only to their ignorance. The very coarseness and obviousness of the contradiction sus-

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tains them in this conviction. They cannot imagine that their enlighteners, learned men, should be able with such confidence to preach two such seemingly contradictory propositions, — the obligatoriness for every one of the law and of murder. A simple, innocent child, and later a youth, cannot imagine that men who stand so high in his opinion, whom he considers to be either holy or learned, should for any reason be deceiving him so unscrupulously. But it is precisely this that has been done to him all the time. This is accomplished, in the first place, by impressing all the labouring people, who have not themselves any time to solve moral and religious questions, from childhood, and up to old age, by example and direct teaching, with the idea that tortures and murders are compatible with Christianity, and that, for certain purposes of state, tortures and murders are not only admissible, but even peremptory; in the second place, by impressing some of them, who are chosen by enlistment or levy, with the idea that the performance of tortures and murders with their own hands forms a sacred duty and even an act which is valorous and worthy of praise and of reward.

The common deception, which is disseminated among all men, consists in this, that in all the catechisms, or the books which have taken their place and which are now the subject of obligatory instruction for the children, it says that violence, that is, tortures, imprisonments, and executions, as also murders in civil or external wars for the purpose of maintaining and defending the existing order of the state (whatever it be, autocratic, monarchical, a convention, a consulship, an empire of either Napoleon or of Boulanger, a constitutional monarchy, a commune, or a republic), is quite legitimate, and does not contradict either morality or Christianity.

This it says in all the catechisms or books used in the schools. And men are so convinced of it that they grow

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up, live, and die in this conviction, without doubting it even once.

This is one deception, a common deception, which is practised on all men; there is another, a private deception, which is practised on soldiers or policemen, who are chosen in one way or another and who perform the tortures and the murders which are needed for the support and the defence of the existing order.

In all the military codes it says in so many words what in the Russian military code is expressed as follows: "(Art. 87) Precisely and without discussion to carry out the commands of the authorities means to carry out precisely the command given by the authorities, without discussing whether it is good or bad, and whether it is possible to carry it out. The chief himself answers for the consequences of a command given out by him. (Art. 88) The subject may refuse to carry out the commands of his superior only when he sees clearly that by carrying out his superior's command he" — one involuntarily imagines that what will follow is "when he sees clearly that by carrying out his superior's command he violates the law of God;" but that is not at all the case: "when he sees clearly that he is violating the oath of allegiance and fidelity, and his service to the emperor."

It says that a man, being a soldier, must carry out all the commands of his chief without any exception whatever, which for a soldier mainly means murder, and so must violate all divine and human laws, except his fidelity and service to him who at the given moment happens to be in power.

Thus it says in the Russian military code, and precisely the same, though in different words, is said in all the military codes, as indeed it cannot be otherwise, because in reality upon this deception of emancipating men from their obedience to God or to their conscience, and of substituting for this obedience the obedience to the acci-

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dental superior, is all the power of the army and the state based.

So it is this on which is founded that strange conviction of the lower classes that the existing order, which is pernicious for them, is as it ought to be, and that they are, therefore, obliged to support it with tortures and murders.

This conviction is based on a conscious deception, which is practised upon them by the upper classes.

Nor can it be otherwise. To compel the lower, most numerous classes of men to oppress and torment themselves, committing with this such acts as are contrary to their conscience, it was necessary to deceive these lower, most numerous classes. And so it was done.

The other day I again saw an open practice of this shameless deceit, and I was again surprised to see with what boldness and freedom it was practised.

In the beginning of November, as I was passing through Túla, I again saw at the gate of the County Council Office the familiar dense crowd of people, from which proceeded drunken shouts and the pitiful wail of mothers and of wives. This was a levy of recruits.

As upon other occasions, I was unable to drive past this spectacle: it attracts me as by some evil charm. I again entered among the crowd, stood, looked, asked questions, and marvelled at the freedom with which this most terrible crime is perpetrated in broad daylight and in a populous city.

As in former years, the elders in all the villages of Russia, with its one hundred millions of inhabitants, on the first of November selected from lists a given number of lads, frequently their own sons, and took them to the city.

On the way the recruits went on an uninterrupted spree, in which they were not interfered with by their elders, who felt that going to such a mad business as the one to which the recruits were going, abandoning their

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wives and mothers and renouncing everything holy to them, in order to become somebody's senseless instruments of murder, was too painful a matter, if they did not intoxicate themselves with liquor.

And so they travelled, drinking, cursing, singing, fighting, and maiming themselves. The nights they passed in inns. In the morning they again became drunk and gathered in front of the County Council Office.

One part of them, in new short fur coats, with knitted shawls about their necks, with moist drunken eyes or with savage self-encouraging shouts, or quiet and dejected, crowd at the gate amidst weeping mothers and wives, waiting for their turns (I fell in with them on the very day of the levy, that is, when those who were sent up were to be examined); another part at this time crowds in the waiting-room of the Office.

In the Office they are busy working. The door is opened, and the janitor calls Peter Sídorov. Peter Sídorov is startled, makes the sign of the cross, and enters into a small room with a glass door. Here the prospective recruits undress themselves. A naked recruit, a companion of Peter Sídorov, just accepted, comes in from the Office, with trembling jaws, and puts on his clothes. Peter Sídorov has heard and sees by his face that he is accepted. Peter Sídorov wants to ask him something, but he is told to hurry and undress himself as quickly as possible. He throws off his fur coat, pulls off his boots with his feet, takes off his vest, draws his shirt over his head, and with protruding ribs, naked, with shivering body, and emitting an odour of liquor, tobacco, and perspiration, with bare feet, enters into the Office, without knowing what to do with his bared muscular arms.

In the Office there hangs in full sight and in a large gilt frame the portrait of the emperor in a uniform with a sash, and in the corner a small portrait of Christ in a shirt and a crown of thorns. In the middle of the room there stands

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a table covered with green cloth, upon which lie papers and stands a triangular thing with an eagle, which is called the Mirror of Laws. Around the table sit the chiefs, with confident, calm looks. One of them smokes, another examines some papers. The moment Sídorov has entered, a janitor comes up to him, and he is put on the measuring-scale, receives a knock under his chin, and has his legs straightened out. There walks up a man with a cigarette. It is the doctor, and he, without looking into the recruit's face, but somewhere past him, loathingly touches his body, and measures and feels, and tells the janitor to open the recruit's mouth wide, and commands him to breathe and to say something. Somebody makes some notes. Finally, without looking once into his eyes, the doctor says, "Able-bodied! Next!" and with a fatigued expression again seats himself at the table. Again soldiers push the lad and hurry him off. He somehow manages in his hurry to pull the shirt over him, after missing the sleeves, somehow puts on his trousers and leg-rags, draws on his boots, looks for his shawl and cap, grasps his fur coat, and is led into the hall, where he is placed behind a bench. Beyond this bench wait all the accepted recruits. A village lad, like him, but from a distant Government, a full-fledged soldier with a gun, with a sharp bayonet attached to it, keeps watch on him, ready to run the bayonet through him, if he should think of running away.

Meanwhile the crowd of fathers, mothers, wives, pushed by the policemen, press close to the gate, to find out who is accepted, and who not. There appears one of the rejected, and he announces that Peter has been accepted, and there is heard the wail of Peter's wife, for whom the word "accepted" means a separation of four or five years, and the life of a soldier's wife as a cook, in debauchery.

But just then a long-haired man in a special attire, which distinguishes him from all other men, drives up and, getting down from the carriage, walks up to the

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house of the County Council Office. The policemen clear a path for him through the crowd. "The father has come to administer the oath." And this father, who has been assured that he is a special, exclusive servant of Christ, who for the most part does not himself see the deception under which he is, enters into the room where the accepted recruits are waiting, puts on a gold-embroidered apron, draws his hair out from underneath it, opens the very Gospel in which taking an oath is prohibited, lifts up a cross, the very cross on which Christ was crucified for not doing what this His imaginary servant orders to be done, and puts it on the pulpit, and all these defenceless and deceived lads repeat after him the lie which he pronounces boldly and by habit. He reads, and they repeat after him: "I promise and swear by the Almighty God, before His holy Gospel . . . etc., to defend, that is, to kill all those whom I am commanded to kill, and to do everything I am ordered to do by those people whom I do not know, and who need me for nothing else but that I should commit the evil deeds by which they are kept in their positions, and by which they oppress my brothers." All the accepted recruits senselessly repeat these wild words, and the so-called "father" drives away with the consciousness of having correctly and scrupulously done his duty, and all these deceived lads think that all those insipid, incomprehensible words, which they have just pronounced, have now, for the whole time of their military service, freed them from their human obligations and have bound them to new, more obligatory military obligations.

And this is done publicly, and no one will shout to the deceivers and to the deceived: "Bethink yourselves and scatter, for this is the basest and meanest lie, which ruins not only our bodies, but also our souls."

No one does so; on the contrary, when all are accepted, and it becomes necessary to let them out, the military chief, as though to scorn them, enters with self-confident,

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majestic mien into the hall where the deceived, drunken lads are locked up, and boldly exclaims to them in military fashion, "Your health, boys! I congratulate you on your Tsar's service." And the poor fellows (somebody has instructed them what to do) babble something with an unaccustomed, half-intoxicated tongue to the effect that they are glad of it.

In the meantime, the crowd of fathers, mothers, and wives stand at the door and wait. The women look with tearful, arrested eyes through the door. And the door opens, and out come, staggering, and with a look of bravado, the accepted recruits, — Petrúkha, and Vanyúkha, and Makár, — trying not to look at their relatives. The wail of the mothers and wives is heard. Some embrace one another and weep; others try to look brave; others again console their people. Mothers and wives, knowing that now they will be orphaned for three, four, or five years, without a supporter, wail and lament at the top of their voices. The fathers do not speak much, and only pitifully smack their tongues and sigh, knowing that now they will no longer see their helpers, whom they have raised and instructed, and that there will return to them, not those peaceful, industrious agriculturists that they have been, but generally debauched, dandyish soldiers, who are no longer used to a simple life.

And now the whole crowd take up seats in their sleighs and start down the street, in the direction of inns and restaurants, and still louder are heard, interfering with one another, songs, sobs, drunken shouts, the laments of the mothers and wives, the sounds of the accordion, and curses. All make for saloons and restaurants, the revenue from which goes to the government, and they abandon themselves to intoxication, which drowns in them the percepted consciousness of the illegality of what is being done to them.

For two or three weeks they live at home, and for the

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most part are having a good time, that is, are out on a spree.

On a set day they are collected, and driven like cattle to one place, and are taught military methods and exercises. They are instructed by just such deceived and bestialized men as they, who entered the service two or three years ago. The means of instruction are deception, stupefaction, kicks, vódka. And not a year passes but that spiritually sound, bright, good fellows are turned into just such wild beings as their teachers.

"Well, and if the prisoner, your father, runs away?" I asked a young soldier.

"I can run the bayonet through him," he replied, in the peculiar, senseless voice of a soldier. "And if he 'removes himself,' I must shoot," he added, apparently proud of his knowledge of what to do when his father "removes himself."

When he, the good young man, is brought to a condition lower than an animal, he is such as those who use him as an instrument of violence want him to be. He is all ready: the man is lost, and a new instrument of violence has been created.

And all this takes place every year, every autumn, everywhere, in the whole of Russia, in broad daylight, in a populous city, in the sight of all men, and the deception is so clever, so cunning, that all see it and in the depth of their hearts know all its baseness, all its terrible consequences, and are unable to free themselves from it.

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When the eyes shall be opened to this terrible deception which is practised on men, one must marvel how preachers of the religion of Christianity and morality, educators of youth, simply good, intelligent parents, who always exist in every society, can preach any doctrine of

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morality amidst a society in which all the churches and governments openly acknowledge that tortures and murders form an indispensable condition of the life of all men, and that amidst all men there must always be some special men, who are prepared to kill their brothers, and that every one of us may be such.

How can children and youths be taught and men in general be enlightened, to say nothing of the enlightenment in the Christian spirit, how can they be taught any morality by the side of the doctrine that murder is indispensable for the maintenance of the common, consequently of our own, well-being, and so is legitimate, and that there are men (any of us may be these men) whose duty it is to torture and kill our neighbours and to commit all kinds of crime at the will of those who have the power in their hands? If it is possible and right to torture and kill and commit all kinds of crimes by the will of those who have the power in their hands, there is, and there can be, no moral teaching, but there is only the right of the stronger. And so it is. In reality, such a teaching, which for some men is theoretically justified by the theory of the struggle for existence, does exist in our society.

Really, what kind of a moral teaching can there be, which would admit murder for any purposes whatsoever? This is as impossible as any mathematical doctrine, which would admit that two is equal to three.

With the admission of the fact that two is equal to three there may be a semblance of mathematics, but there can be no real mathematical knowledge. With the admission of murder in the form of executions, wars, self-defence, there may be a semblance of morality, but no real morality. The recognition of the sacredness of every man's life is the first and only foundation of all morality.

The doctrine of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life was put aside by Christianity for the very reason that this doctrine is only a justification of im-

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morality, only a semblance of justice, and is devoid of sense. Life is a quantity which has no weight and no measure and which cannot be equalized to any other, and so the destruction of one life for another can have no meaning. Besides, every social law is a law which has for its purpose the improvement of human life. But in what way can the destruction of the lives of a few individuals improve the lives of men? The destruction of life is not like its improvement, but an act of suicide.

The destruction of another man's life for the purpose of preserving justice is like what a man would do who, to mend the calamity which consists in his having lost one arm, should for the sake of justice cut off his other arm.

But, to say nothing of the sin of deception, with which the most terrible crime presents itself to men as their duty; to say nothing of the terrible crime of using Christ's name and authority for the purpose of legalizing what is most denied by this same Christ, as is done in the case of the oath; to say nothing of the offence by means of which not only the bodies, but even the souls of "these little ones" are ruined; to say nothing of all that, how can men, even in view of their personal security, men who think highly of their forms of life, their progress, admit the formation among them of that terrible, senseless, cruel, pernicious force which is established by every organized government that rests on the army? The most cruel and terrible of robber bands is not so terrible as such a state organization. Every leader of robbers is none the less limited in his power, because the men who form his band retain at least a small part of their human liberty and may oppose the performance of acts contrary to their conscience. But for men forming a part of a regularly organized government with an army, with discipline carried to the point to which it is at the present time, there are no barriers whatsoever. There are no

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crimes so terrible that they would not be committed by men forming a part of the government and of the army, by the will of him who accidentally (Boulanger, Pugachév, Napoleon) may stand at its head.

Frequently, when I see, not only the levies of recruits, the military exercises, the manœuvres, but also the policemen with loaded revolvers, the sentries standing with guns and adjusted bayonets; when I hear (as I do in the Khamóvniki, where I live) for whole days the whistling and the pinging of bullets striking the target; and when I see, in the very city where every attempt at self-help and violence is prohibited, where there is a prohibition against the sale of powder, medicines, fast driving, unlicensed medical practice, and so forth, when I see in this same city thousands of disciplined men, who have been taught to commit murder and who are subject to one man, — I ask myself: "How can the men who think so highly of their security bear all this?" To say nothing of the harmfulness and immorality, nothing can be more dangerous than this. How can all men, I do not say Christians, Christian pastors, but all philanthropists, moralists, all those men who value their lives, their security, their well-being, quietly look on? This organization will certainly act in the same way, no matter in whose hands it may be: to-day, let us say, this power is in the hands of an endurable ruler; to-morrow a Biron, an Elizabeth, a Catherine, a Pugachév, a Napoleon the First, a Napoleon the Third may usurp it. And again, the man in whose hands is the power, and who to-day may be endurable, may to-morrow turn into a beast, or his place may be taken by an insane or half-witted heir of his, as was the case with the King of Bavaria and Paul.

And not only these higher rulers, but also all those minor satraps, who are distributed everywhere like so many Baránovs, chiefs of police, even rural officers, commanders of companies, under-officers, may commit terrible

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crimes before there has been time to depose them, as happens constantly.

Involuntarily one asks himself: "How can men permit such things to happen, if not for the sake of higher considerations of state, at least for the sake of their security?"

The answer to this question is this, that it is not all men who permit this to happen (one part of them, — the great majority of men, — the deceived and the subjected, cannot help but permit anything to be done), but those who with such an organization hold an advantageous position; they permit it, because for them the risk of suffering, because at the head of the government or the army there may be a senseless or cruel man, is always less than the disadvantages to which they would be subjected in case of the destruction of the organization itself.

The judge, policeman, governor, officer will hold his position equally under Boulanger, or a republic, or Pugachév or Catherine; but he will certainly lose his position, if the existing order, which secures for him his advantageous position, falls to pieces. And so all these men are not afraid of who will stand at the head of the organization of violence, — they adapt themselves to anybody, — but only of the destruction of the organization itself, and so they always support it, often unconsciously.

One often marvels why free men, who are not urged to it by anything, the so-called flower of society, enter the army, in Russia, in England, Germany, Austria, even France, and why they seek an opportunity for becoming murderers. Why do parents, moral men, send their children to institutions which prepare them for military matters? Why do mothers buy their children helmets, guns, swords as their favourite toys? (The children of peasants never play soldier.) Why do good men, and even women, who are in no way connected with military

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affairs, go into ecstasies over the exploits of a Skobelévski and of others, and why do they take so much pains to praise them? Why do men, who are not urged to do so, who do not receive any salary for it, like the marshals of nobility in Russia, devote whole months of assiduous work to performing a physically hard and morally agonizing piece of business, — the reception of recruits? Why do all the emperors and kings wear military costumes, attend manœuvres and parades, distribute rewards to soldiers, erect monuments to generals and conquerors? Why do free, wealthy men consider it an honour to perform lackeys' duties to crowned heads, why do they humble themselves, and flatter them, and pretend that they believe in the special grandeur of these persons? Why do men, who have long ago stopped believing in the mediæval superstitions of the church, and who are unable to believe in them, seriously and invariably pretend that they believe, thus maintaining the offensive and blasphemous religious institution? Why is the ignorance of the masses so zealously guarded, not only by the governments, but also by the free men from the higher classes? Why do they with such fury attack every attempt at destroying the religious superstitions, and every true enlightenment of the masses? Why do men, — historians, novelists, poets, — who can certainly receive nothing for their flattery, describe as heroes long deceased emperors, kings, or generals? Why do men who call themselves learned devote their whole lives to the formation of theories, from which it follows that violence which is exerted by the power against the nation is not violence, but some especial right?

One often marvels why, for what reason a lady of the world or an artist, who, it would seem, is interested neither in social, nor in military questions, condemns labour strikes and preaches war, and always definitely attacks one side and defends the other?

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But one marvels at this only so long as one does not know that this is all done so because all the men of the ruling classes feel instinctively what it is that maintains and what destroys the organization under which they can enjoy the privileges they are enjoying.

The lady of the world has not even made the reflection that, if there are no capitalists, and no armies to defend them, her husband will have no money, and she will have no salon and no costumes; and the artist has not made the reflection as to this, that he needs the capitalists, who are protected by the armies, to buy his pictures; but the instinct, which in this case takes the place of reason, guides them unerringly. It is precisely the same instinct that with few exceptions guides all those men who support all those political, religious, economic establishments, which are advantageous to them.

But can the men of the upper classes maintain this order of things, only because it is advantageous for them? These men cannot help but see that this order of things is in itself irrational, no longer corresponds to the degree of men's consciousness, not even to public opinion, and is full of dangers. The men of the ruling classes — the honest, good, clever men among them — cannot help but suffer from these internal contradictions, and cannot help but see the dangers with which this order threatens them. Is it possible the men of the lower classes, all the millions of these people, can with a calm conscience perform all these obviously bad acts, tortures, and murders, which they are compelled to perform, only because they are afraid of punishment? Indeed, that could not have been, and neither the men of the one class nor of the other could help but see the irrationality of their activity, if the peculiarity of the state structure did not conceal from them the whole unnaturalness and irrationality of the acts committed by them.

This irrationality is concealed by the fact that in the

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commission of each of these acts there are so many instigators, accomplices, abettors, that not one of the men taking part in it feels himself to be morally responsible.

Murderers compél all the persons who are present at a murder to strike the dead victim, so that the responsibility may be distributed among the largest possible number of men. The same thing, having assumed definite forms, has established itself in the structure of the state in the commission of all those crimes, without the constant commission of which no state organization is thinkable. The rulers of the state always try to draw as large a number of citizens as possible into the greatest possible participation in all the crimes committed by them and indispensable for them.

Of late this has found a most lucid expression in the drafting of the citizens into the courts in the form of jurors, into the armies in the form of soldiers, and into the local government and into the legislative assembly in the form of electors and representatives.

In the structure of the state, in which, as in a basket made of rods, all the ends are so concealed that it is not possible to find them, the responsibility for crimes committed is so concealed from men that they, in committing the most awful deeds, do not see their own responsibility in them.

In olden times the tyrants were blamed for the commission of evil deeds, but in our time most awful crimes, unthinkable even in the time of a Nero, are committed, and there is no one to blame.

Some men demanded, others decreed, others again confirmed, others proposed, others reported, others prescribed, others executed. Women, old men, innocent people, are killed, hanged, flogged to death, as lately happened in Russia in the Yúzov Plant, and as happens everywhere in Europe and in America, in the struggle with anarchists

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and all kinds of violators of the existing order; hundreds, thousands of men will be shot to death, killed, and hanged, or, as is done in wars, millions of men will be killed or ruined, or, as is constantly done, the souls of men are ruined in solitary confinement, in the debauched condition of militarism, — and no one is to blame.

On the lowest stage of the social ladder, soldiers with guns, pistols, swords, torture and kill men, and with the same tortures and murders compel men to enter the army, and are fully convinced that the responsibility for these acts is taken from them by those authorities who prescribe these acts to them.

On the highest stage, kings, presidents, ministers, Chambers, prescribe these tortures and murders and the enlistment of soldiers, and are fully convinced that, since they are put into their places by God, or since the society which they rule over demands from them precisely what they prescribe, they cannot be blamed.

In the middle between the two are the intermediate persons, who order the tortures and murders and the enlistment of soldiers, and they are fully convinced that their responsibility has been taken from them, partly by the commands from above, and partly because the same orders are demanded of them by all those who stand on the lower stages.

The administrative and the executive powers, which lie at the two extremes of the structure of the state, meet like two ends that are united into a ring, and one conditions and maintains the other and all the intervening links.

Without the conviction that there exists such a person, or such a number of persons, who take upon themselves the responsibility for the acts committed, not one soldier would be able to raise his hands for the purpose of torturing or killing. Without the conviction that this is demanded by the whole nation, not one emperor, king,

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president, not one assembly would be able to prescribe these same tortures and murders. Without the conviction that there are persons who stand above him and take upon themselves the responsibility for his act, and men who stand below him and demand the fulfilment of such acts for their own good, not one of the men who stand on the stages intermediate between the ruler and the soldier would be able to commit those acts which he is committing.

The structure of the state is such that, no matter on what rung of the social ladder a man may stand, his degree of irresponsibility is always one and the same: the higher he stands, the more is he subjected to the influence of the demand for orders from below and the less he is subjected to the influence of the prescriptions from above, and vice versa.

Thus, in the case before me, every one who had taken part in the matter was the more under the influence of the demand for orders from below and the less under the influence of prescriptions from above, the higher his position was, and vice versa.

But not only do all men who are connected with the structure of the state shift their responsibility for deeds committed upon others: the peasant who is drafted into the army, upon the nobleman or merchant who has become an officer; and the officer, upon the nobleman who holds the position of governor; and the governor, upon the son of an official or nobleman who occupies the position of minister; and the minister, upon a member of the imperial house who holds the position of emperor; and the emperor again, upon all these officials, noblemen, merchants, and peasants; not only do men in this manner free themselves from the consciousness of responsibility for acts committed by them, — they even lose the moral consciousness of their responsibility for this other reason, that, uniting into a political structure, they

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so constantly, continuously, and tensely convince themselves and others that they are not all identical men, but men who differ from one another as does "one star from another," that they begin themselves sincerely to believe so. Thus they convince one set of men that they are not simple men, identical with others, but a special kind of men, who have to be honoured, while they impress others with the idea that they stand beneath all other men and so must unflinchingly submit to what they are commanded to do by their superiors.

On this inequality and exaltation of one class of men and the annihilation of the other is mainly based the inability of men to see the irrationality of the existing order and its cruelty and criminality, and of that deception which is practised by some and to which the others submit.

Some, those who are impressed with the idea that they are vested with some supernatural significance and grandeur, are so intoxicated by this imaginary grandeur that they stop seeing their responsibility in the acts committed by them; the other men, who, on the contrary, are impressed with the idea that they are insignificant creatures, who must in everything submit to the higher, in consequence of this constant condition of humiliation fall into a strange condition of intoxication of servility, and under the influence of their intoxication also fail to see the significance of their acts, and lose the consciousness of their responsibility for them. The intermediate people, who, partly submitting to the higher, and partly considering themselves to be superior, succumb simultaneously to the intoxication of power and that of servility, and so lose the consciousness of their responsibility.

We need but look in any country at a superior chief, intoxicated by his grandeur, accompanied by his staff, all of them on magnificently caparisoned horses, in special uniforms and signs of distinction, as he, to the sound

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of the harmonious and festive music produced by wind-instruments, rides past a line of soldiers stiffened up from a sense of servility and presenting arms, — we need but look at him, in order that we may understand that at these moments the highest chief and the soldier and all the intermediate persons, being in a state of intoxication, are equally capable of committing acts which they would not think of committing under other circumstances.

But the intoxication experienced by men under such phenomena as are parades, imperial receptions, church solemnities, coronations, is a temporary and acute condition; there are also other, chronic, constant conditions of intoxication, which are equally experienced by all men who have any power, from the power of the emperor to that of a policeman in the street, and by men who submit to power and who are in a condition of intoxication through servility, and who in justification of this their condition always ascribe, as has always shown itself in the case of slaves, the greatest significance and dignity to him whom they obey.

On this deception of the inequality of men and the resulting intoxication of power and of servility is pre-eminently based the ability of men united into a political structure to commit, without experiencing any pangs of conscience, acts which are contrary to their conscience.

Under the influence of such an intoxication, both of power and of servility, men present themselves to themselves and to others, not as what they are in reality, — men, — but as especial, conventional beings, — noblemen, merchants, governors, judges, officers, kings, ministers, soldiers, who no longer are subject to common human obligations, but, above all else, and before all human, to nobiliary, commercial, gubernatorial, judicial, military, royal, ministerial obligations.

Thus, the proprietor who litigated concerning the forest did what he did only because he did not present himself

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to himself as a simple man, like any of the peasants who were living by his side, but as a large landed proprietor and a member of the gentry, and so, under the influence of the intoxication of power, he felt himself insulted by the pretensions of the peasants. It was only for this reason that, without paying any attention to the consequences which might arise from his demand, he handed in the petition requesting the restitution of his imaginary right.

Similarly, the judges who irregularly adjudged the forest to the proprietor did so only because they do not imagine themselves to be simple men, just like all other men, and so under obligation in all cases to be guided only by what is the truth, but under the intoxication of power they imagine themselves to be the guardians of justice, who cannot err; but under the influence of the intoxication of servility they imagine themselves to be men who are obliged to carry out certain words which are written in a certain book and are called the law. As just such conventional persons, and not as what they are in reality, present themselves, under the influence of the intoxication of power and of servility, to themselves and to others, all the other participants in this matter, from the highest representatives of power, who sign their approval on documents, from the marshal, who drafts recruits at the levy of soldiers, and the priest, who deceives them, to the last soldier, who is now getting ready to shoot at his brothers. They all did what they did, and are preparing themselves to do what awaits them, only because they present themselves to themselves and to others, not as what they are in reality, — men who are confronted with the question as to whether they should take part in a matter which is condemned by their conscience, or not, — but as different conventional persons, — one, as an anointed king, a special being, who is called upon to care for the well-being of one hundred million

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men; another, as a representative of nobility; a third, as a priest, who with his ordainment has received a special grace; a fourth, as a soldier, who is obliged by his oath to fulfil without reflection what he is commanded to do.

Only under the influence of the intoxication of power and servility, which result from their imaginary positions, can all these men do what they do.

If all these men did not have a firm conviction that the callings of kings, ministers, governors, judges, noblemen, landed proprietors, marshals, officers, soldiers, are something actually in existence and very important, not one of these men would think without terror and disgust of participating in the acts which he is committing now.

The conventional positions, which were established hundreds of years ago, which have been recognized through the ages, and which are now recognized by all men about us, and which are designated by especial names and particular attires, and which, besides, are maintained by means of every kind of magnificence and effects on the outer senses, are to such a degree instilled in people that they, forgetting the habitual conditions of life, common to all, begin to look upon themselves and upon all men only from this conventional point of view, and are guided by nothing but this conventional point of view in the valuation of other men's acts.

Thus a mentally sound old man, for no other reason than that some trinket or fool's dress is put over him, some keys on his buttocks, or a blue ribbon, which is proper only for a dressed-up little girl, and that he is on that occasion impressed with the idea that he is a general, a chamberlain, a Cavalier of St. Andrews, or some such silliness, suddenly becomes self-confident, proud, and even happy; or, on the contrary, because he loses or does not receive a desired trinket or name, becomes so sad and unhappy that he even grows sick. Or, what is even more startling, an otherwise mentally sound, free,

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and even well-to-do young man, for no other reason than that he calls himself, and others call him, an investigating magistrate or County Council chief, seizes an unfortunate widow away from her minor children, and locks her up, or has her locked up in a prison, leaving her children without a mother, and all that because this unfortunate woman secretly trafficked in liquor and thus deprived the Crown of twenty-five roubles of revenue, and he does not feel the least compunction about it. Or, what is even more startling, an otherwise intelligent and meek man, only because a brass plate or a uniform is put on him and he is told that he is a watchman or a customs soldier, begins to shoot with bullets at men, and neither he nor those who surround him consider him blameworthy for it, and would even blame him if he did not shoot; I do not even speak of the judges and jurors, who sentence to executions, and of the military, who kill thousands without the least compunction, only because they have been impressed with the idea that they are not simply men, but jurors, judges, generals, soldiers.

Such a constant, unnatural, and strange condition of men in the life of the state is generally expressed in words as follows: "As a man I pity him, but as a watchman, judge, general, governor, king, soldier, I must kill or torture him," as though there can exist a given position, acknowledged by men, which can make void duties which are imposed upon each of us by a man's position.

Thus, for example, in the present case, men are travelling to commit murder and tortures on hungry people, and they recognize that in the dispute between the peasants and the proprietor the peasants are in the right (all men in authority told me so), and know that the peasants are unfortunate, poor, and hungry; the proprietor is rich and does not inspire sympathy, and all these men none the less are on their way to kill the peasants, in order thus to secure three thousand roubles to the proprietor, for no

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other reason than that these men at this moment do not consider themselves to be men, but a governor, a general of gendarmes, an officer, a soldier, and think that not the eternal demands of their consciences, but the accidental, temporary demands of their positions as officers and soldiers are binding on them.

However strange this may seem, the only explanation for this remarkable phenomenon is this, that these men are in the same position as those hypnotized persons who are commanded to imagine and feel themselves in certain conventional positions, and to act like those beings whom they represent; thus, for example, when a hypnotized person receives the suggestion that he is lame, he begins to limp, or that he is blind, he does not see, or that he is an animal, he begins to bite. In this state are not only the men who are travelling on this train, but also all men who preferably perform their social and their political duties, to the disadvantage of their human duties.

The essence of this condition is this, that the men under the influence of the one idea suggested to them are not able to reflect upon their acts, and so do, without any reflection, what is prescribed to them in correspondence with the suggested idea, and what they are led up to through example, advice, or hints.

The difference between those who are hypnotized by artificial means and those who are under the influence of the political suggestion consists in this, that to the artificially hypnotized their imaginary condition is suggested at once, by one person, and for the briefest space of time, and so the suggestion presents itself to us in a glaring form, which sets us to wondering, while to the men who act under the political suggestion their imaginary position is suggested by degrees, slowly, imperceptibly, from childhood, at times not only in a certain number of years, but through whole generations, and, besides, is

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not suggested by one person, but by all those who surround them.

"But," I shall be told, "in all societies the majority of men, — all the children, all the women, who are absorbed in the labour of pregnancy, child-bearing, and nursing, all the enormous masses of the working people, who are placed under the necessity of tense and assiduous physical labour, all the mentally weak by nature, all abnormal men with a weakened spiritual activity in consequence of nicotine, alcohol, and opium poisoning, or for some other reason, — all these men are always in such a condition that, not being able to reason independently, they submit either to those men who stand on a higher stage of rational consciousness, or to family and political traditions, to what is called public opinion, and in this submission there is nothing unnatural or contradictory."

And, indeed, there is nothing unnatural in it, and the ability of unthinking people to submit to the indications of men standing on a higher stage of consciousness is a constant property of men, that property in consequence of which men, submitting to the same rational principles, are able to live in societies: some, — the minority, — by consciously submitting to the same rational principles, on account of their agreement with the demands of their reason; the others, — the majority, — by submitting unconsciously to the same principles, only because these demands have become the public opinion. Such a subjection of the unthinking to public opinion presents nothing unnatural so long as the public opinion is not split up.

But there are times when the higher truth, as compared with the former degree of the consciousness of the truth, which at first is revealed to a few men, in passing by degrees from one set to another, embraces such a large number of men that the former public opinion, which is based on a lower stage of consciousness, begins to waver, and the new is ready to establish itself, but is not yet

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established. There are times, resembling spring, when the old public opinion has not yet been destroyed and the new is not yet established, and when men begin to criticize their own acts and those of others on the basis of the new consciousness, and yet in life, from inertia, from tradition, continue to submit to principles which only in former times formed the higher degree of rational consciousness, but which now are already in an obvious contradiction to it. And then the men, feeling, on the one hand, the necessity of submitting to the new public opinion, and not daring, on the other, to depart from the former, find themselves in an unnatural, wavering state. It is in such a condition that, in relation to the Christian truths, are not only the men on this train, but also the majority of the men of our time.

In the same condition are equally the men of the higher classes, who enjoy exclusive, advantageous positions, and the men of the lower classes, who without opposition obey what they are commanded to obey.

Some, the men of the ruling classes, who no longer possess any rational explanation for the advantageous positions held by them, are put to the necessity, for the purpose of maintaining these positions, of suppressing in themselves the higher rational faculties of love and of impressing upon themselves the necessity for their exclusive position; the others, the lower classes, who are oppressed by labour and purposely stupefied, are in a constant state of suggestion, which is unflinchingly and constantly produced on them by the men of the higher classes.

Only thus can be explained those remarkable phenomena with which our life is filled, and as a striking example of which there presented themselves to me my good, peaceful acquaintances, whom I met on September 9th, and who with peace of mind were travelling to commit a most beastly, senseless, and base crime. If the consciences of these men had not been in some way put to sleep, not

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one of them would be able to do one hundredth part of what they are getting ready to do, and, in all probability, will do.

It cannot be said that they do not have the conscience which forbids them to do what they are about to do, as there was no such conscience in men four hundred, three hundred, two hundred, one hundred years ago, when they burned people at the stake, tortured people, and flogged them to death; it exists in all these men, but it is put to sleep in them, — in some, the ruling men, who are in exclusive, advantageous positions, by means of auto-suggestion, as the psychiaters call it; in the others, the executors, the soldiers by a direct, conscious suggestion, hypnotization, produced by the upper classes.

The conscience is in these men put to sleep, but it exists in them, and through the auto-suggestion and suggestion, which hold sway over them, it already speaks in them and may awaken any moment.

All these men are in a condition resembling the one a hypnotized man would be in, if it were suggested to him and he were commanded to do an act which is contrary to everything which he considers rational and good, — to kill his mother or child. The hypnotized man feels himself bound by the suggestion induced in him, and it seems to him that he cannot stop; at the same time, the nearer he comes to the time and the place of the commission of the crime, the stronger does the drowned voice of the conscience rise in him, and he begins to show more and more opposition and to writhe, and wants to wake up. And it is impossible to say in advance whether he will do the suggested act, or not, and what it is that will win, the rational consciousness or the irrational suggestion. Everything depends on the relative strength of the two.

Precisely the same is now taking place in all the men on this train, and in general in all the men who in our time commit political acts of violence and exploit them.

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There was a time when men, who went out for the purpose of torturing and killing people, for the purpose of setting an example, did not return otherwise than having performed the act for which they had gone out, and, having performed the act, they were not tormented by repentance and doubt, but, having flogged men to death, calmly returned home to their family, and petted their children, — jested, laughed, and abandoned themselves to quiet domestic pleasures. It did not then occur even to those who gained by these acts of violence, to the landed proprietors and the rich men, that the advantages which they enjoyed had any direct connection with these cruelties. But now it is not so: men know already, or are very near to knowing, what they are doing, and for what purpose they are doing what they are doing. They may shut their eyes and cause their consciences to be inactive, but with eyes unshut and consciences unimpaired they — both those who commit the acts and those who gain by them — no longer can fail to see the significance which these acts have. It happens that men understand the significance of what they have done only after they have performed the act; or it happens that they understand it before the very act. Thus the men who had in charge the tortures in Nízhni-Nóvgorod, Sarátov, Orél, Yúzov Plant, understood the significance of what they did only after the commission of the act, and now they are tormented with shame before public opinion and before their consciences. Both those who ordered the tortures and those who executed them are tormented. I have spoken with soldiers who have executed such acts, and they have always cautiously evaded all conversation about it; when they spoke, they did so with perplexity and terror. Cases happen when men come to their senses immediately before the commission of the act. Thus I know a case of a sergeant, who during a pacification was beaten by two peasants, and who reported accord-

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ingly, but who the next day, when he saw the tortures to which the peasants were subjected, begged the commander of the company to tear up the report and to discharge the peasants who had beaten him. I know a case when the soldiers, who were commanded to shoot some men, declined to obey; and I know many cases where the commanders refused to take charge of tortures and murders. Thus it happens that the men who establish violence and those who commit acts of violence at times come to their senses long before the commission of the act suggested to them, at others before the very act, and at others again after the act.

The men who are travelling on this train have gone out to torture and kill their brothers, but not one of them knows whether he will do what he has set out to do, or not. No matter how hidden for each of them is the responsibility in this matter, no matter how strong the suggestion may be, in all these men, that they are not men, but governors, rural judges, officers, soldiers, and that, as such beings, they may violate their human obligations, the nearer they approach the place of their destination, the stronger will the doubt rise in them whether they should do what they have started out to do, and this doubt will reach the highest degree when they reach the very moment of the execution.

The governor, in spite of all the intoxication of the surrounding circumstance, cannot help but reflect for a moment, when he has to give his last decisive command concerning the murder or the torture. He knows that the case of the Governor of Orél provoked the indignation of the best men of society, and he himself, under the influence of the public opinion of those circles to which he belongs, has more than once expressed his disapproval of it; he knows that the prosecutor, who was to have gone with them, refused outright to take part in this business, because he considered it disgraceful; he knows

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also that changes may take place in the government at any time, and that in consequence of them that which was a desert to-day may to-morrow be the cause of disfavour; he knows, too, that there is a press, if not in Russia, at least abroad, which may describe this matter and so disgrace him for life. He already scents that new public opinion which is making void what the former public opinion demanded. Besides, he cannot be absolutely sure that at the last moment the executors will obey him. He wavers, and it is impossible to foretell what he will do.

The same thing, in a greater or lesser measure, is experienced by all the officials and officers who are travelling with him. They all know in the depth of their hearts that the deed which is to be done is disgraceful, that participation in it lowers and defiles a man in the eyes of a few men, whose opinion they already value. They know that it is a shame to appear after the torture or murder of defenceless men in the presence of their fiancées or wives, whom they treat with a show of tenderness. Besides, like the governor, they are in doubt whether the soldiers are sure to obey them. And, no matter how unlike it is to the self-confident look with which all these ruling men now move in the station and up and down the platform, they all in the depth of their hearts suffer and even waver. It is for this very reason that they assume this confident tone, in order to conceal their inner wavering. And this sensation increases in proportion as they come nearer to the place of action.

However imperceptible this may be, and however strange it may appear, all this mass of young soldiers, who seem so subservient, is in the same state.

They are all of them no longer the soldiers of former days, men who have renounced their natural life of labour, and who have devoted their lives exclusively to dissipation, rapine, and murder, like some Roman legionaries or the war-

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riors of the Thirty-Years War, or even the late soldiers of twenty-five years of service; they are, for the most part, men who have but lately been taken away from their families, all of them full of recollections of that good, natural, and sensible life from which they have been taken away.

All these lads, who for the most part come from the country, know what business is taking them out on the train; they know that the proprietors always offend their brothers, the peasants, and that therefore the same thing is taking place here. Besides, the greater half of these men know how to read books, and not all books are those in which the business of war is lauded, — there are also those in which its immorality is pointed out. Amidst them frequently serve freethinking companions, — volunteer soldiers, — and just such liberal young officers, and into their midst has been thrown the seed of doubt as to the unconditional legality and valour of their activity. It is true, all of them have passed through that terrible, artificial drill, worked out by ages, which kills all independence in a man, and they are so accustomed to mechanical obedience that at the words of command, "Fire by company! Company, fire!" and so forth, their guns rise mechanically and the habitual motions take place. But "Fire!" will not mean now having fun while shooting at a target, but killing their tormented, offended fathers and brothers, who — here they are — are standing in crowds, with their women and children in the street, and shouting and waving their hands. Here they are, — one of them, with a sparse beard, in a patched caftan and in bast shoes, just like their own fathers at home in the Government of Kazán or of Ryazán; another, with a gray beard and stooping shoulders, carrying a large stick, just like their father's father, their grandfather; another, a young lad in boots and red shirt, exactly as the soldier who is now to shoot at him was a year ago. And

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here is a woman in bast shoes and linen skirt, just like mother at home ——

Are they really going to shoot at them?

God knows what each soldier will do during this last moment. One slightest indication as to its not being right, above all as to the possibility of not doing it, one such word, one hint, will be sufficient, in order to stop them.

All men who are travelling on this train will, when they proceed to execute the deed for which they have set out, be in the same position in which a hypnotized person would be, who has received the suggestion to chop a log, and, having walked up to what has been pointed out to him as a log and having raised the axe to strike, suddenly sees or is told that it is not a log, but his sleeping brother. He may perform the act suggested to him, and he may wake up before its performance. Even so all these men may awaken, or not. If they do not, as terrible a deed as the one in Orél will be done, and in other men the auto-suggestion and the suggestion under which they act will be increased; if they awaken, such a deed will not only not be performed, but many others, upon finding out the turn which the affair has taken, will be freed from that suggestion in which they are, or at least will approach such a liberation.

But if not all men travelling on this train shall awaken and refrain from doing the deed which has been begun, if only a few of them shall do so and shall boldly express to other men the criminality of this affair, these few men even may have the effect of awakening all the other men from the suggestion, under which they are, and the proposed evil deed will not take place.

More than that: if only a few men, who do not take part in this affair, but are only present at the preparations for the same, or who have heard of similiar acts previously committed, will not remain indifferent, but will

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frankly and boldly express their disgust with the participants in these matters, and will point out to them their whole senselessness, cruelty, and criminality, even that will not pass unnoticed.

Even so it was in the present case. A few persons. participants and non-participants in this affair, who were free from suggestion, needed but at the time when they were getting ready for this affair boldly to express their indignation with tortures administered in other places, and their disgust and contempt for those men who took part in them; in the present Túla affair a few persons needed but to express their unwillingness to take part in it; the lady passenger and a few other persons at the station needed but in the presence of those who were travelling on the train to express their indignation at the act which was about to be committed; one of the regimental commanders, a part of whose troops were demanded for the pacification, needed but to express his opinion that the military cannot be executioners, — and thanks to these and certain other, seemingly unimportant, private influences exerted against people under suggestion, the affair would take a different turn, and the troops, upon arriving on the spot, would not commit any tortures, but would cut down the forest and give it to the proprietor. If there should not be in certain men any clear consciousness as to their doing wrong, and if there should be, in consequence of this, no mutual influence of men in this sense, there would take place the same as in Orél. But if this consciousness should be even stronger, and so the amount of the interactions even greater than what it was, it is very likely that the governor and his troops would not even dare to cut down the forest, in order to give it to the proprietor. If this consciousness had been even stronger and the amount of interactions greater, it is very likely the governor would not even have dared to travel to the place of action. If the consciousness had

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been stronger still and the amount of interactions even greater, it is very likely that the minister would not have made up his mind to prescribe, and the emperor to confirm such a decree.

Everything, consequently, depends on the force with which the Christian truth is cognized by every individual man.

And so, it would seem, the activity of all the men of our time, who assert that they wish to continue to the welfare of humanity, should be directed to the increase of the lucidity of the demands of the Christian truth.

4

But, strange to say, those very men, who in our time assert more than any one else that they care for the amelioration of human life, and who are regarded as the leaders in public opinion, affirm that it is not necessary to do that, and that for the amelioration of the condition of men there exist other, more efficacious means. These men assert that the amelioration of human life does not take place in consequence of the internal efforts of the consciousness of individual men and the elucidation and profession of the truth, but in consequence of the gradual change of the common external conditions of life, and that the profession by every individual man of the truth which is not in conformity with the existing order is not only useless, but even harmful, because on the part of the power it provokes oppressions, which keep these individuals from continuing their useful activity in the service of society. According to this doctrine, all the changes in human life take place under the same laws under which they take place in the life of the animals.

Thus, according to this doctrine, all the founders of religions, such as Moses and the prophets, Confucius, Lao-tse, Buddha, Christ, and others preached their teach-

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ings, and their followers accepted them, not because they loved truth, elucidated it to themselves, and professed it, but because the political, social, and, above all, economic conditions of the nations among whom these teachings appeared and were disseminated were favourable for their manifestation and diffusion.

And so the chief activity of a man wishing to serve society and ameliorate the condition of humanity must according to this doctrine be directed, not to the elucidation of the truth and its profession, but to the amelioration of the external political, social, and, above all else, economic conditions. Now the change of these political, social, and economic conditions is accomplished partly by means of serving the government and of introducing into it liberal and progressive principles, partly by contributing to the development of industry and the dissemination of socialistic ideas, and chiefly by the diffusion of scientific education.

According to this teaching it is not important for a man to profess in life the truth that has been revealed to him, and so inevitably be compelled to realize it in life, or at least not to do acts which are contrary to the professed truth; not to serve the government and not to increase its power, if he considers this power to be deleterious; not to make use of the capitalistic structure, if he considers this structure to be irregular; not to show any respect for various ceremonies, if he considers them to be a dangerous superstition; not to take part in the courts, if he considers their establishment to be false; not to serve as a soldier; not to swear; in general, not to lie, not to act as a scoundrel, but, without changing the existing forms of life, and submitting to them, contrary to his opinion, he should introduce liberalism into the existing institutions; coöperate with industry, the propaganda of socialism, the advancement of what is called the sciences, and the diffusion of culture. According to this theory is

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it possible, though remaining a landed proprietor, a merchant, a manufacturer, a judge, an official, receiving a salary from the government, a soldier, an officer, to be, withal, not only a humane man, but even a socialist and revolutionist.

Hypocrisy, which formerly used to have a religious foundation in the doctrine about the fall of the human race, about redemption, and about the church, in this teaching received in our time a new scientific foundation, and so has caught in its net all those men who from the degree of their development can no longer fall back on the religious hypocrisy. Thus, if formerly only a man who professed the ecclesiastic religious doctrine could, considering himself with it pure from every sin, take part in all kinds of crimes committed by the government, and make use of them, so long as he at the same time fulfilled the external demands of his profession, now all men, who do not believe in the church Christianity, have the same kind of a worldly scientific basis for recognizing themselves as pure, and even highly moral men, in spite of their participation in the evil deeds of the state and of their making use of them.

There lives — not in Russia alone, but anywhere you please, in France, England, Germany, America — a rich landed proprietor, and for the right which he gives to certain people living on his land, to draw their sustenance from it, he fleeces these for the most part hungry people to their fullest extent. This man's right to the possession of the land is based on this, that at every attempt of the oppressed people at making use of the lands which he considers his own, without his consent, there arrive some troops which subject the men who have seized the lands to tortures and extermination. One would think that it is evident that a man who lives in this manner is an egotistical being and in no way can call himself a Christian or a liberal. It would seem to be obvious that the first

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thing such a man ought to do, if he only wants in some way to come near to Christianity or to liberalism, would be to stop plundering and ruining men by means of his right to the land, which is supported by murders and tortures practised by the government. Thus it would be if there did not exist the metaphysics of hypocrisy, which says that from a religious point of view the possession or non-possession of the land is a matter of indifference as regards salvation, and that from the scientific point of view the renunciation of the ownership of land would be a useless personal effort, and that the coöperation with the good of men is not accomplished in this manner, but through the gradual change of external forms. And so this man, without the least compunction, and without any misgivings as to his being believed, arranges an agricultural exhibition, or a temperance society, or through his wife and children sends jackets and soup to three old women, and in his family, in drawing-rooms, committees, the press, boldly preaches the Gospel or humane love of one's neighbour in general, and of that working agricultural class in particular which he constantly torments and oppresses. And the men who are in the same condition with him believe him, praise him, and with him solemnly discuss the questions as to what measures should be used for the amelioration of the condition of the working masses, on the spoliation of whom their life is based, inventing for the purpose all kinds of means, except the one without which no amelioration of the people's condition is possible, of ceasing to take away from these people the land, which is necessary for their maintenance.

A most striking example of such hypocrisy is to be found in the measures taken last year by the Russian landed proprietors in the struggle with the famine, which they themselves had produced, and which they immediately set out to exploit, when they not only sold the corn at the highest possible price, but even sold to the freezing

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peasants as fuel the potato-tops at five roubles per desyatína.

Or there lives a merchant, whose whole commerce, like any commerce, is based on a series of rascalities, by means of which, exploiting the ignorance and need of men, articles are bought of them below their value, and, again exploiting the ignorance, need, and temptation of men, are sold back at prices above their value. It would seem to be obvious that a man whose activity is based on what in his own language is called rascality, so long as these same acts are performed under different conditions, ought to be ashamed of his position, and is by no means able, continuing to be a merchant, to represent himself as a Christian or a liberal. But the metaphysics of hypocrisy says to him that he may pass for a virtuous man, even though continuing his harmful activity: a religious man need only be believed, but a liberal has only to coöperate with the change of external conditions, — the progress of industry. And so this merchant, who frequently, in addition, performs a whole series of direct rascalities, by selling bad wares for good ones, cheating in weights and measures, or trading exclusively in articles which are pernicious to the people's health (such as wine or opium), boldly considers himself, and is considered by others, so long as he in business does not directly cheat his fellows in deception, that is, his fellow merchants, to be a model of honesty and conscientiousness. If he spends one-thousandth of the money stolen by him on some public institution, a hospital, a museum, an institution of learning, he is also regarded as a benefactor of those very people on the deception and corruption of whom all his fortune is based; but if he contributes part of his stolen money to a church and for the poor, he is regarded even as a model Christian.

Or there lives a manufacturer, whose whole income consists of the pay which is taken away from the workmen,

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and whose whole activity is based on compulsory, unnatural labour, which ruins whole generations of men; it would seem to be obvious that first of all, if this man professes any Christian or liberal principles, he must stop ruining human lives for the sake of his profit. But according to the existing theory, he is contributing to industry, and he must not — it would even be injurious to men and to society — stop his activity. And here this man, the cruel slaveholder of thousands of men, building for those who have been crippled while working for him little houses with little gardens five feet square, and a savings-bank, and a poorhouse, and a hospital, is fully convinced that in this way he has more than paid for all those physically and mentally ruined lives of men, for which he is responsible, and quietly continues his activity, of which he is proud.

Or there lives a head of a department, or some civil, clerical, military servant of the state, who serves for the purpose of satisfying his ambition or love of power, or, what is most common, for the purpose of receiving a salary, which is collected from the masses that are emaciated and exhausted with labour (taxes, no matter from whom they come, always originate in labour, that is, in the labouring people), and if he, which is extremely rare, does not directly steal the government's money in some unusual manner, he considers himself and is considered by others like him to be a most useful and virtuous member of society.

There lives some judge, prosecutor, head of a department, and he knows that as the result of his sentence or decree hundreds and thousands of unfortunate people, torn away from their families, are lingering in solitary confinement, at hard labour, going mad and killing themselves with glass, or starving to death; he knows that these thousands of people have thousands of mothers, wives, children, who are suffering from the separation, are de-

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prived of the possibility of meeting them, are disgraced, vainly implore forgiveness or even alleviation of the fates of their fathers, sons, husbands, brothers, — and the judge or head of a department is so hardened in his hypocrisy that he himself and his like and their wives and relatives are firmly convinced that he can with all this be a very good and sensitive man. According to the metaphysics of hypocrisy, it turns out that he is doing useful public work. And this man, having ruined hundreds, thousands of men, who curse him, and who are in despair, thanks to his activity, believing in the good and in God, with a beaming, benevolent smile on his smooth face, goes to mass, hears the Gospel, makes liberal speeches, pets his children, preaches to them morality, and feels meek of spirit in the presence of imaginary sufferings.

All these men and those who live on them, their wives, teachers, children, cooks, actors, jockeys, and so forth, live by the blood which in one way or another, by one class of leeches or by another, is sucked out of the working people; thus they live, devouring each day for their pleasures hundreds and thousands of work-days of the exhausted labourers, who are driven to work by the threat of being killed; they see the privations and sufferings of these labourers, of their children, old men, women, sick people; they know of the penalties to which the violators of this established spoliation are subjected, and they not only do not diminish their luxury, do not conceal it, but impudently display before these oppressed labourers, who for the most part hate them, as though on purpose to provoke them, their parks, castles, theatres, chases, races, and at the same time assure themselves and one another that they are all very much concerned about the good of the masses, whom they never stop treading underfoot; and on Sundays they dress themselves in costly attire and drive in expensive carriages into houses especially built for the purpose of making fun of Christianity, and there listen to

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men especially trained in this lie, who in every manner possible, in vestments and without vestments, in white neckties, preach to one another the love of men, which they all deny with their whole lives. And, while doing all this, these men so enter into their parts that they seriously believe that they actually are what they pretend to be.

The universal hypocrisy, which has entered into the flesh and blood of all the classes of our time, has reached such limits that nothing of this kind ever fills any one with indignation. Hypocrisy with good reason means the same as acting, and anybody can pretend, — act a part. Nobody is amazed at such phenomena as that the successors of Christ bless the murderers who are lined up and hold the guns which are loaded for their brothers; that the priests, the pastors of all kinds of Christian confessions, always, as inevitably as the executioners, take part in executions, with their presence recognizing the murder as compatible with Christianity (at an electrocution in America, a preacher was present).

Lately there was an international prison exhibition in St. Petersburg, where implements of torture were exhibited, such as manacles, models of solitary cells, that is, worse implements of torture than knouts and rods, and sensitive gentlemen and ladies went to look at all this, and they enjoyed the sight.

Nor is any one surprised at the way the liberal science proves, by the side of the assumption of equality, fraternity, liberty, the necessity of an army, of executions, custom-houses, the censorship, the regulation of prostitution, the expulsion of cheap labour, and the prohibition of immigration, and the necessity and justice of colonization, which is based on the poisoning, plundering, and destruction of whole tribes of men who are called savage, and so forth.

People talk of what will happen when all men shall profess what is called Christianity (that is, various

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mutually hostile professions); when all shall be well fed and well clothed; when all shall be united with one another from one end of the world to the other by means of telegraphs and telephones, and shall communicate with one another by means of balloons; when all the labourers shall be permeated with social teachings, and the labour-unions shall have collected so many millions of members and of roubles; when all men shall be cultured, and all shall read the papers and know the sciences.

But of what use or good can all these improvements be, if people shall not at the same time speak and do what they consider to be the truth?

The calamities of men are certainly due to their disunion, and the disunion is due to this, that men do not follow the truth, which is one, but the lies, of which there are many. The only means for the union of men into one is the union in truth; and so, the more sincerely men strive toward the truth, the nearer they are to this union.

But how can men be united in truth, or even approach it, if they not only do not express the truth which they know, but even think that it is unnecessary to do so, and pretend that they consider to be the truth what they do not regard as the truth.

And so no amelioration of the condition of men is possible, so long as men will pretend, that is, conceal the truth from themselves, so long as they do not recognize that their union, and so their good, is possible only in the truth, and so will not place the recognition and profession of the truth, the one which has been revealed to them, higher than anything else.

Let all those external improvements, of which religious and scientific men may dream, be accomplished; let all men accept Christianity, and let all those ameliorations, which all kinds of Bellamys and Richets wish for, take place, with every imaginable addition and correction — but let with all that the same hypocrisy remain as before; let men

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not profess the truth which they know, but continue to pretend that they believe in what they really do not believe, and respect what they really do not respect, and the condition of men will not only remain the same, but will even grow worse and worse. The more people shall have to eat, the more there shall be of telegraphs, telephones, books, newspapers, journals, the more means will there be for the dissemination of discordant lies and of hypocrisy, and the more will men be disunited and, therefore, wretched, as is indeed the case at present.

Let all these external changes take place, and the condition of humanity will not improve. But let each man at once in his life, according to his strength, profess the truth, as he knows it, or let him at least not defend the untruth, which he does, giving it out as the truth, and there would at once, in this present year 1893, take place such changes in the direction of the emancipation of men and the establishment of truth upon earth as we do not dare even to dream of for centuries to come.

For good reason Christ's only speech which is not meek, but reproachful and cruel, was directed to the hypocrites and against hypocrisy. What corrupts, angers, bestializes, and, therefore, disunites men, is not thieving, nor spoliation, nor murder, nor fornication, nor forgery, but the lie, that especial lie of hypocrisy which in the consciousness of men destroys the distinction between good and evil, deprives them of the possibility of avoiding the evil and seeking the good, deprives them of what forms the essence of the true human life, and so stands in the way of every perfection of men.

Men who do not know the truth and who do evil, awakening in others a sympathetic feeling for their victims and a contempt for their acts, do evil only to those whom they injure; but the men who know the truth and do the evil, which is concealed under hypocrisy, do evil to themselves and to those whom they injure, and to thou-

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sands of others who are offended by the lie, with which they attempt to conceal the evil done by them.

Thieves, plunderers, murderers, cheats, who commit acts that are recognized as evil by themselves and by all men, serve as an example of what ought not to be done, and deter men from evil. But the men who commit the same act of thieving, plundering, torturing, killing, mantling themselves with religious and scientific liberal justifications, as is done by all landed proprietors, merchants, manufacturers, and all kinds of servants of the government of our time, invite others to emulate their acts, and do evil, not only to those who suffer from it, but also to thousands and millions of men, whom they corrupt, by destroying for these men the difference between good and evil.

One fortune acquired by the trade in articles necessary for the masses or by corrupting the people, or by speculations on 'Change, or by the acquisition of cheap land, which later grows more expensive on account of the popular want, or by the establishment of plants ruining the health and the life of men, or by civil or military service to the state, or by any means which pamper to the vices of men — a fortune gained by such means, not only with the consent, but even with the approval of the leaders of society, corrupts people incomparably more than millions of thefts, rascalities, plunderings, which are committed outside the forms recognized by law and subject to criminal prosecution.

One execution, which is performed by well-to-do, cultured men, not under the influence of passion, but with the approval and coöperation of Christian pastors, and presented as something necessary, corrupts and bestializes men more than hundreds and thousands of murders, committed by uncultured labouring men, especially under the incitement of passion. An execution, such as Zhukóvski proposed to arrange, when men, as Zhukóvski

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assumed, would even experience a religious feeling of meekness of spirit, would be the most corrupting action that can be imagined. (See Vol. VI. of Zhukóvski's *Complete Works.*)

Every war, however short its duration, with its usual accompanying losses, destruction of the crops, thieving, admissible debauchery, looting, murders, with the invented justifications of its necessity and its justice, with the exaltation and eulogizing of military exploits, of love of flag and country, with the hypocritical cares for the wounded, and so forth, corrupts in one year more than do millions of robberies, incendiarisms, murders, committed in the course of hundreds of years by individual men under the influence of the passions.

One luxurious life, running temperately within the limits of decency, on the part of one respectable, so-called virtuous, family, which, none the less, spends on itself the products of as many labouring days as would suffice for the support of thousands of people living in misery side by side with this family, corrupts people more than do thousands of monstrous orgies of coarse merchants, officers, labouring men, who abandon themselves to drunkenness and debauchery, who for fun break mirrors, dishes, and so forth.

One solemn procession, Te Deum, or sermon from the ambo or pulpit, dealing with a lie in which the preachers themselves do not believe, produces incomparably more evil than do thousands of forgeries and adulterations of food, and so forth.

We talk of the hypocrisy of the Pharisees. But the hypocrisy of the men of our time far surpasses the comparatively innocent hypocrisy of the Pharisees. They had at least an external religious law, in the fulfilment of which they could overlook their obligations in relation to their neighbours, and, besides, these obligations were at that time not yet clearly pointed out; in our time, in the

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first place, there is no such religious law which frees men from their obligations to their neighbours, to all their neighbours without exception (I do not count those coarse and stupid men who even now think that sacraments or the decision of the Pope can absolve one from sins): on the contrary, that Gospel law, which we all profess in one way or another, directly points out these obligations, and besides these obligations, which at that time were expressed in dim words by only a few prophets, are now expressed so clearly that they have become truisms, which are repeated by gymnasiasts and writers of feuilletons. And so the men of our time, it would seem, cannot possibly pretend that they do not know these their obligations.

The men of our time, who exploit the order of things which is supported by violence, and who at the same time assert that they are very fond of their neighbours, and entirely fail to observe that they are with their whole lives doing evil to these their neighbours, are like a man who has incessantly robbed people, and who, being finally caught with his knife raised over his victim, who is calling for aid in a desperate voice, should assert that he did not know that what he was doing was unpleasant for him whom he was robbing and getting ready to kill. Just as this robber and murderer cannot deny what is obvious to all men, so, it would seem, it is impossible for the men of our time, who live at the expense of the sufferings of oppressed men, to assure themselves and others that they wish for the good of those men whom they rob incessantly, and that they did not know in what manner they acquire what they use as their own.

It is impossible for us to believe that we do not know of those one hundred thousand men in Russia alone, who are always locked up in prisons and at hard labour, for the purpose of securing our property and our peace; and that we do not know of those courts, in which we our-

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selves take part, and which in consequence of our petitions sentence the men who assault our property or endanger our security to imprisonment, deportation, and hard labour, where the men, who are in no way worse than those who sentence them, perish and are corrupted; that we do not know that everything we have we have only because it is acquired and secured for us by means of murders and tortures. We cannot pretend that we do not see the policeman who walks in front of the windows with a loaded revolver, defending us, while we eat our savoury dinner or view a new performance, or those soldiers who will immediately go with their guns and loaded cartridges to where our property will be violated.

We certainly know that if we shall finish eating our dinner, or seeing the latest drama, or having our fun at a ball, at the Christmas tree, at the skating, at the races, or at the chase, we do so only thanks to the bullet in the policeman's revolver and in the soldier's gun, which will at once bore a hole through the hungry stomach of the dispossessed man who, with watering mouth, is staying around the corner and watching our amusements, and is prepared to violate them the moment the policeman with the revolver shall go away, or as soon as there shall be no soldier in the barracks ready to appear at our first call.

And so, just as a man caught in broad daylight in a robbery can in no way assure all men that he did not raise his hand over the man about to be robbed by him, in order to take his purse from him, and did not threaten to cut his throat, so we, it would seem, cannot assure ourselves and others that the soldiers and policemen with the revolvers are all about us, not in order to protect us, but to defend us against external enemies, for the sake of order, for ornament, amusement, and parades; and that we did not know that men do not like to starve, having no right to make a living off the land on which they live, do not like to work underground, in the water, in hellish

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heat, from ten to fourteen hours a day, and in the night, in all kinds of factories and plants, for the purpose of manufacturing articles for our enjoyment. It would seem to be impossible to deny that which is so obvious. And yet it is precisely what is being done.

Though there are among the rich some honest people, — fortunately I meet more and more of them, especially among the young and among women, — who, at the mention of how and with what their pleasures are bought, do not try to conceal the truth, and grasp their heads and say, "Oh, do not speak of it. If it is so, it is impossible to go on living;" though there are such sincere people, who, unable to free themselves from their sin, none the less see it, the vast majority of the men of our time have so entered into their rôle of hypocrisy, that they boldly deny what is so startlingly obvious to every seeing person.

"All this is unjust," they say; "nobody compels the people to work for the proprietors and in factories. This is a question of free agreement. Large possessions and capital are indispensable, because they organize labour and give work to the labouring classes; and the work in the factories and plants is not at all as terrible as you imagine it to be. If there are some abuses in the factories, the government and society will see to it that they be removed and that the work be made still more easy and even more agreeable for the labourers. The working people are used to physical labour, and so far are not good for anything else. The poverty of the masses is not at all due to the ownership of land, nor to the oppression of capital, but to other causes: it is due to the ignorance, the coarseness, the drunkenness of the masses. We, the men of state, who are counteracting this impoverishment by wise enactments, and we, the capitalists, who are counteracting it by the dissemination of useful inventions, we, the clergy, by religious instruction, and we, the liberals,

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by the establishment of labour-unions, the increase and diffusion of knowledge, in this manner, without changing our position, increase the welfare of the masses. We do not want all men to be poor, like the poor, but want them to be rich, like the rich. The statement that men are tortured and killed to compel them to work for the rich is nothing but sophistry; troops are sent out against the masses only when they, misunderstanding their advantages, become riotous and disturb the peace, which is necessary for the common good. Just as much do we need the curbing of malefactors, for whom are intended the prisons, gallows, and hard labour. We should ourselves like to do away with them, and we are working in this direction."

The hypocrisy of our time, which is supported from two sides, by the quasi-religion and the quasi-science, has reached such a point that, if we did not live in the midst of it, we should not be able to believe that men could reach such a degree of self-deception. The people have in our time reached the remarkable state when their hearts are so hardened that they look and do not see, that they listen and do not hear or understand.

Men have long been living a life which is contrary to their consciousness. If it were not for hypocrisy, they would not be able to live this life. This order of life, which is contrary to their consciousness, is continued only because it is hidden under hypocrisy.

The more the distance is growing between reality and the consciousness of men, the more does hypocrisy expand; but there are limits even to hypocrisy, and it seems to me that in our time we have reached that limit.

Every man of our time, with the Christian consciousness, which is involuntarily acquired by him, finds himself in a situation which is exactly like that of a sleeping man, who sees in his sleep that he must do what he knows even in his sleep is not right for him to do.

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He knows this in the very depth of his heart, and yet, as though unable to change his position, he cannot stop and cease doing what he knows he ought not to do. And, as happens in sleep, his condition, becoming more and more agonizing, finally reaches the utmost degree of tension, and then he begins to doubt the reality of what presents itself to him, and he makes an effort of consciousness, in order to break the spell that holds him fettered.

In the same condition is the average man of our Christian world. He feels that everything which is done by himself and about him is something insipid, monstrous, impossible, and contrary to his consciousness, that this condition is becoming more and more agonizing, and has reached the utmost limit of tension.

It cannot be: it cannot be that the men of our time, with our Christian consciousness of the dignity of man, the equality of men, which has permeated our flesh and blood, with our need for a peaceful intercourse and union among the nations, should actually be living in such a way that every joy of ours, every comfort, should be paid for by the sufferings, the lives of our brothers, and that we, besides, should every moment be within a hair's breadth of throwing ourselves, like wild beasts, upon one another, nation upon nation, mercilessly destroying labour and life, for no other reason than that some deluded diplomatist or ruler has said or written something stupid to another deluded diplomatist or ruler like himself.

It cannot be. And yet every man of our time sees that it is precisely what is being done, and that the same thing awaits him. The state of affairs is getting more and more agonizing.

As the man in his sleep does not believe that what presents itself to him as reality is actually real, and wants to awaken to the other, the actual reality, so also the average man of our time cannot in the depth of his heart believe that the terrible state in which he is, and which is getting

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worse and worse, is the reality, and he wants to awaken to the actual reality, the reality of the consciousness which already abides in him.

And as the man asleep needs but make an effort of his consciousness and ask himself whether it is not a dream, in order that what to him appeared as such a hopeless state may be at once destroyed, and he may awaken to a calm and joyous reality, even so the modern man needs only make an effort of his consciousness, needs only doubt in the reality of what his own and the surrounding hypocrisy presents to him, and ask himself whether it is not all a deception, in order that he may immediately feel himself at once passing over, like the awakened man, from the imaginary, terrible world to the real, to the calm and joyous reality.

This man need not perform any acts or exploits, but has only to make an internal effort of consciousness.

5

Cannot man make this effort?

According to the existing theory, indispensable for hypocrisy, man is not free and cannot change his life.

"Man cannot change his life, because he is not free; he is not free, because all of his acts are conditioned by previous causes. No matter what a man may do, there always exist these or those causes, from which the man has committed these or those acts, and so man cannot be free and himself change his life," say the defenders of the metaphysics of hypocrisy. They would be absolutely right, if man were an unconscious being, immovable in relation to truth; that is, if, having once come to know the truth, he always remained on the selfsame stage of his cognition. But man is a conscious being, recognizing a higher and still higher degree of the truth, and so, if a man is not free in the commission of this or that act, because

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for every act there exists a cause, the very causes of these acts, which for conscious man consist in his recognizing this or that truth as an adequate cause for his action, are within man's power.

Thus man, who is not free in the commission of these or those acts, is free as regards the basis for his acts, something as the engineer of a locomotive, who is not free as regards the change of an accomplished or actual motion of the locomotive, is none the less free in determining beforehand its future motions.

No matter what a conscious man may do, he acts in this way or that, and not otherwise, only because he either now recognizes that the truth is that he ought to act as he does, or because he formerly recognized it, and now from inertia, from habit, acts in a manner which now he recognizes to be false.

In either case the cause of his act was not a given phenomenon, but the recognition of a given condition as the truth and, consequently, the recognition of this or that phenomenon as an adequate cause of his act.

Whether a man eats or abstains from food, whether he works or rests, runs from danger or is subject to it, if he is a conscious man, he acts as he does only because he now considers this to be proper and rational: he considers the truth to consist in his acting this way, and not otherwise, or he has considered it so for a long time.

The recognition of a certain truth or the non-recognition of it does not depend on external causes, but on some others, which are in man himself. Thus with all the external, apparently advantageous conditions for the recognition of truth, one man at times does not recognize it, and, on the contrary, another, under all the most unfavourable conditions, without any apparent cause, does recognize it. As it says in the Gospel: "No man can come to me, except the Father draw him" (John vi. 44),

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that is, the recognition of the truth, which forms the cause of all the phenomena of human life, does not depend on external phenomena, but on some internal qualities of man, which are not subject to his observation.

And so a man, who is not free in his acts, always feels himself free in what serves as the cause of his actions, — in the recognition or non-recognition of the truth, and feels himself free, not only independently of external conditions taking place outside him, but even of his own acts.

Thus a man, having under the influence of passion committed an act which is contrary to the cognized truth, none the less remains free in its recognition or non-recognition, that is, he can, without recognizing the truth, regard his act as necessary and justify himself in its commission, and can, by recognizing the truth, consider his act bad and condemn it in himself.

Thus a gambler or a drunkard, who has not withstood temptation and has succumbed to his passion, remains none the less free to recognize his gambling or his intoxication either as an evil or as an indifferent amusement. In the first case, he, though not at once, frees himself from his passion, the more, as he the more sincerely recognizes the truth; in the second, he strengthens his passion and deprives himself of every possibility of liberation.

Even so a man, who could not stand the heat and ran out of a burning house without having saved his companion, remains free (by recognizing the truth that a man must serve the lives of others at the risk of his own life) to consider his act bad, and so to condemn himself for it, or (by not recognizing this truth) to consider his act natural, and necessary, and to justify himself in it. In the first case, in recognizing the truth, he, in spite of his departure from it, prepares for himself a whole series of self-sacrificing acts, which inevitably must result from such a recognition; in the second case, he prepares a

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whole series of egotistical acts, which are opposed to the first.

Not that a man is always free to recognize every truth, or not. There are truths which have long ago been recognized by a man himself or have been transmitted to him by education and tradition, and have been taken by him on faith, the execution of which has become to him a habit, a second nature; and there are truths which present themselves to him indistinctly, in the distance. A man is equally unfree in the non-recognition of the first and the recognition of the second. But there is a third class of truths, which have not yet become for man an unconscious motive for his activity, but which at the same time have already revealed themselves to him with such lucidity that he cannot evade them, and must inevitably take up this or that relation to them, by recognizing or not recognizing them. It is in relation to these same truths that man's freedom is manifested.

Every man finds himself in his life in relation to truth in the position of a wanderer who walks in the dark by the light of a lantern moving in front of him: he does not see what is not yet illuminated by the lantern, nor what he has passed over and what is again enveloped in darkness, and it is not in his power to change his relation to either; but he sees, no matter on what part of the path he may stand, what is illuminated by the lantern, and it is always in his power to select one side of the road on which he is moving, or the other.

For every man there always are truths, invisible to him, which have not yet been revealed to his mental vision; there are other truths, already outlived, forgotten, and made his own; and there are certain truths which have arisen before him in the light of his reason and which demand his recognition. It is in the recognition or non-recognition of these truths that there is manifested what we cognize as our freedom.

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The whole difficulty and seeming insolubility of the question about man's freedom is due to this, that the men who decide this question present man to themselves as immovable in relation to truth.

Man is unquestionably not free, if we represent him to ourselves as immovable, if we forget that the life of man and of humanity is only a constant motion from darkness to the light, from the lower stage of the truth to the higher, from a truth which is mixed with errors to a truth which is more free from them.

Man would not be free, if he did not know any truth, and he would not be free and would not even have any idea about freedom, if the whole truth, which is to guide him in his life, were revealed to him in all its purity, without any admixture of errors.

But man is not immovable in relation to truth, and every individual man, as also all humanity, in proportion to its movement in life, constantly cognizes a greater and ever greater degree of the truth, and is more and more freed from error. Therefore men always are in a threefold relation to truth: one set of truths has been so acquired by them that these truths have become unconscious causes of their actions, others have only begun to be revealed to them, and the third, though not yet made their own, are revealed to them with such a degree of lucidity that inevitably, in one way or another, they must take up some stand in relation to them, must recognize them, or not.

It is in the recognition or non-recognition of these truths that man is free.

Man's freedom does not consist in this, that he can, independently of the course of his life and of causes already existing and acting upon him, commit arbitrary acts, but in this, that he can, by recognizing the truth revealed to him and by professing it, become a free and joyous performer of the eternal and infinite act performed

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by God or the life of the world, and can, by not recognizing the truth, become its slave and be forcibly and painfully drawn in a direction which he does not wish to take.

Truth not only indicates the path of human life, but also reveals that one path, on which human life can proceed. And so all men will inevitably, freely or not freely, walk on the path of life: some, by naturally doing the work of life destined for them, others, by involuntarily submitting to the law of life. Man's freedom is in this choice.

Such a freedom, within such narrow limits, seems to men to be so insignificant that they do not notice it: some (the determinists) consider this portion of freedom to be so small that they do not recognize it at all; others, the defenders of complete freedom, having in view their imaginary freedom, neglect this seemingly insignificant degree of freedom. The freedom which is contained between the limits of the ignorance of the truth and of the recognition of a certain degree of it does not seem to men to be any freedom, the more so since, whether a man wants to recognize the truth which is revealed to him or not, he inevitably will be compelled to fulfil it in life.

A horse that is hitched with others to a wagon is not free not to walk in front of the wagon; and if it will not draw, the wagon will strike its legs, and it will go whither the wagon goes, and will pull it involuntarily. But, in spite of this limited freedom, it is free itself to pull the wagon or be dragged along by it. The same is true of man.

Whether this freedom is great or not, in comparison with that fantastic freedom which we should like to have, this freedom unquestionably exists, and this freedom is freedom, and in this freedom is contained the good which is accessible to man.

Not only does this freedom give the good to men, but

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it is also the one means for the accomplishment of the work which is done by the life of the world.

According to Christ's teaching, the man who sees the meaning of life in the sphere in which it is not free, in the sphere of consequences, that is, of acts, has not the true life. According to the Christian teaching, only he has the true life who has transferred his life into that sphere in which it is free, into the sphere of causes, that is, of the cognition and the recognition of the truth which is revealing itself, of its profession, and so inevitably of its consequent fulfilment as the wagon's following the horse.

In placing his life in carnal things, a man does that work which is always in dependence on spatial and temporal causes, which are outside of him. He himself really does nothing, — it only seems to him that he is doing something, but in reality all those things which it seems to him he is doing are done through him by a higher power, and he is not the creator of life, but its slave; but in placing his life in the recognition and profession of the truth that is revealed to him, he, by uniting with the source of the universal life, does not do personal, private works, which depend on conditions of space and time, but works which have no causes and themselves form causes of everything else, and have an endless, unlimited significance.

By neglecting the essence of the true life, which consists in the recognition and profession of the truth, and by straining their efforts for the amelioration of their lives upon external acts, the men of the pagan life-conception are like men on a boat, who, in order to reach their goal, should put out the boiler, which keeps them from distributing the oarsmen, and, instead of proceeding under steam and screw, should try in a storm to row with oars that do not reach to the water.

The kingdom of God is taken by force and only those who make an effort get hold of it, — and it is this effort

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of the renunciation of the change of the external conditions for the recognition and profession of truth which is the effort by means of which the kingdom of God is taken and which must and can be made in our time.

Men need but understand this: they need but stop troubling themselves about external and general matters, in which they are not free, and use but one hundredth part of the energy, which they employ on external matters, on what they are free in, on the recognition and profession of the truth which stands before them, on the emancipation of themselves and of men from the lie and hypocrisy which conceal the truth, in order that without effort and struggle there should at once be destroyed that false structure of life which torments people and threatens them with still worse calamities, and that there should be realized that kingdom of God or at least that first step of it, for which men are already prepared according to their consciousness.

Just as one jolt is sufficient for a liquid that is saturated with salt suddenly to become crystallized, thus, perhaps, the smallest effort will suffice for the truth, which is already revealed to men, to take hold of hundreds, thousands, millions of men, — for a public opinion to be established to correspond to the consciousness, and, in consequence of its establishment, for the whole structure of the existing life to be changed. And it depends on us to make this effort.

If every one of us would only try to understand and recognize the Christian truth which surrounds us on all sides in the most varied forms, and begs for admission into our souls; if we only stopped lying and pretending that we do not see that truth, or that we wish to carry it out, only not in what it first of all demands of us; if we only recognized the truth which calls us and boldly professed it, we should immediately see that hundreds, thousands, millions of men are in the same condition that we are in,

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that they see the truth, just as we do, and that, like us, they are only waiting for others to recognize it.

If men only stopped being hypocritical, they would see at once that the cruel structure of life, which alone binds them and which presents itself to them as something firm, indispensable, and sacred, as something established by God, is shaking already and is holding only by that lie of hypocrisy by means of which we and our like support it.

But if this is so, if it is true that it depends on us to destroy the existing order of life, have we the right to destroy it, without knowing clearly what we shall put in its place? What will become of the world, if the existing order of things shall be destroyed?

"What will be there, beyond the walls of the world which we leave behind?" (Herzen's words.)

"Terror seizes us, — the void, expanse, freedom. . . . How can we go, without knowing whither? How can we lose, without seeing any acquisition?

"If Columbus had reflected thus, he would never have weighed anchor. It is madness to sail the sea without knowing the way, to sail the sea no one has traversed before, to make for a country, the existence of which is a question. With this madness he discovered a new world. Of course, if the nations could move from one *hôtel garni* into another, a better one, it would be easier, but unfortunately there is no one to arrange the new quarters. In the future it is worse than on the sea, — there is nothing, — it will be what circumstances and men make it.

"If you are satisfied with the old world, try to preserve it, — it is very decrepit and will not last long; but if it is unbearable for you to live in an eternal discord between convictions and life, to think one thing and do another, come out from under the whited mediæval vaults at your risk. I know full well that this is not easy. It is not

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a trifling matter to part from everything a man is accustomed to from the day of his birth, with what he has grown up with from childhood. Men are prepared for terrible sacrifices, but not for those which the new life demands of them. Are they prepared to sacrifice modern civilization, their manner of life, their religion, the accepted conventional morality? Are they prepared to be deprived of all the fruits which have been worked out with such efforts, of the fruits we have been boasting of for three centuries, to be deprived of all the comforts and charms of our existence, to prefer wild youth to cultured debility, to break up their inherited palace from the mere pleasure of taking part in laying the foundation for the new house, which will, no doubt, be built after us?" (Herzen, Vol. V., p. 55.)

Thus spoke almost half a century ago a Russian author, who with his penetrating mind even at that time saw very clearly what now is seen by the least reflecting man of our time, — the impossibility of continuing life on its former foundations, and the necessity for establishing some new forms of life.

From the simplest, lowest, worldly point of view it is already clear that it is madness to remain under the vault of a building, which does not sustain its weight, and that it is necessary to leave it. Indeed, it is hard to imagine a state which is more wretched than the one in which is now the Christian world, with its nations armed against each other, with the ever growing taxes for the support of these ever growing armaments, with the hatred of the labouring class against the rich, which is being fanned more and more, with Damocles's sword of war hanging over all, and ready at any moment to drop down, and inevitably certain to do so sooner or later.

Hardly any revolution can be more wretched for the great mass of the people than the constantly existing order, or rather disorder, of our life, with its habitual sac-

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rifices of unnatural labour, poverty, drunkenness, debauchery, and with all the horrors of an imminent war, which is in one year to swallow up more victims than all the revolutions of the present century.

What will happen with us, with all humanity, when each one of us shall perform what is demanded of him by God through the conscience which is implanted in him? Will there be no calamity, because, finding myself entirely in the power of the Master, I in the establishment built up and guided by Him shall do what He commands me to do, but what seems strange to me, who do not know the final ends of the Master?

But it is not even this question as to what will happen that troubles men, when they hesitate to do the Master's will: they are troubled by the question as to how they could live without those conditions of their life which they have become accustomed to, and which we call science, art, civilization, culture. We feel for ourselves personally the whole burden of the present life, we even see that the order of this life, if continued, will inevitably cause our ruin; but, at the same time, we want the conditions of this our life, which have grown out of it, our arts, sciences, civilizations, cultures, to remain unharmed in the change of our life. It is as though a man living in an old house, suffering from the cold and the inconveniences of this house, and knowing, besides, that this house is about to fall in, should consent to its rebuilding only on condition that he should not come out of it: a condition which is equal to a refusal to rebuild the house. "What if I leave the house, for a time am deprived of all comforts, and the new house will not be built at all or will be built in such a way that it will lack what I am used to?"

But, if the material is on hand and the builders are there, all the probabilities are in favour of the new house being better than the old one, and at the same time there

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is not only a probability, but even a certainty, that the old house will fall in and will crush those who are left in it. Whether the former, habitual conditions of life will be retained, whether they will be destroyed, or whether entirely new ones, better ones, will arise, it is inevitably necessary to leave the old conditions of our life, which have become impossible and pernicious, and to go ahead and meet the future conditions.

"The sciences, arts, civilizations, and cultures will disappear!"

All these are only different manifestations of the truth, and the imminent change is to take place only in the name of an approximation to truth and its realization. How, then, can the manifestations of the truth disappear in consequence of its realization? They will be different, better, and higher, but they will by no means be destroyed. What will be destroyed in them is what is false; but what there was of truth in them will only blossom out and be strengthened.

6

Come to your senses, men, and believe in the Gospel, in the teaching of the good. If you shall not come to your senses, you will all perish, as perished the men who were killed by Pilate, as perished those who were crushed by the tower of Siloam, as perished millions and millions of men, slayers and slain, executioners and executed, tormentors and tormented, and as foolishly perished that man who filled up his granaries and prepared himself to live for a long time, and died the same night on which he wanted to begin his new life. "Come to your senses and believe in the Gospel," Christ said eighteen hundred years ago, and says now with even greater convincingness, through the utter wretchedness and irrationality of our life, predicted by Him and now an accomplished fact.

Now, after so many centuries of vain endeavours to

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make our life secure by means of the pagan institution of violence, it would seem to be absolutely obvious to everybody that all the efforts which are directed toward this end only introduce new dangers into our personal and social life, but in no way make it secure.

No matter what we may call ourselves; what attires we may put on; what we may smear ourselves with, and in the presence of what priests; how many millions we may have; what protection there may be along our path; how many policemen may protect our wealth; how much we may execute the so-called revolutionary malefactors and anarchists; what exploits we ourselves may perform; what kingdoms we may found, and what fortresses and towers we may erect, from that of Babel to that of Eiffel, — we are all of us at all times confronted by two inevitable conditions of our life, which destroy its whole meaning: (1) by death, which may overtake any of us at any moment, and (2) by the impermanency of all the acts performed by us, which are rapidly and tracklessly destroyed. No matter what we may do, whether we found kingdoms, build palaces, erect monuments, compose poems, it is but for a short time, and everything passes, without leaving a trace. And so, no matter how much we may conceal the fact from ourselves, we cannot help but see that the meaning of our life can be neither in our personal, carnal existence, which is subject to inevitable sufferings and inevitable death, nor in any worldly institution or structure.

Whoever you, the reader of these lines, may be, think of your condition and of your duties, — not of the condition of landowner, merchant, judge, emperor, president, minister, priest, soldier, which people temporarily ascribe to you, nor of those imaginary duties, which these positions impose upon you, but of that real, eternal condition of existence, which by somebody's will after a whole eternity of non-existence has issued forth from uncon-

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sciousness, and at any moment by somebody's will may return to where you come from. Think of your duties, — not of your imaginary duties as a landowner to your estate, of a merchant to your capital, of an emperor, minister, official to the state, — but of those real duties of yours, which result from your real condition of existence, which is called into life and is endowed with reason and love. Are you doing what is demanded of you by Him who has sent you into the world, and to whom you will very soon return? Are you doing what He is demanding of you? Are you doing what is right, when, being a landowner, manufacturer, you take away the productions of labour from the poor, building up your life on this spoliation, or when, being a ruler, a judge, you do violence to people and sentence them to capital punishment, or when, being a soldier, you prepare yourself for wars, and wage war, plunder, and kill?

You say that the world is constructed that way, that this is unavoidable, that you are not doing this of your own will, but that you are compelled to do so. But is it possible that the aversion for human sufferings, for tortures, for the killing of men should be so deeply implanted in you; that you should be so imbued with the necessity for loving men and the still more potent necessity of being loved by them; that you should clearly see that only with the recognition of the equality of all men, with their mutual service, is possible the realization of the greatest good which is accessible to men; that your heart, your intellect, the religion professed by you should tell you the same; that science should tell you the same, — and that, in spite of it, you should be by some very dim, complex considerations compelled to do what is precisely opposed to it? that, being a landowner or a capitalist, you should be compelled to construct all your life on the oppression of the masses? or that, being an emperor or a president, you should be compelled to command troops,

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that is, to be the leader and guide of murderers? or that, being a government official, you should be compelled by violence to take from poor people their hard-earned money, in order to use it yourself and give it to the rich? or that, being a judge, a juror, you should be compelled to sentence erring men to tortures and to death, because the truth has not been revealed to them? or that, — a thing on which all the evil of the world is chiefly based, — you, every young man, should be compelled to become a soldier and, renouncing your own will and all human sentiments, should promise, at the will of men who are alien to you, to kill all those men whom they may command you to kill?

It cannot be.

Even though men tell you that all this is necessary for the maintenance of the existing structure of life; that the existing order, with its wretchedness, hunger, prisons, executions, armies, wars, is indispensable for society; that, if this order should be impaired, there would come worse calamities, — it is only those to whom this structure of life is advantageous that tell you this, while those — and there are ten times as many of them — who are suffering from this structure of life think and say the very opposite. You yourself know in the depth of your heart that this is not true, that the existing structure of life has outlived its time and soon must be reconstructed on new principles, and that, therefore, there is no need to maintain it, while sacrificing human sentiments.

Above all else, even if we admit that the existing order is necessary, why do you feel yourself obliged to maintain it, while trampling on all better human sentiments? Who has engaged you as a nurse to this decaying order? Neither society, nor the state, nor any men have ever asked you to maintain this order, by holding the place of landowner, merchant, emperor, priest, soldier, which you now hold; and you know full well that you took up

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your position, not at all with the self-sacrificing purpose of maintaining an order of life which is indispensable for the good of men, but for your own sake, — for the sake of your greed, love of glory, ambition, indolence, cowardice. If you did not want this position, you would not be doing everything it is necessary for you to do all the time, in order to keep your place. Just try to stop doing those complex, cruel, tricky, and mean things, which you are doing without cessation in order to keep your place, and you will immediately lose it. Just try, while being a ruler or an official, to stop lying, committing base acts, taking part in acts of violence, in executions; being a priest, to stop deceiving; being a soldier, to stop killing; being a landowner, a manufacturer, to stop protecting your property by means of the courts and of violence, — and you will at once lose the position which, you say, is imposed upon you, and which, you say, weighs heavily upon you.

It cannot be that a man should be placed against his will in a position which is contrary to his consciousness.

If you are in this position, it is not because that is necessary for anybody, but because you want it. And so, knowing that this position is directly opposed to your heart, your reason, your faith, and even to science, in which you believe, you cannot help but meditate on the question as to whether you are doing right by staying in this position and, above all, by trying to justify it.

You might be able to risk making a mistake, if you had time to see and correct your mistake, and if that in the name of which you should take your risk had any importance. But when you know for certain that you may vanish any second, without the slightest chance of correcting the mistake, either for your own sake or for the sake of those whom you will draw into your error, and when you know, besides, that, no matter what you may do in the external structure of the world, it will disappear

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very soon, and just as certainly as you yourself, without leaving any trace, it is obvious to you that you have no reason to risk such a terrible mistake.

This is all so simple and so clear, if only we did not with hypocrisy bedim the truth which is revealed to us.

"Share with others what you have, do not amass any wealth, do not glorify yourself, do not plunder, do not torture, do not kill any one, do not do unto others what you do not wish to have done to yourself," was said, not eighteen hundred, but five thousand years ago, and there could be no doubt as to the truth of this law, if there were no hypocrisy: it would have been impossible, if not to do so, at least not to recognize that we ought always to do so, and that he who does not do so is doing wrong.

But you say that there also exists a common good, for which it is possible and necessary to depart from these rules, — for the common good it is right to kill, torture, rob. It is better for one man to perish, than that a whole nation should perish, you say, like Caiaphas, and you sign one, two, three death-warrants, load your gun for that man who is to perish for the common good, put him in prison, take away his property. You say that you do these cruel things, because you feel yourself to be a man of society, the state, under obligation to serve it and to carry out its laws, a landowner, a judge, an emperor, a soldier. But, besides your belonging to a certain state, and the obligations resulting therefrom, you also belong to the infinite life of the world and to God, and have certain obligations resulting from this relation.

And as your duties, which result from your belonging to a certain family, a certain society, are always subordinated to the higher duties, which result from your belonging to the state, so also your obligations, which result from your belonging to the state, must necessarily

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be subordinated to the duties which result from your belonging to the life of the world, to God.

And as it would be senseless to cut down the telegraph-posts, in order to provide fuel for the family or society, and to increase its well-being, because this would violate the laws which preserve the good of the state, so it would be senseless, for the purpose of making the state secure and increasing its well-being, to torture, execute, kill a man, because this violates the unquestionable laws which preserve the good of the world.

Your obligations, which result from your belonging to the state, cannot help but be subordinated to the higher eternal duty, which results from your belonging to the infinite life of the world, or to God, and cannot contradict them, as Christ's disciples said eighteen hundred years ago: "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye" (Acts iv. 19), and, "We ought to obey God rather than men" (Acts v. 29).

You are assured that, in order not to violate the constantly changing order, which was yesterday established by some men in some corner of the world, you must commit acts of torture and murder separate men, who violate the eternal, invariable order of the universe, which was established by God, or by reason. Can that be?

And so you cannot help but meditate on your position as a landowner, merchant, judge, emperor, president, minister, priest, soldier, which is connected with oppression, violence, deception, tortures, and murders, and you cannot help but recognize their illegality.

I do not say that, if you are a landowner, you should at once give your land to the poor; if you are a capitalist, you should at once give your money, your factory to the labourers; if you are a king, a minister, an official, a judge, a general, you should at once give up your advantageous position; if you are a soldier (that is, occupy a

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position on which all violence is based), you should, in spite of all the dangers of a refusal to obey, at once throw up your position.

If you do so, you will do the very best possible; but it may happen — and this is most likely — that you will not have the strength to do so: you have connections, a family, inferiors, superiors; you may be under such a strong influence of temptations that you will not be able to do so, — but you are always able to recognize the truth as a truth, and to stop lying. Do not assert that you remain a landed proprietor, a manufacturer, a merchant, an artist, a writer, because this is useful for men; that you are serving as a governor, a prosecutor, a king, not because that gives you pleasure and you are used to it, but for the good of humanity; that you continue to be a soldier, not because you are afraid of punishment, but because you consider the army indispensable for the security of human life; you can always keep from lying thus to yourself and to men, and you are not only able, but even must do so, because in this alone, in the liberation of oneself from the lie and in the profession of the truth, does the only good of your life consist.

You need but do this, and your position will inevitably change of its own accord. There is one, only one thing in which you are free and almighty in your life, — everything else is beyond your power. This thing is, to recognize the truth and to profess it.

Suddenly, because just such miserable, erring people like yourself have assured you that you are a soldier, emperor, landed proprietor, rich man, priest, general, you begin to do evil, which is obviously and unquestionably contrary to your reason and heart: you begin to torture, rob, kill men, to build up your life on their sufferings, and, above all, instead of doing the one work of your life, — recognizing and professing the truth which is known to you, — you carefully pretend that you do not

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know it, and conceal it from yourself and from others, doing thus what is directly opposed to the one thing to which you have been called.

And under what conditions do you do that? You, who are likely to die at any moment, sign a sentence of death, declare war, go to war, sit in judgment, torture, fleece the labourers, live luxuriously among the poor, and teach weak, trustful people that this must be so, and that in this does the duty of men consist, and you are running the chance that, at the moment that you are doing this, a bacterium or a bullet will fly into you, and you will rattle in your throat and die, and will for ever be deprived of the possibility of correcting and changing the evil which you have done to others and, above all, to yourself, losing for nothing the life which is given to you but once in a whole eternity, without having done the one thing which you ought unquestionably to have done.

However simple and old this may be, and however much we may have stupefied ourselves by hypocrisy and the auto-suggestion resulting from it, nothing can destroy the absolute certainty of that simple and clear truth that no external efforts can safeguard our life, which is inevitably connected with unavoidable sufferings and which ends in still more unavoidable death, that may come to each of us at any moment, and that, therefore, our life can have no other meaning than the fulfilment, at any moment, of what is wanted from us by the power that sent us into life and gave us in this life one sure guide, — our rational consciousness.

And so this power cannot want from us what is irrational and impossible, — the establishment of our temporal, carnal life, the life of society or of the state. This power demands of us what alone is certain and rational and possible, — our serving the kingdom of God, that is, our coöperation in the establishment of the greatest union of everything living, which is possible only in the truth, and,

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therefore, the recognition of the truth revealed to us, and the profession of it, precisely what alone is always in our power.

"Seek ye the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." The only meaning of man's life consists in serving the world by coöperating in the establishment of the kingdom of God; but this service can be rendered only through the recognition of the truth, and the profession of it, by every separate individual.

"The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo here! or, Lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you."

Yásnaya Polyána, May 14, 1893.

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CHRISTIANITY AND PATRIOTISM

1894

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CHRISTIANITY AND PATRIOTISM

THE Franco-Russian celebrations which took place in France, in the month of October of last year, provoked in me, as no doubt in many other people, at first a feeling of amusement, then of perplexity, and at last of indignation, which I intended to express in a short article in a periodical; but, the more I dwelt on the chief causes of this strange phenomenon, the more did I arrive at the considerations which I now offer to my readers.

I.

RUSSIANS and Frenchmen have lived for many centuries, knowing one another, entering with one another at times into friendly, more often, I am sorry to say, into very hostile relations, which have been provoked by their governments; suddenly, because two years ago a French squadron arrived at Kronstadt, and the officers of the squadron, upon landing, ate and drank a lot of wine in various places, hearing and uttering upon these occasions many lying and stupid words, and because, in the year 1893, a similar Russian squadron arrived at Toulon, and the officers of the Russian squadron ate and drank a lot in Paris, hearing and uttering upon that occasion more lying and stupid words than before, it happened that not only the men who ate, drank, and talked, but even those who were present, and even those who were not present,

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but only heard and read of it in newspapers, all these millions of Russians and Frenchmen suddenly imagined that they somehow were particularly in love with one another, that is, that all the French loved all the Russians, and all the Russians loved all the French.

These sentiments were last October expressed in France in a most unusual manner.

Here is the way the reception of the Russian sailors is described in the *Rural Messenger*, a newspaper which collects its information from all the others:

"At the meeting of the Russian and French vessels, both, besides the salvos of guns, greeted one another with hearty, ecstatic shouts, 'Hurrah,' 'Long live Russia,' 'Long live France!'

"These were joined by bands of music (which came on many private steamers), playing the Russian hymn, 'God save the Tsar,' and the French Marseillaise; the public on the private vessels waved their hats, flags, handkerchiefs, and bouquets; on many barques there were peasants with their wives and children, and they all had bouquets in their hands, and even the children waved the bouquets and shouted at the top of their voices, '*Vive la Russie!*' Our sailors, upon seeing such national transport, were unable to restrain their tears. . . .

"In the harbour all the ships-of-war which were then at Toulon were drawn out in two lines, and our squadron passed between them; in front was the ironclad of the admiralty, and this was followed by the rest. There ensued a most solemn minute.

"On the Russian ironclad, fifteen salvos were fired in honour of the French squadron, and a French ironclad replied with double the number, with thirty salvos. From the French vessels thundered the sounds of the Russian hymn. The French sailors climbed up on the sail-yards and masts; loud exclamations of greeting proceeded uninterruptedly from the two squadrons and from the private

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Malévannians.

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vessels; the caps of the sailors, the hats and handkerchiefs of the public, — all were thrown up triumphantly in honour of the dear guests. On all sides, on the water and on the shore, there boomed one common call, 'Long live Russia! Long live France!'

"In conformity with naval law, Admiral Avelán and the officers of his staff landed, in order to greet the local authorities. On the quay the Russian sailors were met by the chief marine staff of France and the superior officers of the port of Toulon. There ensued a universal friendly hand-shaking, accompanied by the boom of cannon and the ringing of bells. A band of marine music played the hymn 'God save the Tsar,' drowned by the thunderous shouts of the public, 'Long live the Tsar! Long live Russia!' These exclamations blended into one mighty sound, which drowned the music and the salvos from the guns.

"Eye-witnesses declare that at this moment the enthusiasm of the innumerable mass of people reached its highest limits, and that it is impossible to express in words with what sensations the hearts of all those present were filled. Admiral Avelán, with bared head, and accompanied by Russian and French officers, directed his steps to the building of the Marine Office, where the French minister of marine was waiting for him.

"In receiving the admiral, the minister said: 'Kronstadt and Toulon are two places which bear witness to the sympathy between the Russian and the French nations; you will everywhere be met as dear friends. The government and all of France welcome you upon your arrival and that of your companions, who represent a great and noble nation.'

"The admiral replied that he was not able to express all his gratitude. 'The Russian squadron and all of Russia,' he said, 'will remember the reception you have given us.'

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"After a short conversation, the admiral, saying good-bye to the minister, a second time thanked him for the reception, and added, 'I do not want to part from you before pronouncing those words which are imprinted in all Russian hearts: "Long live France!"'" (*Rural Messenger*, 1893, No. 41.)

Such was the meeting at Toulon. In Paris the meeting and the celebrations were more remarkable still.

Here is the way the meeting in Paris was described in the newspapers: "All eyes were directed to the Boulevard des Italiens, whence the Russian sailors were to appear. Finally the boom of a whole hurricane of exclamations and applauses is heard in the distance. The boom grows stronger and more audible. The hurricane is apparently approaching. A mighty motion takes place on the square. Policemen rush forward to clear a path toward the Cercle Militaire, but this is by no means an easy task. There is an incredible crush and pressure in the crowd. . . . Finally the head of the procession appears in the square. At the same moment a deafening shout, '*Vive la Russie! Vive les Russes!*' rises over it. All bare their heads, the public, packed close in the windows, on the balconies, perched even on the roofs, wave handkerchiefs, flags, and hats, applaud madly, and from the windows of the upper stories throw clouds of small many-coloured cockades. A whole sea of handkerchiefs, hats, and flags surges above the heads of the crowd in the square: '*Vive la Russie! Vive les Russes!*' shouts this mass of one hundred thousand people, trying to get a look at the dear guests, extending their hands to them, and in every way expressing their sympathies" (*New Time*).

Another correspondent writes that the transport of the crowd bordered on delirium. A Russian publicist, who was in Paris at that time, describes this entrance of the sailors in the following manner: "They tell the truth,—it was an incident of world-wide import, wondrous,

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touching, soul-stirring, making the heart quiver with that love which discerns the brothers in men, and which detests bloodshed and concomitant acts of violence, the tearing away of the children from their beloved mother. I have been in some kind of an intoxication for several hours. I felt so strange, and even so weak, as I stood at the station of the Lyons Railway, among the representatives of the French administration in their gold-embroidered uniforms, among the members of the municipality in full dress, and heard the shouts, '*Vive la Russie! Vive le Czar!*' and our national hymn, which was played several times in succession. Where am I? What has happened? What magic stream has united all this into one feeling, into one mind? Does one not feel here the presence of the God of love and brotherhood, the presence of something higher, something ideal, which descends upon men only in lofty moments? The heart is so full of something beautiful and pure and exalted, that the pen is not able to express it all. Words pale before what I saw, what I felt. It is not transport, — the word is too banal, — it is something better than transport. It is more picturesque, profounder, more joyous, more varied. It is impossible to describe what happened at the Cercle Militaire, when Admiral Avelán appeared on the balcony of a second story. Words will not tell anything here. During the Te Deum, when the choristers sang in the church 'Save, O Lord, thy people,' there burst through the open door the solemn sounds of the Marseillaise, which was played in the street by an orchestra of wind-instruments. There was something astounding and inexpressible in the impression conveyed" (*New Time*, October, 1893).

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II.

AFTER arriving in France, the Russian sailors for two weeks went from one celebration to another, and in the middle or at the end of every celebration they ate, drank, and talked; and the information as to what they ate and drank on Wednesday and where and what on Friday, and what was said upon that occasion, was wired home and conveyed to the whole of Russia. The moment some Russian captain drank the health of France, this at once became known to the whole world, and the moment the Russian admiral said, "I drink to fair France!" these words were immediately borne over the whole world. But more than that: the scrupulousness of the newspapers was such that they reported not only the toasts, but even many dinners, with the cakes and appetizers which were used at these dinners.

Thus it said in one issue of a newspaper that the dinner was "an artistic production:"

"Consommé de volailles, petits pâtés
Mousse de hommard parisienne
Noisette de bœuf à la béarnaise
Faisans à la Périgord
Casseroles de truffes au champagne
Chaufroid de volailles à la Toulouse
Salade russe
Croute de fruits toulonaise
Parfait à l'ananas
Desserts"

In the next number it said:

"In a culinary sense the dinner left nothing to be desired. The menu consisted of the following:

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"Potage livonien et St. Germain
Zéphyrs Nantua
Esturgeon braisé moldave
Selle de daguet grand veneur,"

and so forth.

The next number described another menu. With every menu a detailed description was given of the wines which the fêted men consumed, — such and such "voodka" such and such *Bourgogne vieux*, *Grand Moët*, and so forth. In an English paper there was an account of all the intoxicants consumed by the celebrators. This amount is so enormous that it is doubtful if all the drunkards of Russia and of France could have drunk so much in so short a time.

They reported also the speeches which were made by the celebrators, but the menus were more varied than the speeches. The speeches consisted invariably of the same words in all kinds of combinations and permutations. The meaning of these words was always one and the same: "We love one another tenderly, we are in transport, because we have so suddenly fallen in love with one another. Our aim is not war and not *revanche*, and not the return of provinces taken, but only *peace*, the benefaction of *peace*, the security of *peace*, the rest and *peace* of Europe. Long live the Emperor of Russia and the empress, — we love them and we love *peace*. Long live the president of the republic and his wife, — we love them, too, and we love *peace*. Long live France, Russia, their fleets, and their armies. We love the army, too, and *peace*, and the chief of the squadron." The speeches generally ended, as in couplets, with the words, "Toulon, Kronstadt," or "Kronstadt, Toulon." And the names of these places, where so much food was eaten and so many kinds of wine were consumed, were pronounced like words reminding one of the loftiest, most valorous of acts of the representatives of both nations, words after which there

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was nothing else to be said, because everything was comprehensible. "We love one another, and we love peace. Kronstadt, Toulon!" What else can be added to this? Especially with the accompaniment of solemn music, playing simultaneously two hymns, one — praising the Tsar and asking God for all kinds of benefactions for him, and the other — cursing all kings and promising their ruin.

The men who expressed their sentiments of love particularly well received decorations and rewards; other men for the same services, or simply out of a superabundance of feelings, were given the strangest and most unexpected presents, — thus the Emperor of Russia received from the French squadron some kind of a golden book, in which, I think, nothing was written, and if there was, it was something that nobody needed to know, and the chief of the Russian squadron received, among other presents, a still more remarkable object, an aluminum plough, covered with flowers, and many other just as unexpected presents.

Besides, all these strange acts were accompanied by still stranger religious ceremonies and public prayers, which, it would seem, the French had long ago outlived. Since the days of the Concordat there had hardly been offered so many prayers as in that short time. All the French suddenly became unusually pious, and carefully hung up in the rooms of the Russian sailors those very images which they had just as carefully removed from their schools, as being harmful tools of superstition, and they kept praying all the time. Cardinals and bishops everywhere prescribed prayers, and themselves prayed, uttering the strangest prayers. Thus the Bishop of Toulon at the launching of the ironclad *Joriguiberi* prayed to the God of peace, making people feel, however, that, if it came to a pinch, he could address also the God of war.

"What her fate will be," said the bishop, in reference to

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the ironclad, "God alone knows. No one knows whether she will belch forth death from her appalling bosom. But if, invoking now the God of peace, we should later have occasion to invoke the God of war, we are firmly convinced that the *Joriguiberi* will go forth side by side with the mighty boats whose crews have this day entered into such a close fraternal union with our own. Far from us be such a prospect, and may the present festivity leave nothing but a peaceful recollection, like the recollection of the *Grand Duke Constantine*, which was present here (in 1857) at the launching of the ship *Quirinal*, and may the friendship of France and of Russia make these two nations the guardians of peace."

In the meantime tens of thousands of telegrams flew from Russia to France, and from France to Russia. French women greeted Russian women. Russian women expressed their gratitude to the French women. A troupe of Russian actors greeted some French actors, and the French actors informed them that they harboured deeply in their hearts the greeting of the Russian actors. Some Russian candidates for judicial positions, who served in a Circuit Court of some town or other, expressed their enthusiasm for the French nation. General So and So thanked Madame So and So, and Madame So and So assured General So and So of her sentiments for the Russian nation; Russian children wrote verses of welcome to French children, and the French children answered in verse and in prose; the Russian minister of education assured the French minister of education of the sentiments of sudden love for the French, which were experienced by all the children, scholars, and authors subject to his ministry; members of a society for the protection of animals expressed their ardent attachment for the French, and so did the Council of the City of Kazán.

The canon of the eparchy of Arras informed his Worship, the chief priest of the Russian court clergy, that he

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could affirm that deep in the hearts of all the French cardinals and archbishops there was imprinted a love for Russia and his Majesty Alexander III. and his most august family, and that the Russian and French clergy professed almost the selfsame religion and equally honoured the Virgin; to which his Worship, the chief priest, replied that the prayers of the French clergy for the most august family reëchoed joyfully in the hearts of the whole Russian Tsar-loving family, and that, since the Russian people also worshipped the Holy Virgin, it could count on France in life and in death. Almost the same information was vouchsafed by different generals, telegraph operators, and dealers in groceries. Everybody congratulated somebody on something and thanked somebody for something.

The excitement was so great that the most unusual acts were committed, but no one observed their unusual character, and all, on the contrary, approved of them, went into ecstasies over them, and, as though fearing lest they should be too late, hastened to commit similar acts, so as not to fall behind the rest. If protests were expressed in words and in writing and in printing against these mad acts, pointing out their irrationality, such protests were concealed or squelched.[1]

[1] Thus I know of the following protest of students, sent to Paris, which was not accepted by a single newspaper:

"OPEN LETTER TO THE FRENCH STUDENTS

"Lately a group of Moscow students of law, with the university authorities at their head, took it upon themselves to speak in behalf of all the student body of Moscow University in respect to the Toulón festivities.

"We, the representatives of the association of student societies, protest in the most emphatic manner possible both against the arrogation of this group and substantially against the exchange of civilities between it and the French students. We, too, look with ardent love and profound respect upon France, and we do so, because we see in it a great nation, which formerly used to appear before the whole world as the herald and proclaimer of great ideals of liberty,

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To say nothing of all the millions of work-days which were wasted on these festivities, of the wholesale drunkenness of all the participants, which was encouraged by all the powers, to say nothing of the insipidity of the speeches made, the maddest and most cruel things were done, and no one paid any attention to them.

Thus several dozens of men were crushed to death, and no one found it necessary to mention this fact. One correspondent wrote that a Frenchman told him at a ball that now there could hardly be found a woman in Paris

equality, and fraternity; and which was also the first in the matter of bold endeavour for the materialization of these great ideals, — and the best part of the Russian youth has always been ready to welcome France as the leading champion for the best future of humanity; but we do not consider such festivities as those of Kronstadt and Toulon a suitable occasion for such civilities.

"On the contrary, these festivities signal a sad but, let us hope, temporary phenomenon, — the disloyalty of France to its former great historic rôle: the country, which once called the whole world to break the fetters of despotism and offered its fraternal aid to every nation that revolted for the sake of its freedom, now burns incense before the Russian government, which systématically trigs the normal, organic, and vital growth of the national life, and mercilessly crushes, without stopping at anything, all the strivings of Russian society toward the light, toward freedom, and toward independence. The Toulon manifestations are one of the acts of that drama which is presented by the antagonism — the creation of Napoleon III. and Bismarck — between two great nations, France and Germany. This antagonism keeps all of Europe under arms, and makes the Russian absolutism, which has always been the stay of despotism and arbitrariness against freedom, of the exploiters against the exploited, the executor of the political destinies of the world. A sensation of anguish for our country, of pity for the blindness of a considerable part of French society, such are the sensations evoked in us by these festivities.

"We are fully convinced that the young generation of France will not be carried away by the national Chauvinism, and that, prepared to struggle for that better social structure toward which humanity is marching, it will know how to render to itself an account of the present events and to take the proper stand about them; we hope that our fervent protest will find a sympathetic echo in the hearts of the French youth.

"The union council of twenty-four united Moscow student societies." — *Author's Note.*

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who would not be false to her duties, in order to satisfy the wishes of some Russian sailor — and all this passed by unnoticed, as something that ought to be. There occurred cases of distinct madness. Thus one woman, dressing herself in a garment of the colours of the Franco-Russian flags, waited for the sailors and, exclaiming, "*Vive la Russie!*" jumped from the bridge into the river and was drowned.

Women in general played in these festivities a prominent part and even guided the men. Besides throwing flowers and all kinds of ribbons, and offering presents and addresses, French women made for the Russian sailors and kissed them; some of them for some reason brought their children to them, to be kissed by them, and when the Russian sailors complied with their wish, all persons present went into ecstasies and wept.

This strange excitement was so infectious that, as one correspondent tells, an apparently absolutely sound Russian sailor, after two days of contemplation of what took place around him, in the middle of the day jumped from the ship into the sea and, swimming, shouted, "*Vive la France!*" When he was taken aboard and asked why he had done so, he replied that he had made a vow that in honour of France he would swim around the ship.

Thus the undisturbed excitement grew and grew, like a ball of rolling wet snow, and finally reached such dimensions that not only the persons present, not only predisposed, weak-nerved, but even strong, normal men fell a prey to the general mood and became abnormally affected.

I remember how I, absent-mindedly reading one of these descriptions of the solemnity of the reception of the sailors, suddenly felt a feeling, akin to meekness of spirit, even a readiness for tears, communicated to me, so that I had to make an effort to overcome this feeling.

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III.

LATELY Sikórski, a professor of psychiatry, described in the *Kíev University Record* the psychopathic epidemic, as he calls it, of the Malévannians, as manifested in a few villages of Vasilkóv County of the Government of Kíev. The essence of this epidemic, as Mr. Sikórski, the investigator of it, says, consisted in this, that certain persons of these villages, under the influence of their leader, by the name of Malévanny, came to imagine that the end of the world was at hand, and so, changing their whole mode of life, began to distribute their property, to dress up, and to eat savoury food, and stopped working. The professor found the condition of these men to be abnormal. He says: "Their unusual good nature frequently passed into exaltation, a joyous condition, which was devoid of external motives. They were sentimentally disposed: excessively polite, talkative, mobile, with tears of joy appearing easily and just as easily disappearing. They sold their necessaries, in order to provide themselves with umbrellas, silk kerchiefs, and similar objects, and at that the kerchiefs served them only as ornaments for their toilet. They ate many sweet things. They were always in a cheerful mood, and they led an idle life, — visited one another, walked together. . . . When the obviously absurd character of their refusal to work was pointed out to them, one every time heard in reply the stereotyped phrase, 'If I want to, I shall work, and if I do not want to, why should I compel myself?'"

The learned professor considers the condition of these men a pronounced case of a psychopathic epidemic, and,

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advising the government to take certain measures against its spread, ends his communication with the words: "Malévannism is the wail of a morbidly sick population and a supplication to be freed from liquor and to have education and sanitary conditions improved."

But if Malévannism is the wail of a morbidly sick population and a supplication to be freed from liquor and from harmful social conditions, then this new disease, which has appeared in Paris and has with alarming rapidity embraced a great part of the city population of France and almost the whole of governmental and cultured Russia, is just such an alarming wail of a morbid population and just such a supplication to be freed from liquor and from false social conditions.

And if we must admit that the psychopathic suffering of Malévannism is dangerous, and that the government has done well to follow the professor's advice and remove the leaders of Malévannism by confining some of them in lunatic asylums and monasteries and by deporting others to distant places, how much more dangerous must be considered to be this new epidemic, which appeared in Toulon and Paris and from there spread over the whole of France and of Russia, and how much more necessary it is, if not for the government, at least for society, to take decisive measures against the spread of such epidemics!

The resemblance between the diseases is complete. There is the same good nature, passing into causeless and joyful exaltation, the same sentimentality, excessive politeness, talkativeness, the same constant tears of meekness of spirit, which come and go without cause, the same festive mood, the same walking for pleasure and visiting one another, the same dressing up in the best clothes, the same proneness for sweet food, the same senseless talks, the same idleness, the same singing and music, the same leadership of the women, and the same clownish phase of *attitudes passionelles*, which Mr. Sikórski has noticed in

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the case of the Malévannians; that is, as I understand this word, those different, unnatural poses, which men assume during solemn meetings, receptions, and after-dinner speeches.

The resemblance is complete. The only difference is this, — and the difference is very great for the society in which these phenomena are taking place, — that there it is the aberration of a few dozen peaceful, poor village people, who live on their small means and, therefore, cannot exert any violence on their neighbours, and who infect others only by the personal and oral transmission of their mood, while here it is the aberration of millions of people, who possess enormous sums of money and means for exerting violence against other people, — guns, bayonets, fortresses, ironclads, melinite, dynamite, and who, besides, have at their command the most energetic means for the dissemination of their madness, the post, the telegraph, an enormous number of newspapers, and all kinds of publications, which are printed without cessation and carry the infection to all the corners of the globe. There is also this difference, that the first not only do not get themselves drunk, but even do not use any intoxicating liquor, while the second are constantly in a state of semi-intoxication, which they never stop maintaining in themselves. And so for a society in which these phenomena are taking place, there is the same difference between the Kíev epidemic, during which, according to Mr. Sikórski's information, it does not appear that they commit any violence or murders, and the one which made its appearance in Paris, where in one procession twenty women were crushed to death, as there is between a piece of coal, which has leaped out of the stove and is glowing on the floor without igniting it, and a fire which is already enveloping the door and walls of the house. In the worst case the consequences of the Kíev epidemic will consist in this, that the peasants of one millionth part of Russia will

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spend what they have earned by hard labour, and will be unable to pay the Crown taxes; but the consequences from the Toulon-Paris epidemic, which is embracing men who are in possession of a terrible power, of vast sums of money, and of implements of violence and of the dissemination of their madness, can and must be terrible.

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IV.

We can with pity listen to the delirium of a feeble, defenceless, crazy old man, in his cap and cloak, and even not contradict him, and even jestingly agree with him; but when it is a whole crowd of sound insane people, who have broken away from their confinement, and these people bristle from head to foot with sharp daggers, swords, and loaded revolvers, and madly flourish these death-dealing weapons, we can no longer agree with them, and we cannot be at rest even for a minute. The same is true of that condition of excitement, provoked by the French celebrations, in which Russian and French society finds itself at the present time.

It is true, in all the speeches, in all the toasts, pronounced at these celebrations, in all the articles concerning these celebrations, they never stopped talking of the importance of everything which was taking place for the guarantee of peace. Even the advocates of war did not speak of hatred of those who snatch away provinces, but of some kind of a love which somehow hates.

But we know of the slyness of all men who are mentally diseased, and it is this most persistent repetition of our not wanting war, but peace, and the reticence regarding that of which all think, that form a most menacing phenomenon.

In answering a toast at a dinner given in the Palace of the Elysées, the Russian ambassador said: "Before drinking a toast to which will respond from the depth of their hearts, not only those who are within these walls, but even those — and, that, too, with equal force — whose hearts near by and far away, at all the points of great, fair

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France, as also in all of Russia, at the present moment are beating in unison with ours, — permit me to offer to you the expression of our profoundest gratitude for the words of welcome which were addressed by you to our admiral, whom our Tsar has charged with the mission of paying back your visit at Kronstadt. Considering the high importance which you enjoy, your words characterize the true significance of the magnificent *peaceful* festivities, which are celebrated with such wonderful unanimity, loyalty, and sincerity."

The same unjustifiable mention of peace is found in the speech of the French president: "The ties of love, which unite Russia and France," he said, "and which two years ago were strengthened by touching manifestations, of which our fleet was the object at Kronstadt, become tighter and tighter with every day, and the honourable exchange of our amicable sentiments must inspire all those who take to heart the benefactions of peace, confidence, and security," and so forth.

Both speeches quite unexpectedly and without any cause refer to the benefactions of peace and to peaceful celebrations.

The same occurs in the telegrams which were exchanged between the Emperor of Russia and the President of France. The Emperor of Russia telegraphed:

"*Au moment où l'escadre russe quitte la France, il me tient à cœur de vous exprimer combien je suis touché et reconnaissant de l'accueil chaleureux et splendide, que mes marins ont trouvé partout sur le sol français. Les témoignages de vive sympathie qui se sont manifestés encore une fois avec tant d'éloquence, joindront un nouveau lien à ceux qui unissent les deux pays et contribueront, je l'espère, à l'affermissement de la paix générale, objet de leurs efforts et de leurs vœux les plus constants,*" etc.

The President of France in his reply telegraphed as follows:

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"La dépêche dont je remercie votre Majesté m'est parvenue au moment ou je quittais Toulon pour rentrer à Paris. La belle escadre sur laquelle j'ai eu la vive satisfaction de saluer le pavillon russe dans les eaux françaises, l'accueil cordial et spontané que vos braves marins ont rencontré partout en France affirment une fois de plus avec éclat les sympathies sincères qui unissent nos deux pays. Ils marquent en même temps une foi profonde dans l'influence bienfaisante que peuvent exercer ensemble deux grandes nations devouées à la cause de la paix."

Again there is in both telegrams a gratuitous mention of peace, which has nothing in common with the celebrations of the sailors.

There is not one speech, not one article, in which mention is not made of this, that the aim of all these past orgies is the peace of Europe. At a dinner, which is given by the representatives of the Russian press, everybody speaks of peace. Mr. Zola, who lately wrote about the necessity and even usefulness of war, and Mr. Vogüé, who more than once expressed the same idea, do not say one word about war, but speak only of peace. The meetings of the Chambers are opened with speeches respecting the past celebrations, and the orators affirm that these festivities are the declaration of the peace of Europe.

It is as though a man, coming into some peaceful society, should go out of his way on every occasion to assure the persons present that he has not the slightest intention of knocking out anybody's teeth, smashing eyes, or breaking arms, but means only to pass a peaceable evening. "But nobody has any doubts about that," one feels like saying to him. "But if you have such base intentions, at least do not dare speak of them to us."

In many articles, which were written about these celebrations, there is even a direct and naïve expression of pleasure, because during the festivities no one gave utterance to what by tacit consent it had been decided to

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conceal from everybody, and what only one incautious man, who was immediately removed by the police, dared to shout, giving expression to the secret thought of all, namely, "*A bas l'Allemagne!*" Thus children are frequently so happy at having concealed their naughtiness, that their very joy gives them away.

Why should we so rejoice at the fact that no mention was made of war, if we indeed are not thinking of it?

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V.

No one is thinking of war, but yet milliards are wasted on military preparations, and, millions of men are under arms in Russia and in France.

"But all this is being done for the security of peace. *Si vis pacem, para bellum. L'empire c'est la paix, la république c'est la paix.*"

But if it is so, why are the military advantages of our alliance with France in case of a war with Germany explained, not only in all the periodicals and newspapers published for the so-called cultured people, but also in the *Rural Messenger*, a newspaper published by the Russian government for the masses, by means of which these unfortunate masses, deceived by the government, are impressed with this, that "to be friendly with France is also useful and profitable, because, if, beyond all expectation, the above-mentioned powers (Germany, Austria, Italy) should decide to violate the peace with Russia, Russia, though able with God's aid to protect itself and handle a very powerful alliance of adversaries, would not find this to be an easy task, and for a successful struggle great sacrifices and losses would be needed," and so forth (*Rural Messenger*, No. 43, 1893).

And why do they in all the French colleges teach history from a text-book composed by Mr. Lavisse, twenty-first edition, 1889, in which the following passage is found:

"*Depuis que l'insurrection de la Commune a été vaincue, la France n'a plus été troublée. Au lendemain de la guerre, elle s'est remise au travail. Elle a payé aux Allemands*

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sans difficulté l'énorme contribution de guerre de cinq milliards. Mais la France a perdu sa renommée militaire pendant la guerre de 1870. Elle a perdu une partie de son territoire. Plus de quinze cents mille hommes, qui habitaient nos departements du Haut Rhin, du Bas Rhin et de la Moselle, et qui étaient de bons Français, ont été obligés de devenir Allemands. Ils ne sont pas resignés à leur sort. Ils détestent l'Allemagne; ils espèrent toujours redevenir Français. Mais l'Allemagne tient à sa conquête, et c'est un grand pays, dont tous les habitants aiment sincèrement leur patrie et dont les soldats sont braves et disciplinés. Pour reprendre à l'Allemagne ce qu'elle nous a pris, il faut que nous soyons de bons citoyens et de bons soldats. C'est pour que vous deveniez de bons soldats, que vos maîtres vous apprennent l'histoire de la France. L'histoire de la France montre que dans notre pays les fils ont toujours vengé les désastres de leurs pères. Les Français du temps de Charles VII. ont vengé leurs pères vaincus à Crécy, à Poitiers, à Azincourt. C'est à vous, enfants élèves aujourd'hui dans nos écoles, qu'il appartient de venger vos pères, vaincus à Sédan et à Metz. C'est votre devoir, le grand devoir de votre vie. Vous devez y penser toujours," etc.

At the foot of the page there is a whole series of questions, to correspond to the articles. The questions are as follows: "What did France lose when she lost part of her territory? How many Frenchmen became German with the loss of this territory? Do the French love Germany? What must we do, in order to regain what was taken away from us by Germany?" In addition to these there are also "*Réflexions sur le Livre VII.*," in which it says that "the children of France must remember our defeats of 1870," that "they must feel on their hearts the burden of this memory," but that "this memory must not discourage them: it should, on the contrary, incite them to bravery."

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Thus, if in official speeches peace is mentioned with great persistency, the masses, the younger generations, yes, all the Russians and Frenchmen in general, are imperturbably impressed with the necessity, legality, profitableness, and even virtue of war.

"We are not thinking of war, — we are concerned only about peace."

One feels like asking "*Qui, diable, trompe-t-on ici?*" if it were necessary to ask this, and if it were not quite clear who the unfortunate cheated are.

The cheated are the same eternally deceived, stupid, labouring masses, the same who with their callous hands have built all these ships, and fortresses, and arsenals, and barracks, and guns, and steamboats, and quays, and moles, and all these palaces, halls, and platforms, and triumphal arches; and have set and printed all these newspapers and books; and have secured and brought all those pheasants, and ortolans, and oysters, and wines, which are consumed by all those men, whom they, again, have nurtured and brought up and sustained, — men who, deceiving the masses, prepare the most terrible calamities for them; the same good-natured, stupid masses, who, displaying their sound, white teeth, have grinned in childish fashion, naïvely enjoying the sight of all the dressed-up admirals and presidents, of the flags fluttering above them, the fireworks, the thundering music, and who will hardly have time to look around, when there shall be no longer any admirals, nor presidents, nor flags, nor music, but there will be only a wet, waste field, hunger, cold, gloom, in front the slaying enemy, behind the goading authorities, blood, wounds, sufferings, rotting corpses, and a senseless, useless death.

And the men like those who now are celebrating at the festivities in Toulon and Paris, will be sitting, after a good dinner, with unfinished glasses of good wine, with a cigar between their teeth, in a dark cloth tent, and will with

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pins mark down the places on the map where so much food for cannon, composed of the masses, should be left, in order to seize such and such a fortress, and in order to obtain such or such a ribbon or promotion.

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VI.

"But there is nothing of the kind, and there are no warlike intentions," we are told. "All there is, is that two nations feeling a mutual sympathy are expressing this sentiment to one another. What harm is there in this, that the representatives of a friendly nation were received with especial solemnity and honour by the representatives of the other nation? What harm is there in it, even if it be admitted that the alliance may have the significance of a protection against a dangerous neighbour, threatening the peace of Europe?"

The harm is this, that all this is a most palpable and bold lie, an unjustifiable, bad lie. The sudden outburst of an exclusive love of the Russians for the French, and of the French for the Russians, is a lie; and our hatred for the Germans, our distrust of them, which is understood by it, is also a lie. And the statement that the aim of all these indecent and mad orgies is the guarantee of European peace, is a still greater lie.

We all know that we have experienced no particular love for the French, neither before, nor even now, even as we have not experienced any hostile feeling toward the Germans.

We are told that Germany has some intentions against Russia, that the Triple Alliance threatens the peace of Europe and us, and that our alliance with France balances the forces, and so guarantees the peace. But this assertion is so obviously absurd, that it makes one feel ashamed to give it a serious denial. For this to be so, that is; for the alliance to guarantee peace, it is necessary

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that the forces be mathematically even. If now the excess is on the side of the Franco-Russian alliance, the danger is still the same. It is even greater, because, if there was a danger that William, who stood at the head of the European alliance, would violate the peace, there is a much greater danger that France, which cannot get used to the loss of her provinces, will do so. The Triple Alliance was called a league of peace, but for us it was a league of war. Even so now the Franco-Russian alliance cannot present itself as anything else than what it is, — a league of war.

And then, if peace depends on the balance of the powers, how are the units to be determined, between whom the balance is to be established? Now the English say that the alliance between Russia and France menaces them, and that they must, therefore, form another alliance. And into how many units of alliances must Europe be divided, in order that there be a balance? If so, then every man stronger than another in society is already a danger, and the others must form into alliances, to withstand him.

They ask, "What harm is there in this, that France and Russia have expressed their mutual sympathies for the guarantee of peace?" What is bad is, that it is a lie, and a lie is never spoken with impunity, and does not pass unpunished.

The devil is a slayer of men and the father of lies. And the lies always lead to the slaying of men, — in this case more obviously than ever.

In just the same manner as now, the Turkish war was preceded by a sudden outburst of love of our Russians for their brothers, the Slavs, whom no one had known for hundreds of years, while the Germans, the French, the English have always been incomparably nearer and more closely related to us than Montenegrins, Servians, or Bulgarians. And there began transports, receptions, and festivities, which were fanned by such men as Aksákov and

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Katkóv, who are mentioned now in Paris as models of patriotism. Then, as now, they spoke of nothing but the mutual sudden outburst of love between the Russians and the Slavs. In the beginning they ate and drank in Moscow, even as now in Paris, and talked nonsense to one another, becoming affected by their own exalted sentiments, spoke of union and peace, and did not say anything about the chief thing, the intentions against Turkey. The newspapers fanned the excitement, and the government by degrees entered into the game. Servia revolted. There began an exchange of diplomatic notes and the publication of semiofficial articles; the newspapers lied more and more, invented and waxed wroth, and the end of it all was that Alexander II., who really did not want any war, could not help but agree to it, and we all know what happened: the destruction of hundreds of thousands of innocent people and the bestialization and dulling of millions.

What was done in Toulon and in Paris, and now continues to be done in the newspapers, obviously leads to the same, or to a still more terrible calamity. Just so all kinds of generals and ministers will at first, to the sounds of "God save the Tsar" and the Marseillaise drink the health of France, of Russia, of the various regiments of the army and the navy; the newspapers will print their lies; the idle crowd of the rich, who do not know what to do with their powers and with their time, will babble patriotic speeches, fanning hatred against Germany, and no matter how peaceful Alexander III. may be, the conditions will be such that he will be unable to decline a war which will be demanded by all those who surround him, by all the newspapers, and, as always seems, by the public opinion of the whole nation. And before we shall have had time to look around, there will appear in the columns of the newspapers the usual, ominous, stupid proclamation:

"By God's grace, we, the most autocratic great Emperor

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of all Russia, the King of Poland, the Grand Duke of Finland, etc., etc., inform all our faithful subjects that for the good of these dear subjects, entrusted to us by God, we have considered it our duty before God to send them out to slaughter. God be with them," and so forth.

The bells will be rung, and long-haired men will throw gold-embroidered bags over themselves and will begin to pray for the slaughter. And there will begin again the old, well-known, terrible deed. The newspaper writers, who under the guise of patriotism stir people up to hatred and murder, will be about, in the hope of double earnings. Manufacturers, merchants, purveyors of military supplies, will bestir themselves joyfully, expecting double profits. All kinds of officials will bestir themselves, foreseeing a chance to steal more than they usually do. The military authorities will bestir themselves, for they will receive double salaries and rations, and will hope to get for the killing of people all kinds of trifles, which they value very much, — ribbons, crosses, galloons, stars. Idle gentlemen and ladies will bestir themselves, inscribing themselves in advance in the Red Cross, preparing themselves to dress the wounds of those whom their own husbands and brothers will kill, and imagining that they are thus doing a most Christian work.

And, drowning in their hearts their despair by means of songs, debauches, and vódka, hundreds of thousands of simple, good people, torn away from peaceful labour, from their wives, mothers, children, will march, with weapons of murder in their hands, whither they will be driven. They will go to freeze, to starve, to be sick, to die from diseases, and finally they will arrive at the place where they will be killed by the thousand, and they will kill by the thousand, themselves not knowing why, men whom they have never seen and who have done them and can do them no harm.

And when there shall be collected so many sick,

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wounded, and killed that nobody will have the time to pick them up, and when the air shall already be so infected by this rotting food for cannon that even the authorities will feel uncomfortable, then they will stop for awhile, will somehow manage to pick up the wounded, will haul off and somewhere throw into a pile the sick, and will bury the dead, covering them with lime, and again they will lead on the whole crowd of the deceived, and will continue to lead them on in this manner until those who have started the whole thing will get tired of it, or until those who needed it will get what they needed.

And again will men become infuriated, brutalized, and bestialized, and love will be diminished in the world, and the incipient Christianization of humanity will be delayed for decades and for centuries. And again will the people, who gain thereby, begin to say with assurance that, if there is a war, this means that it is necessary, and again they will begin to prepare for it the future generations, by corrupting them from childhood.

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VII.

AND so, when there appear such patriotic manifestations as were the Toulon celebrations, which, though still at a distance, in advance bind the wills of men and oblige them to commit those customary malefactions which always result from patriotism, every one who understands the significance of these celebrations cannot help but protest against everything which is tacitly included in them. And so, when the journalists say in print that all the Russians sympathize with what took place at Kronstadt, Toulon, and Paris; that this alliance for life and death is confirmed by the will of the whole nation; and when the Russian minister of education assures the French ministers that his whole company, the Russian children, the learned, and the authors, share his sentiments; or when the commander of the Russian squadron assures the French that the whole of Russia will be grateful to them for their reception; and when the chief priests speak for their flocks and assure the French that their prayers for the life of the most august house have reëchoed joyfully in the hearts of the Russian *Tsar-loving* nation; and when the Russian ambassador in Paris, who is considered to be the representative of the Russian nation, says after a dinner of *ortolans à la soubise et logopédes glacés*, with a glass of champagne *Grand Moët* in his hand, that all Russian hearts are beating in unison with his heart, which is filled with a sudden outburst of exclusive love for fair France (*la belle France*), — we, the people who are free from the stultification, consider it our sacred duty, not only for our

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own sakes, but also for the sake of tens of millions of Russians, in the most emphatic manner to protest against it and to declare that our hearts do not beat in unison with the hearts of the journalists, ministers of education, commanders of squadrons, chief priests, and ambassadors, but, on the contrary, are full to the brim with indignation and loathing for that harmful lie and that evil which they consciously and unconsciously disseminate with their acts and their speeches. Let them drink *Moët* as much as they please, and let them write articles and deliver addresses in their own name, but we, all the Christians, who recognize ourselves as such, cannot admit that we are bound by everything that these men say and write. We cannot admit it, because we know what is concealed beneath all these drunken transports, speeches, and embraces, which do not resemble the confirmation of peace, as we are assured, but rather those orgies and that drunkenness to which evil-doers abandon themselves when they prepare themselves for a joint crime.

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VIII.

ABOUT four years ago, — the first swallow of the Toulon spring, — a certain French agitator in favour of a war with Germany came to Russia for the purpose of preparing the Franco-Russian alliance, and he visited us in the country. He arrived at our house when we were working in the mowing. At breakfast, as we returned home, we made the acquaintance of the guest, and he immediately proceeded to tell us how he had fought, had been in captivity, had run away from it, and how he had made a patriotic vow, of which he was apparently proud, that he would not stop agitating a war against Germany until the integrity and glory of France should be reëstablished.

In our circle all the convictions of our guest as to how necessary an alliance between Russia and France was for the reëstablishment of the former borders of France and its might and glory, and for making us secure against the malevolent intentions of Germany, were of no avail to him. In reply to his arguments that France could not be at peace so long as the provinces taken from it were not returned to it, we said that similarly Prussia could not be at rest, so long as it had not paid back for Jena, and that, if the French "*revanche*" should now be successful, the Germans would have to pay them back, and so on without end.

In reply to his arguments that the French were obliged to save their brothers, who had been torn away from them, we said that the condition of the inhabitants, of the majority of the inhabitants, of the working people in Alsace-Lorraine, was hardly any worse under German

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rule than it had been under France, and that, because some Alsatians preferred to belong to France rather than to Germany, and he, our guest, found it desirable to re-establish the glory of French arms, it was not worth while, either to begin those terrible calamities which result from war, or even to sacrifice one single human life.

In reply to his arguments that it was all very well for us to speak thus, since we had not experienced the same, and that we should be speaking differently, if we had the Baltic provinces and Poland taken away from us, we said that even from the political standpoint the loss of Poland and of the Baltic provinces could not be a calamity for us, but might rather be considered an advantage, since it would diminish the necessity for a military force and the expenses of state; and from the Christian point of view we never could permit a war, since a war demanded the killing of men, whereas Christianity not only forbade every murder, but even demanded that we do good to all men, considering all, without distinction of nationalities, as our brothers. The Christian state, we said, which enters upon war, to be consistent, must not only haul down the crosses from the churches, turn all the churches into buildings for different purposes, give the clergy other offices, and, above all, prohibit the Gospel, but must also renounce all the demands of morality which result from the Christian law. "*C'est à prendre ou à laisser*," we said. But until Christianity was abolished, it would be possible to entice men to war only by cunning and deceit, as indeed is being done nowadays. We see this cunning and deception, and so cannot submit to it. As there was no music, no champagne, nothing intoxicating about us, our guest only shrugged his shoulders and with customary French amiability remarked that he was very thankful for the fine reception accorded to him in our house, but that he was sorry that his ideas were not treated in the same way.

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IX.

After this conversation we went to the mowing, and there he, in the hope of finding more sympathy for his ideas among the masses, asked me to translate to the peasant Prokófi, an old, sickly man, with an enormous rupture, who none the less stuck to his work, and was my companion in the mowing, his plan of attacking the Germans, which was to squeeze the Germans, who were between the French and the Russians, from both sides. The Frenchman gave an ocular demonstration of this to Prokófi, by touching from two sides Prokófi's sweaty hempen shirt with his white fingers. I recall Prokófi's good-naturedly scornful surprise, when I explained to him the Frenchman's words and gestures. The proposition to squeeze the Germans from both sides was apparently taken by Prokófi as a joke, for he would not admit the idea that a grown man and a scholar should calmly and when he was sober talk of the desirability of war.

"Well, if we squeeze the German from both sides," he replied jestingly to what he thought was a joke, "he will have no place to go to. We must give him room."

I translated this to my guest.

"*Dites lui que nous aimons les Russes,*" he said.

These words obviously startled Prokófi even more than the proposition to squeeze the German, and provoked a certain sentiment of suspicion.

"Who is he?" Prokófi asked me, with mistrust, indicating my guest with his head.

I told him that he was a Frenchman, a rich man.

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"What is his business?" Prokófi asked me.

When I explained to him that he had come to invite the Russians to form an alliance with France in case of a war with Germany, Prokófi apparently became quite dissatisfied, and, turning to the women, who were sitting near a haycock, he shouted at them in a strong voice, which involuntarily betrayed the feelings which this conversation had provoked in him, that they should go and rake up the unraked hay.

"Come now, you crows! Have you fallen asleep? Come! Much time we have to squeeze the German! We have not finished the mowing yet, and it looks likely that we shall be mowing on Wednesday," he said. And then, as though fearing to offend the stranger by such a remark, he added, displaying his half-worn-off teeth in a good-natured smile, "You had better come and work with us, and send the German, too. When we get through working, we shall have a good time. We'll take the German along. They are just such folk as we." And, having said this, Prokófi took his muscular arm out of the crotch of the fork, on which he had been leaning, threw the fork over his shoulders, and went away to the women.

"*Oh, le brave homme!*" the polite Frenchman exclaimed, smiling. And with this he then concluded his diplomatic mission to the Russian people.

The sight of these so radically different men, — the one beaming with freshness, alacrity, elegance, the well-fed Frenchman, in a silk hat and long overcoat of the latest fashion, energetically illustrating with his white hands, unused to labour, how to squeeze the Germans, and the sight of the dishevelled Prokófi, with hay-seed in his hair, dried up from work, sunburnt, always tired and always working, in spite of his immense rupture, with fingers swollen from work, with his loosely hanging homespun trousers, battered bast shoes, jogging along with an im-

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mense forkful of hay over his shoulder in that indolent pace of a labouring man, which economizes motion, — the sight of these two so radically different men elucidated to me then many things, and has occurred to me now, after the Toulon-Paris celebrations. One of them personified all those men, nurtured by the labours of the masses, who later use these masses as food for cannon; and Prokófi personified to me that food for cannon, which nurtures and makes secure the men who dispose of it.

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X.

"But France has been deprived of two provinces,— two children have been violently removed from their mother. But Russia cannot permit Germany to prescribe laws to it and to deprive it of its historic destiny in the East,— it cannot tolerate the chance of having its provinces, the Baltic provinces, Poland, the Caucasus, taken from it, as was done in the case of France. But Germany cannot tolerate the possibility of losing its prerogatives, which it has gained through so many sacrifices. But England cannot yield its supremacy on the seas to any one." And, having spoken such words, it is generally assumed that a Frenchman, a Russian, a German, an Englishman must be prepared to sacrifice everything in order to regain the lost provinces, to establish their predominance in the East, to maintain their unity and power, their supremacy on the seas, and so forth.

It is assumed that the sentiment of patriotism is, in the first place, a sentiment which is always inherent in men, and, in the second, such an exalted moral sentiment that, if it is absent, it has to be evoked in those who do not have it. But neither is correct. I have passed half a century among the Russian masses, and among the great majority of the real Russian people I have in all that time never seen or heard even once any manifestation or expression of this sentiment of patriotism, if we do not count those patriotic phrases, which are learned by rote during military service or are repeated from books by the most frivolous and spoiled men of the nation. I have never heard any expression of patriotic sentiments from the people; but, I have, on the contrary,

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frequently heard the most serious and respectable men from among the masses giving utterance to the most absolute indifference and even contempt for all kinds of manifestations of patriotism. The same thing I have observed among the labouring classes of other nations, and I have often been assured of the same by cultured Frenchmen, Germans, and Englishmen concerning their own working people.

The working people are too busy with the all-absorbing business of supporting themselves and their families, to be interested in those political questions, which present themselves as the chief motive of patriotism, — the questions of Russia's influence in the East, the unity of Germany, or the restitution of the lost provinces to France, or the acts of this or that part of one state toward another, and so forth, do not interest them, not only because they hardly ever know the conditions under which these questions have arisen, but also because the interests of their lives are quite independent of the political interests. It is always very much a matter of indifference to a man from the masses, where certain borders will be marked down, or to whom Constantinople will belong, or whether Saxony or Brunswick will be a member of the German union, or whether Australia or Matabeleland will belong to England, or even to what government he will have to pay taxes and to what army he will have to send his sons; but it is always very important for him to know how much he will have to pay in taxes, how long he has to serve, and how much he will receive for his labour, — and these are questions that are quite independent of the common political interests. It is for this reason that, in spite of all the intensified means used by the governments for the inoculation of the masses with a patriotism which is alien to them and for the suppression of the ideas of socialism, which are developing among them, the socialism more and more penetrates

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into the masses, and the patriotism, which is so carefully inoculated by the governments, is not only not adopted by the masses, but is disappearing more and more, maintaining itself only among the upper classes, to whom it is advantageous. If it happens that at times patriotism takes hold of the popular crowd, as was the case in Paris, this is only so when the masses are subjected to an intensified hypnotic influence by the governments and the ruling classes, and the patriotism is maintained among the masses only so long as this influence lasts.

Thus, for example, in Russia, where patriotism, in the form of love and loyalty for the faith, the Tsar, and the country, is inoculated in the masses with extraordinary tension and with the use of all the tools at the command of the governments, such as the church, the school, the press, and all kinds of solemnities, the Russian labouring classes, — one hundred millions of the Russian nation, — in spite of Russia's unearned reputation as a nation that is particularly devoted to its faith, its Tsar, and its country, are most free from the deception of patriotism and from loyalty to faith, the Tsar, and country. The men of the masses for the most part do not know their Orthodox, state faith, to which they are supposed to be so loyal, and when they come to know it, they immediately give it up and become rationalists, that is, accept a faith which it is impossible to attack or to defend; on their Tsar they, in spite of the constant and persistent influences brought to bear upon them, look as upon all the powers of violence, if not with condemnation, at least with absolute indifference; but their country, if by that we do not mean their village or township, they do not know at all, or, if they do, they do not distinguish it from any other countries, so that, as Russian colonists used to go to Austria and to Turkey, they now with just as much indifference settle in Russia, outside of Russia, in Turkey or in China.

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XI.

My old friend D——, who in the winter lived alone in the country, while his wife, whom he went to see but rarely, lived in Paris, used to talk during the long autumn evenings with an illiterate, but very clever and respectable peasant, an elder, who came in the evening to report, and my friend told him, among other things, of the superiority of the French political order over our own. This was on the eve of the last Polish insurrection and the interference of the French government in our affairs. The patriotic Russian newspapers at that time burned with indignation on account of such interference, and so heated up the ruling classes that they talked of a war with France.

My friend, who had read the papers, told the elder also of these relations between Russia and France. Submitting to the tone of the papers, my friend said that if there should be any war (he was an old soldier), he would serve and fight against France. At that time the "*revanche*" against the French seemed necessary to the Russians on account of Sevastopol.

"But why should we wage war?" asked the elder.

"How can we permit France to manage our affairs?"

"But you say yourself that things are better arranged with them than with us," the elder said, quite seriously. "Let them arrange matters in our country, too."

My friend told me that this reflection so startled him that he was absolutely at a loss what to say, and only laughed, as laugh those who awaken from a deceptive dream.

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Such reflections one may hear from any sober Russian labouring man, if only he is not under any hypnotic influence of the government. They talk of the love of the Russian masses for their faith, their Tsar, and their government, and yet there will not be found one commune of peasants in the whole of Russia, which would hesitate for a moment, which of the two places to choose for its colonization, — Russia, with the Tsar, the little father, as they write in books, and with the holy Orthodox faith in its adored country, but with less and worse land, or without the little father, the white Tsar, and without the Orthodox faith, somewhere outside of Russia, in Prussia, China, Turkey, Austria, but with some greater and better advantages, as indeed we have seen before and see at present. For every Russian peasant the question as to what government he will be under (since he knows that, no matter under what government he may be, he will be fleeced just the same) has incomparably less meaning than the question as to whether, I will not say the water is good, but as to whether the clay is soft and as to whether there will be a good crop of cabbage.

But it may be thought that the indifference of the Russians is due to this, that any other government under whose power they may come will certainly be better than the Russian, because in Europe there is not one that is worse than the Russian; but that is not so: so far as I know, we have seen the same in the case of the English, Dutch, German immigrants in America, and of all the other colonists in Russia.

The transference of the European nations from the power of one government to another, from the Turkish to the Austrian, or from the French to the German, changes the condition of the nations so little that in no case can they provoke the dissatisfaction of the working classes, so long as they are not artificially subjected to the suggestions of the governments and the ruling classes.

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XII.

PEOPLE generally adduce, in proof of the existence of patriotism, the manifestations of patriotic sentiments in a nation during a time of all kinds of celebrations, as, for example, in Russia during a coronation or the meeting of the emperor after the calamity of the seventeenth of October, or in France during the proclamation of war against Prussia, or in Germany during the festivities of victory, or during the Franco-Russian celebrations.

But it ought to be known how these manifestations are prepared. In Russia, for example, people are especially dressed up by the village commune and the owners of factories to meet and welcome the emperor whenever he passes through a given locality.

The transports of the masses are generally prepared artificially by those who need them, and the degree of transport expressed by the crowd shows only the degree of the art of the arrangers of these transports. This business has long been practised, and so the specialists in arranging such transports have reached a high degree of virtuosity in these arrangements. When Alexander II. was still an heir apparent, and was in command, as is usually the case, of the Preobrázhenski regiment, he once drove out after dinner to the regiment in camp. The moment his carriage appeared, the soldiers, coatless as they were, rushed out to meet him, and with such transport welcomed, as they say, their most august commander, that all ran a race behind his carriage, and many of them made the sign of the cross while on a run, looking all the time at the heir apparent. All those who saw this meet-

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ing were deeply touched by this naïve loyalty and love of the Russian soldiers for their Tsar and his heir, and by that sincere religious and apparently unprepared transport which was expressed in the faces, the motions, and especially in the signs of the cross, which the soldiers made. However, all that was done artificially and prepared in the following manner: after the inspection of the previous day the heir said to the brigade commander that he would drive up the next day to the regiment.

"When are we to expect your Imperial Majesty?"

"In all probability in the evening. Only, please, no preparations."

The moment the heir drove off, the brigade commander called together the commanders of the companies and gave the order that on the following day all the soldiers were to appear in clean shirts, and, as soon as they saw the heir's carriage, which the signallers were to announce, they were to run at haphazard after the carriage, shouting "Hurrah!" and that, at the same time, every tenth man in the company was to run and make the sign of the cross. The sergeants drew up the companies, and, counting the soldiers, stopped at every tenth man: "One, two, three . . . eight, nine, ten, — Sidorénko — the sign of the cross; one, two, three, four . . . Ivánov — the sign of the cross . . ." Everything was carried out as by command, and the impression of transport was complete, both on the heir apparent and on all the persons present, even on the soldiers and the officers, and even on the commander of the brigade, who had invented all that. Just so, though less coarsely, they do in all places, wherever there are any patriotic manifestations. Thus the Franco-Russian celebrations, which present themselves to us as free expressions of the people's sentiments, did not originate with the people, but were, on the contrary, very artfully and quite obviously prepared and provoked by the French government.

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"The moment the arrival of the Russian sailors became known," I am again quoting the same *Rural Messenger*, the official organ, which collects its information from all the other newspapers, "committees for the arrangement of celebrations were being formed, not only in all the large and small cities lying on the route from Toulon to Paris, a considerable distance, but also in a large number of towns and villages which lie quite to either side of this route. Everywhere a subscription was opened for contributions to meet the expenses for these celebrations. Many cities sent deputations to Paris to our imperial ambassador, imploring him to let the sailors visit their cities even for one day or even for one hour. The municipal governments of all those cities in which our sailors were ordered to stay set aside vast sums, averaging more than one hundred thousand roubles, for the arrangement of all kinds of festivities and amusements, and expressed their willingness to expend even greater sums, as much as should be needed, provided the welcome and the celebrations should be as magnificent as possible.

"In Paris itself a private committee collected, in addition to the sum set aside by the city government for this purpose, an immense sum by private subscription, also for the arrangement of amusements, and the French government assigned more than one hundred thousand roubles for expenses incurred by the ministers and other authorities in welcoming the guests. In many cities, where our sailors will not set foot at all, they none the less decided to celebrate the first of October with all kinds of festivities in honour of Russia. A vast number of cities and provinces decided to send special deputations to Toulon and Paris, in order to welcome the Russian guests and to offer them presents to remember France by, or to send to them addresses and telegrams of welcome. It was decided everywhere to consider the first of October a national holiday and to dismiss the pupils of all the educational

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institutions for that day, and in Paris for two days. Officials of lower rank had their penalties remitted, that they might gratefully remember the joyful day for France, — the first of October.

"To make it easier for those who wished to visit Toulon and take part in the welcome to the Russian squadron, the railways lowered the rates to one-half and sent out special trains."

And thus, when by means of a whole series of universal, simultaneous measures, which the government can always take by dint of the power which it has in its hands, a certain part of the nation, preëminently the scum of the people, the city crowd, is brought to a condition of abnormal excitement, they say: "Behold, this is the free expression of the will of the whole nation." Manifestations like those which just took place in Toulon and in Paris, which in Germany take place at the meeting of the emperor or of Bismarck, or at manœuvres in Lorraine, and which are constantly repeated in Russia at every meeting circumstanced with solemnity, prove only this, that the means of an artificial excitation of the people, which now are in the hands of the governments and the ruling classes, are so powerful that the governments and the ruling classes, which are in possession of them, are always able at will to provoke any kind of a patriotic manifestation they may wish by rousing the patriotic sentiments of the masses. Nothing, on the contrary, proves the absence of patriotism in the masses with such obviousness as those tense efforts which now are made by the governments and the ruling classes for the artificial excitation of patriotism, and the insignificant results which are obtained in spite of all the efforts.

If patriotic sentiments are so proper to the nations, they should be permitted to manifest themselves freely, and should not be provoked by all kinds of exclusive and artificial means, applied on every possible occasion. Let

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them even for a time, for one year, stop in Russia compelling all the people, as they are doing now, upon the accession of every Tsar, to swear allegiance to him; let them at every divine service stop solemnly repeating several times the customary prayers for the Tsar; let them stop celebrating his birthdays and name-days with ringing of bells, illumination, and the prohibition to work; let them stop everywhere hanging out and displaying representations of him; let them stop, in prayer-books, almanacs, text-books, printing his name and the names of his family, and even the pronouns referring to him, in capitals; let them stop glorifying him in special books and newspapers printed for the purpose; let them stop imprisoning men for the slightest disrespectful word uttered concerning the Tsar, — let them stop doing all that for a time only, and then we should see how proper it is for the masses, for the real labouring masses, for Prokófi, for elder Iván, and for all the men of the Russian masses, — as the nation is made to believe and as all the foreigners are convinced of it, — to worship the Tsar, who in one way or another turns them over into the hands of a landed proprietor or of the rich in general. So it is in Russia; but let them similarly stop in Germany, France, Italy, England, America doing all that which is done there with the same tension by the ruling classes in order to rouse patriotism and loyalty and submission to the existing government, and we should see in how far this imaginary patriotism is characteristic of the nations of our time.

But, as it is, the masses are stultified from childhood by all possible means, by school-books, divine services, sermons, books, newspapers, verses, monuments, which all tend in one and the same direction; then they select by force or bribery a few thousands of the people, and when these assembled thousands, joined by all the loafers who are always happy to be present at any spectacle, to the sounds of cannon-shots and of music, and at the sight of

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every kind of splendour and light begin to shout what the leaders shout to them, we are told that this is an expression of the sentiments of the whole nation. But, in the first place, these thousands, or, if it is a great crowd, these tens of thousands, who shout something at such celebrations, form but a tiny, a ten-thousandth part of the whole nation; in the second place, out of these tens of thousands of shouting men, who wave their hats, the greater part are either collected by force, as is the case with us in Russia, or artificially provoked by some enticement; in the third place, among all these thousands, there are scarcely tens who know what it is all about, and all the rest would as gladly shout and wave their hats if the very opposite took place; and, in the fourth place, the police are always present, and they will make any one shut up if he does not shout what the government wants and demands shall be shouted, and lock him up at once, as was done with much force during the Franco-Russian festivities.

In France they welcomed with equal enthusiasm the war with Russia under Napoleon I., and then Alexander I., against whom the war was waged, and then again Napoleon, and again the allies, and Bourbon, and Orleans, and the Republic, and Napoleon III., and Boulanger; and in Russia they acclaim with the same enthusiasm, to-day Peter, to-morrow Catherine, the next day Paul, Alexander, Constantine, Nicholas, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the brother Slavs, the King of Prussia, the French sailors, and all those whom the government wants them to welcome. The same happens in England, America, Germany, Italy.

What in our time is called patriotism is, on the one hand, only a certain mood, which is constantly produced and maintained in the masses by the schools, the religion, the venal press, having such a tendency as the government demands, and, on the other, a temporary excitation, produced with exclusive means by the ruling classes, in the masses, who stand on a lower moral and even mental

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plane, — an excitation, which later is given out as a constant expression of the will of the whole nation. The patriotism of the oppressed nationalities does not form an exception to this. It is as little characteristic of the working classes, and is artificially inculcated upon them by the upper classes.

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XIII.

"BUT if the men of the masses do not experience the sentiment of patriotism, this is due to the fact that they have not yet reached that exalted sentiment, which is characteristic of every cultured man. If they do not experience this exalted sentiment, it has to be educated in them. It is this that the government is doing."

Thus generally speak the men of the ruling classes, with such full confidence that patriotism is an exalted sentiment, that the naïve men of the masses, who do not experience it, consider themselves at fault, because they do not experience this sentiment, and try to assure themselves that they experience it, or at least pretend that they do.

But what is this exalted sentiment, which, in the opinion of the ruling classes, ought to be educated in the nations?

This sentiment is in its most precise definition nothing but a preference shown to one's own state or nation in comparison with any other state or nation, a sentiment which is fully expressed in the German patriotic song, "*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles,*" in which we need only substitute *Russland, Frankreich, Italien,* or any other state for *Deutschland,* and we shall get the clearest formula of the exalted sentiment of patriotism. It may be that this sentiment is very desirable and useful for the governments and the integrity of the state, but one cannot help but observe that this sentiment is not at all exalted, but, on the contrary, very stupid and very immoral: stupid, because, if every state will consider itself better than any

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other, it is obvious that they will all be in the wrong; and immoral, because it inevitably leads every man who experiences the feeling to try to obtain advantages for his own state and nation, at the expense of other states and nations — a tendency which is directly opposed to the fundamental moral law recognized by all men: not to do unto another what we do not wish to have done to ourselves.

Patriotism may have been a virtue in the ancient world, when it demanded of man that he serve the highest ideal accessible to him at the time, — the ideal of his country. But how can patriotism be a virtue in our time, when it demands of men what is directly opposed to what forms the ideal of our religion and morality, — not the recognition of the equality and brotherhood of all men, but the recognition of one state and nationality as predominating over all the others. This sentiment is in our time not only not a virtue, but unquestionably a vice; no such sentiment of patriotism in its true sense does or can exist in our time, because the material and moral foundations for it are lacking.

Patriotism could have some sense in the ancient world, when every nation, more or less homogeneous in its structure, professing one and the same state religion, and submitting to the same unlimited power of its supreme, deified ruler, appeared to itself as an island in the ocean of the barbarians, which ever threatened to inundate it.

We can see how with such a state of affairs, patriotism, that is, the desire to ward off the attacks of the barbarians, who were not only prepared to destroy the social order, but who also threatened wholesale plundering and murder, with the enslavement of men and the rape of women, was a natural feeling, and we can see why a man, to free himself and his compatriots from such calamities, could have preferred his nation to all the others, and could experience a hostile feeling toward the barbarians

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around him, and could kill them, in order to protect his nation.

But what significance can this sentiment have in our Christian time? On what ground and for what purpose can a man of our time, a Russian, go and kill Frenchmen or Germans, or a Frenchman Germans, when he knows full well, no matter how little educated he may be, that the men of the other state and nation, against which they are rousing his patriotic hostility, are not barbarians, but just such Christians as he, frequently of the same faith and profession with him, desiring like him nothing but peace and a peaceful exchange of labour, and that, besides, they are for the most part united with him either by the interests of common labour, or by commercial or spiritual interests, or by all together? Thus frequently the men of another country are nearer and more indispensable to a man than his own countrymen, as is the case with labourers who are connected with employers of other nationalities, and as is the case with commercial people, and especially with scholars and artists.

Besides, the conditions of life themselves have so changed now that what we call our country, what we are supposed to distinguish from everything else, has ceased to be something clearly defined, as it was with the ancients, where the men forming one country belonged to one nationality, one state, and one faith. We can understand the patriotism of an Egyptian, a Jew, a Greek, who, defending his country, was at the same time defending his faith, and his nationality, and his home, and his state.

But in what way will in our time be expressed the patriotism of an Irishman in the United States, who by his faith belongs to Rome, by his nationality to Ireland, by his state allegiance to the United States? In the same condition are a Bohemian in Austria, a Pole in Russia, Prussia, and Austria, a Hindoo in England, a

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Tartar and an Armenian in Russia and in Turkey. But, even leaving out these men of the separate conquered nationalities, the men of the most homogeneous states, such as are Russia, France, Prussia, can no longer experience that sentiment of patriotism, which was peculiar to the ancients, because frequently all the chief interests of their life (sometimes their domestic ones, — they are married to women of another nation; the economic ones, — their capital is abroad; their spiritual, scientific, or artistic ones) are not in their own country, but outside it, in that state against which the government is rousing his patriotic hatred.

But most of all is patriotism impossible in our time, because, no matter how much we have tried for eighteen hundred years to conceal the meaning of Christianity, it has none the less trickled through into our life, and is guiding it in such a way that the coarsest and most stupid of men cannot help but see the absolute incompatibility of patriotism with those moral rules by which they live.

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XIV.

PATRIOTISM was necessary for the formation, out of heterogeneous nationalities, of strong, united kingdoms, protected against the barbarians. But as soon as the Christian enlightenment transformed all these kingdoms alike from within, by giving them the same foundations, patriotism not only became unnecessary, but was also the one barrier against that union of the nations for which they are prepared by dint of their Christian consciousness.

Patriotism is in our time the cruel tradition of a long-gone-by period of time, which holds itself only through inertia and because the governments and the ruling classes feel that with this patriotism is connected not only their power, but also their existence, and so with care and cunning and violence rouse and sustain it in the nations. Patriotism is in our time like the scaffolding, which at one time was necessary for the construction of the walls of a building, but which now, though it only interferes with the proper use of the building, is not taken down, because its existence is advantageous for some persons.

Among the Christian nations there has for a long time ceased to exist any cause for discord, and there can be no such cause. It is even impossible to imagine why and how Russian and German labourers, who peacefully work together near the border and in the capital cities, should begin to quarrel among themselves. And much less can we imagine any hostility between, let us say, a Kazán peasant, who supplies a German with corn, and the German, who supplies him with scythes and machines, and

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similarly among French, German, and Italian labourers. It is even ridiculous to talk of quarrels among the scholars, artists, writers of various nationalities, who live by the same interests, that are independent of nationality and the state structure.

But the governments cannot leave the nations alone, that is, in peaceful relations among themselves, because the chief, if not the only justification of the existence of the governments consists in making peace between the nations, that is, in allaying their hostile relations. And so the governments provoke these hostile relations under the guise of patriotism, and then make it appear that they are making peace among the nations. It is something like what a gipsy does, who pours some pepper under his horse's tail, and lashes it in the stall, and then leads it out, while hanging on to the bridle, pretending that he has the hardest time to restrain the mettled horse.

We are assured that the governments are concerned about preserving the peace among the nations. In what way do they preserve this peace?

People are living along the Rhine in peaceful intercourse among themselves, — suddenly, in consequence of all kinds of disputes and intrigues between the kings and emperors, war breaks out, and the French government finds it necessary to recognize some of these inhabitants as Frenchmen. Ages pass, men have become accustomed to this state of affairs; again there begin hostilities between the governments of the great nations, and war breaks out on the slightest pretence, and the Germans find it necessary to recognize these inhabitants once more as Germans, and in all the French and the Germans ill-will flames up toward one another. Or Germans and Russians are living peacefully near the border, peacefully exchanging their labour and the products of labour, and suddenly the same institutions which exist only in the name of the pacification of the nations begin to quarrel,

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to do one foolish thing after another, and are not able to invent anything better than the coarsest childish method of self-inflicted punishment, if only they can thus have their will and do something nasty to their adversary (which in this case is especially advantageous, since not those who start a customs war, but others, suffer from it); thus the Customs War between Russia and Germany was lately started. Then, with the aid of the newspapers, there flames up a malevolent feeling, which is still farther fanned by the Franco-Russian celebrations, and which, before we know it, may lead to a sanguinary war.

I have cited the last two examples of the manner in which the governments affect the people by rousing in them a hostile feeling toward other nations, because they are contemporary; but there is not one war in all history, which was not provoked by the governments, by the governments alone, independently of the advantages to the nations, to which war, even if it is successful, is always harmful.

The governments assure the nations that they are in danger of an incursion from other nations and from internal enemies, and that the only salvation from this danger consists in the slavish obedience of the nations to their governments. This is most obvious in the time of revolutions and dictatorships, and this takes place at all times and in all places, wherever there is power. Every government explains its existence and justifies all its violence by insisting that, if it did not exist, things would be worse. By assuring the nations that they are in danger, the governments subject them to themselves. When the nations submit to the governments, these governments compel these nations to attack the other nations. In this manner the nations find confirmed the assurances of their governments in regard to the danger from being attacked by other nations.

Divide et impera.

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Patriotism in its simplest, clearest, and most unquestionable significance is for the rulers nothing but a tool for attaining their ambitious and selfish ends, and for the ruled a renunciation of human dignity, reason, conscience, and a slavish submission to those who are in power. Thus is patriotism actually preached, wherever it is preached.

Patriotism is slavery.

The advocates of peace through arbitration judge like this: two animals cannot divide their prey otherwise than by fighting, as do children, barbarians, and barbarous nations. But sensible people settle their differences by discussion, conviction, the transmission of the solution of the question to disinterested, sensible men. Even thus must the sensible nations of our time act. These reflections seem quite correct. The nations of our time have reached an age of discretion, are not hostile to one another, and should be able to settle their differences in a peaceable manner. But the reflection is correct only in reference to the nations, to the nations alone, if they were not under the power of their governments. But the nations which submit to their governments cannot be sensible, because submission to the governments is already a sign of the greatest senselessness.

How can we talk of the sensibleness of men who promise in advance to do everything (including the murder of men) which the government, that is, certain men who have accidentally come to hold this position, may command them to do?

Men who are able to accept such a duty of unflinching submission to what certain strangers will, from St. Petersburg, Vienna, Paris, command them to do, cannot be sensible, and the governments, that is, the men who possess such power, can still less be sensible, and cannot help abusing it, — they cannot help losing their minds from such a senselessly terrible power. For that reason the

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peace among the nations cannot be attained by any sensible means, through conventions, through arbitrations, so long as there exists a submission to the governments, which is always senseless and always pernicious.

But the submission of men to the governments will always exist, so long as there is any patriotism, because every power is based on patriotism, that is, on the readiness of men, for the sake of defending their nation, their country, that is, the state, against supposed dangers that are threatening it, to submit to the power.

On this patriotism was based the power of the French kings over the whole nation previous to the Revolution; on the same patriotism was based the power of the Committee of Public Safety after the Revolution; on the same patriotism was reared the power of Napoleon (as consul and as emperor); and on the same patriotism, after the downfall of Napoleon, was established the power of the Bourbons, and later of the Republic, and of Louis Philippe, and again of the Republic, and again of Bonaparte, and again of the Republic, and on the same patriotism came very near being established the power of Mr. Boulanger.

It is terrible to say so, but there does not exist, and there has not existed, a case of aggregate violence committed by one set of men against another which has not been committed in the name of patriotism. In the name of patriotism the Russians fought with the French, and the French with the Russians, and in the name of patriotism the Russians and the French are now preparing themselves to wage war against the Germans, — to fight from two flanks. But war is not all, — in the name of patriotism the Russians crush the Poles, and the Germans the Slavs; in the name of patriotism the Communists killed the Versaillians, and the Versaillians, the Communists.

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XV.

It would seem that with the dissemination of culture, of improved means of locomotion, of frequent intercourse among the men of the various nations, in connection with the diffusion of the press, and, above all, in connection with the complete absence of danger from other nations, the deception of patriotism ought to become harder and harder, and ought in the end to become impossible.

But the point is, that these same means of a universal external culture, of improved methods of locomotion, and of intercommunication, and above all, of the press, which the governments have seized upon and seize upon more and more, give them now such a power of exciting in the nations hostile feelings toward one another, that, though on the one hand the obviousness of the uselessness and harm of patriotism has increased, there has, on the other, increased the power of the governments and of the ruling classes to influence the masses, by rousing patriotism in them.

The difference between what was and what now is consists only in this, that, since now a much greater number of men share in the advantages which patriotism affords to the upper classes, a much greater number of men take part in the dissemination and maintenance of this wonderful superstition.

The more difficult it is to maintain the power, the greater and greater is the number of men with whom the government shares it.

Formerly a small group of rulers had the power, — emperors, kings, dukes, their officials, and warriors; but now the participants in this power and in the advantages

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which it affords are not only the officials and the clergy, but also capitalists, great and small, the landowners, bankers, members of Chambers, teachers, rural officers, scholars, even artists, and especially journalists. And all these persons consciously and unconsciously spread the deception of patriotism, which is indispensable to them for the maintenance of their advantageous position. And the deception, thanks to the fact that the means of deception have become more powerful and that now an ever-growing number of men are taking part in it, is produced so successfully that, in spite of the great difficulty of deceiving, the degree of the deception remains the same.

One hundred years ago, the illiterate masses, who had no conception as to who composed their government and as to what nations surrounded them, blindly obeyed those local officials and gentry, whose slaves they were. And it sufficed for the government by means of bribes and rewards to keep these officials and this gentry in their power, in order that the masses might obediently do what was demanded of them. But now, when the masses for the most part can read and more or less know of whom their government is composed, and what nations surround them; when the men of the masses constantly move about with ease from one place to another, bringing to the masses information about what is going on in the world, a mere demand to carry out the commands of the government no longer suffices: it becomes necessary to obscure the true conceptions which the masses have concerning life, and to impress them with improper ideas concerning the conditions of their life and concerning the relation of other nations toward them.

And so, thanks to the diffusion of the press, of the rudiments, and of the means of communication, the governments, having their agents everywhere, by means of decrees, church sermons, the schools, the newspapers incul-

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cate on the masses the wildest and most perverse conceptions about their advantages, about the relation of the peoples among themselves, about their properties and intentions; and the masses, which are so crushed by labour that they have no time and no chance to understand the significance and verify the correctness of those conceptions which are inculcated upon them, and of those demands which are made on them in the name of their good, submit to them without a murmur.

But the men from the masses who free themselves from constant labour and who educate themselves, and who, it would seem, should be able to understand the deception which is practised upon them, are subjected to such an intensified effect of menaces, bribery, and hypnotization by the governments, that they almost without an exception pass over to the side of the governments and, accepting advantageous and well-paid positions as teachers, priests, officers, officials, become participants in the dissemination of the deception which ruins their fellow men. It is as though at the door of education stood a snare, into which inevitably fall those who in one way or another leave the masses that are absorbed in labour.

At first, as one comes to understand the cruelty of the deception, there involuntarily rises an indignation against those who for their personal, selfish, ambitious advantage produce this cruel deception, which destroys, not only men's bodies, but also their souls, and one feels like showing up these cruel deceivers. But the point is, that the deceivers do not deceive because they want to deceive, but because they almost cannot do otherwise. And they do not deceive in any Machiavellian way, with a consciousness of the deception which they practise, but for the most part with the naïve assurance that they are doing something good and elevated, in which opinion they are constantly maintained by the sympathy and approval of all the men who surround them. It is true that,

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feeling dimly that their power and their advantageous position is based on this deception, they are involuntarily drawn toward it; but they do not act because they wish to deceive the masses, but because they think that the work which they are doing is useful for the masses.

Thus emperors and kings and their ministers, performing their coronations, manœuvres, inspections, mutual visits, during which time they, dressing themselves up in all kinds of uniforms and travelling from one place to another, consult with one another with serious faces about how to pacify presumably hostile nations (who will never think of fighting with one another), are absolutely convinced that everything they do is exceedingly sensible and useful.

Similarly all the ministers, diplomatists, and all kinds of officials, who dress themselves up in their uniforms, with all kinds of ribbons and little crosses, and with preoccupation write on fine paper their obscure, twisted, useless numbered reports, communications, prescriptions, projects, are absolutely convinced that without this their activity the whole life of the nations will come to a standstill or will be entirely destroyed.

Similarly the military, who dress themselves up in their ridiculous costumes and who seriously discuss with what guns or cannon it is better to kill people, are fully convinced that their manœuvres and parades are most important and necessary for the nation.

The same conviction is held by the preachers, journalists, and writers of patriotic verses and text-books, who receive a liberal reward for preaching patriotism. Nor is any doubt concerning this harboured by the managers of celebrations, like the Franco-Russian ones, who are sincerely affected when they utter their patriotic speeches and toasts. All people do unconsciously what they do, because that is necessary, or because their whole life is based on this deception and they are unable to do any-

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thing else, while these same acts evoke the sympathy and the approval of all those men among whom they are committed. Not only do they, being all connected with one another, approve and justify the acts and the activities of one another, — the emperors and kings, the acts of the soldiers, the officials, and the clergy; and the military, the officials, and the clergy, the acts of the emperors, the kings, and one another, — the popular crowd, especially the city crowd, which sees no comprehensible meaning in everything which is being done by these men, involuntarily ascribes a special, almost a supernatural significance to them. The crowd sees, for example, that triumphal arches are being erected; that men masquerade in crowns, uniforms, vestments; that fireworks are displayed, cannon are fired, bells are rung, regiments are marching with music, documents, telegrams, and couriers fly from one place to another, and strangely masquerading men with preoccupation keep riding from one place to another, saying and writing something, and so forth, — and, not being able to verify whether there is the slightest need for what is being done (as, indeed, there is none), ascribes to all this a special, mysterious, and important meaning, and with shouts of transport or with silent awe meets all these manifestations. But in the meantime these expressions of transport and the constant respect of the crowd still more strengthen the assurance of the men who are doing all these foolish things.

Lately William II. ordered a new throne for himself, with some special ornaments, and, dressing himself up in a white uniform with patches, in tight trousers, and in a helmet with a bird on it, and throwing a red mantle over all, came out to his subjects and seated himself on this throne, with the full assurance that this was a very necessary and important act, and his subjects not only did not see anything funny in all this, but even found this spectacle to be very majestic.

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XVI.

THE power of the governments has now for a long time ceased to be based on force, as it was based in those times when one nationality conquered another and by force of arms held it in subjection, or when the rulers, amidst a defenceless people, maintained separate armed troops of janissaries, oprichniks, or guardsmen. The power of the governments has now for a long time been based on what is called public opinion.

There exists a public opinion that patriotism is a great moral sentiment, and that it is good and right to consider one's own nation, one's own state, the best in the world, and from this there naturally establishes itself a public opinion that it is necessary to recognize the power of the government over ourselves and to submit to it; that it is good and right to serve in the army and to submit to discipline; that it is good and right to give up our savings in the shape of taxes to the government; that it is good and right to submit to the decisions of the courts; that it is good and right to believe without verification in what is given out as a divine truth by the men of the government.

Once such a public opinion exists, there establishes itself a mighty power, which in our time has command of milliards of money, of an organized mechanism of government, the post, the telegraphs, the telephones, disciplined armies, courts, the police, a submissive clergy, the school, even the press, and this power maintains in the nations that public opinion which it needs.

The power of the governments is maintained through

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public opinion; but, having the power, the governments by means of all their organs, the officers of the courts, the school, the church, even the press, are always able to keep up the public opinion which they need. Public opinion produces power, — power produces public opinion. There seems to be no way out from this situation.

Thus it would, indeed, be, if public opinion were something stable and unchanging, and if the governments were able to produce the public opinion which they need.

But fortunately this is not the case, and public opinion is, in the first place, not something which is constant, unchanging, stable, but, on the contrary, something eternally changing, moving together with the motion of humanity; and, in the second, public opinion not only cannot be produced by the will of the governments, but is that which produces the governments and gives them power or takes it away from them.

It may appear that public opinion remains immovable and now is such as it was decades ago, and it may appear that public opinion wavers in relation to certain special cases, as though going back, so that, for example, it now destroys the republic, putting the monarchy in its place, and now again destroys the monarchy, putting the republic in its place; but that only seems so when we view the external manifestations of that public opinion which is artificially produced by the governments. We need only take public opinion in its relation to the whole life of men, and we shall see that public opinion, just like the time of the day or year, never stands in one place, but is always in motion, always marching unrestrictedly ahead along the path on which humanity proceeds, just as, in spite of retardations and waverings, day or spring moves on unrestrictedly along the path over which the sun travels.

Thus, though by the external signs the condition of the nations of Europe in our time is nearly the same that it

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was fifty years ago, the relation of the nations toward it is now entirely different from what it was fifty years ago. Though there exist, even as fifty years ago, the same rulers, armies, wars, taxes, luxury, and misery, the same Catholicism, Orthodoxy, Lutheranism, these existed before because the public opinion of the nations demanded them, but now they all exist because the governments artificially maintain that which formerly was a living public opinion.

If we frequently do not notice this motion of public opinion, as we do not notice the motion of water in the river, with the current of which we are swimming, this is due to the fact that those imperceptible changes of public opinion which form its motion are taking place in ourselves.

The property of public opinion is that of constant and unrestricted motion. If it seems to us that it is standing in one place, this is due to the fact that everywhere there are people who have established an advantageous position for themselves at a certain moment of public opinion, and so with all their strength try to maintain it and not to admit the manifestation of the new, the present public opinion which, though not yet fully expressed, is living in the consciousness of men. Such people, who retain the obsolete public opinion and conceal the new, are all those who at the present time form the governments and the ruling classes, and who profess patriotism as an indispensable condition of human life.

The means which are at the command of these people are enormous, but since public opinion is something eternally flowing and increasing, all their efforts cannot help but be vain: the old grows old, and the youthful grows.

The longer the expression of the new public opinion shall be retained, the more it will grow, and the greater will be the force with which it will express itself. The government and the ruling classes try with all their strength to retain that old public opinion of patriotism, on

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which their power is based, and to retard the manifestation of the new, which will destroy it. But it is possible only within certain limits to retain the old and retard the new, just as running water can be held back by a dam only within certain limits.

No matter how much the governments may try to rouse in the nations the past public opinion, now no longer characteristic of them, concerning the dignity and virtue of patriotism, the men of our time no longer believe in patriotism, but more and more believe in the solidarity and brotherhood of the nations. Patriotism now presents to men nothing but the most terrible future; but the brotherhood of the nations forms that ideal which more and more grows to be comprehensible and desirable for humanity. And so the transition of men from the former obsolete public opinion to the new must inevitably be accomplished. This transition is as inevitable as the falling of the last sere leaves in autumn and the unfolding of the young leaves in swelling buds.

The longer this transition is delayed, the more imperative does it become, and the more obvious is its necessity.

Indeed, we need only recall what it is we are professing, as Christians, and simply as men of our time, we need but recall those moral bases which guide us in our public, domestic, and private life, and that position in which we have placed ourselves in the name of patriotism, in order that we may see what degree of contradiction we have reached between our consciousness and that which among us, thanks to the intensified influence of the government in this respect, is regarded as our public opinion.

We need only reflect on those very usual demands of patriotism, which present themselves to us as something very simple and natural, in order that we may understand to what extent these demands contradict that real public opinion which we all share now. We all consider ourselves free, cultured, humane men, and even Christians,

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and at the same time we are in such a position that if to-morrow William takes umbrage at Alexander, or Mr. N—— writes a clever article on the Eastern question, or some prince robs the Bulgarians or the Servians, or some queen or empress takes offence at something, we all, the cultured, humane Christians, must go out to kill men, whom we do not know, and toward whom we are friendly disposed, as toward all men. If this has not yet happened, we owe this, as we are assured, to the peaceful mind of Alexander III., or to this, that Nicholas Aleksándrovich is going to marry Victoria's grandchild. But let another man be in the place of Alexander, or let Alexander himself change his mood, or Nicholas Aleksándrovich marry Amalia, and not Alice, and we shall throw ourselves like bloodthirsty animals upon one another, to take out one another's guts. Such is the supposed public opinion of our time. Such opinions are calmly repeated in all the leading and liberal organs of the press.

If we, the Christians of one thousand years' standing, have not yet cut one another's throats, it is because Alexander III. does not let us do so.

This is, indeed, terrible.

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XVII.

For the greatest and most important changes to take place in the life of humanity, no exploits are needed, — neither the armament of millions of soldiers, nor the construction of new roads and machines, nor the establishment of exhibitions, nor the establishment of labour-unions, nor revolutions, nor barricades, nor explosions, nor the invention of aerial motion, and so forth, but only a change in public opinion. But for public opinion to change, no efforts of the mind are needed, nor the rejection of anything existing, nor the invention of anything unusual and new; all that is needed is, that every separate man should say what he actually thinks and feels, or at least should not say what he does not think. Let men, even a small number of them, do so, and the obsolete public opinion will fall of its own accord and there will be manifested the youthful, live, present public opinion. And let public opinion change, and the inner structure of men's life, which torments and pains them, will be changed without any effort. It is really a shame to think how little is needed for all men to be freed from all those calamities which now oppress them; they need only stop lying. Let men only not succumb to that lie which is inculcated on them, let them not say what they do not think or feel, and immediately a revolution will take place in the whole structure of our life, such as the revolutionists will not accomplish in centuries, even if all the power were in their hands.

If men only believed that the strength is not in strength, but in the truth, and if they boldly expressed it, or at least

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did not depart from it in words and deeds, — if they did not say what they do not think, and did not do what they consider bad and stupid.

"What harm is there in crying '*Vive la France!*' or 'Hurrah!' to some emperor, king, victor, or in going in a uniform, with the chamberlain's key, to wait for him in the antechamber, to bow, and to address him by strange titles, and then to impress all young and uncultured men with the fact that this is very praiseworthy?" Or, "What harm is there in writing an article in defence of the Franco-Russian alliance or the Customs War, or in condemnation of the Germans, Russians, Frenchmen, Englishmen?" Or, "What harm is there in attending some patriotic celebration and eulogizing men whom you do not care for and have nothing to do with, and drinking their health?" Or even, "What harm is there in recognizing, in a conversation, the benefit and usefulness of treaties, or alliances, or even in keeping silent, when your nation and state is praised in your presence, and other nationalities are cursed and blackened, or when Catholicism, Orthodoxy, Lutheranism are praised, or when some war hero or ruler, like Napoleon, Peter, or the contemporary Boulanger or Skóbelev, are praised?"

All that seems so unimportant, and yet in these seemingly unimportant acts, in our aloofness from them, in our readiness to point out, according to our strength, the irrationality of what is obviously irrational, — in this does our great, invincible power consist, the power which composes that insuperable force which forms the real, actual, public opinion, which, moving itself, moves the whole of humanity. The governments know this, and tremble before this force, and with all the means at their command try to counteract it and to get possession of it.

They know that the force is not in force, but in thought and in its clear enunciation, and so they are more afraid of the expression of independent thought than of armies, and

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establish censorships, bribe newspapers, take possession of the management of religion and of schools. But the spiritual force which moves the world slips away from them: it is not even in a book, a newspaper, — it is intangible and always free, — it is in the depth of men's consciousness. The most powerful, intangible, freest force is the one which is manifested in man's soul, when he by himself reflects on the phenomena of the world, and then involuntarily expresses his thoughts to his wife, brother, friend, to all those men with whom he comes together, and from whom he considers it a sin to conceal what he regards as the truth. No milliards of roubles, millions of soldiers, no institutions, nor wars, nor revolutions will produce what will be produced by the simple expression of a free man as to what he considers just, independently of what exists and what is inculcated upon him.

One free man will truthfully say what he thinks and feels, amidst thousands of men, who by their acts and words affirm the very opposite. It would seem that the man who frankly expressed his thought would remain alone, while in reality it happens that all those men, or the majority of them, have long been thinking and feeling the same, but have not expressed their thought. And what yesterday was the new opinion of one man, to-day becomes the common opinion of all men. And as soon as this opinion has established itself, men's acts begin to change imperceptibly, slowly, but irresistibly.

For, as it is, every free man says to himself: "What can I do against all this sea of evil and deceit, which inundates me? Why should I give expression to my thought? Why even give form to it? It is better not to think of these obscure and intricate questions. Maybe these contradictions form an inevitable condition of all the phenomena of life. And why should I alone struggle against all this evil of the world? Would it not be better if I abandoned myself to the current which sweeps me

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along? If anything can be done, it can be done only in conjunction with other men."

And, abandoning that powerful instrument of thought and its expression, which moves the world, this man takes up the instrument of public activity, without noticing that all public activity is based on the very principles against which he has to struggle, that in entering upon any public activity which exists amidst our world, he must at least partially depart from the truth, make such concessions as will destroy the whole force of that powerful instrument of the struggle which is given to him. It is as though a man, into whose hands an unusually sharp dagger is given, one that cuts everything, should drive in nails with the blade.

We all deplore the senseless order of life which contradicts all our existence, and yet not only fail to make use of the one most powerful tool, which is in our hands, — the recognition of the truth and its expression, — but, on the contrary, under the pretext of struggling with evil, destroy this tool and sacrifice it to the imaginary struggle against this order.

One man does not tell the truth which he knows, because he feels himself under obligation to the men with whom he is connected; another, — because the truth might deprive him of the advantageous position by means of which he is supporting his family; a third, — because he wants to attain glory and power, to use them later in the service of men; a fourth, — because he does not wish to violate the ancient sacred traditions; a fifth, — because the expression of the truth will provoke persecution and will impair that good public activity to which he is devoting himself, or intends to devote himself.

One man serves as an emperor, king, minister, official, soldier, and assures himself and others that the deviation from the truth which is necessary in his position is more than redeemed by his usefulness.

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Another exercises the office of a spiritual pastor, though in the depth of his heart he does not believe in what he teaches, permitting himself a deviation from the truth in view of the good which he does. A third instructs men in literature and, in spite of the suppression of the whole truth, in order not to provoke the government and society against himself, has no doubt as to the good which he does; a fourth simply struggles against the existing order, as do the revolutionists and anarchists, and is fully convinced that the aim which he pursues is so beneficent that the suppression of the truth, which is indispensable in his activity, and even lying will not destroy the good effect of his activity.

For the order of life which is contrary to the consciousness of men to give way to one in accord with it, it is necessary for the obsolete public opinion to give way to a live and new one.

For the old, obsolete public opinion to give way to the new, live one, it is necessary that the men who are conscious of the new demands of life should clearly express them. Meanwhile all the men who recognize all these new demands, one in the name of one thing, and another in the name of another, not only repress them, but even in words and deeds confirm what is directly opposed to these demands. Only the truth and its expression can establish that new public opinion which will change the obsolete and harmful order of life; we, however, not only do not express the truth which we know, but frequently even express precisely what we consider to be an untruth.

If free men would only not depend on what has no force and is never free, — on external power, — and would always believe in what is always powerful and free, — in the truth and its expression. If men only expressed boldly the truth, already revealed to them, about the brotherhood of all the nations and about the criminality

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of the exclusive membership in one nation, the dead, false public opinion, on which the whole power of the governments is based, and all the evil produced by them, would fall off by itself like a dried-up skin, and there would appear that new, live public opinion, which is only waiting for the sloughing off of the hampering old opinion, in order clearly and boldly to proclaim its demands and establish the new forms of life in accordance with the consciousness of men.

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XVIII.

Men need but understand that what is given out to them as public opinion, what is maintained by such complex and artificial means, is not public opinion, but only the dead consequence of the quondam public opinion; they need only, above all, believe in themselves, in this, that what is cognized by them in the depth of their hearts, what begs for recognition and finds no expression only because it contradicts public opinion, is that force which changes the world, and the manifestation of which forms man's destiny; men need but believe that the truth is not what men about him say, but what his conscience, that is, God, says to him, and immediately there will disappear the false, artificially sustained public opinion, and the true one will be established.

If men only said what they believe, and did not say what they do not believe, there would immediately disappear the superstitions that result from patriotism, and all the evil feelings and all the violence, which are based on them. There would disappear the hatred and hostility of states against states and of nationalities against nationalities, which are fanned by the governments; there would disappear the eulogizing of military exploits, that is, of murder; there would, above all else, disappear the respect for the authorities, the surrender of people's labours and the submission to them, for which there are no foundations outside of patriotism.

Let all this be done, and immediately all that vast mass of weak men, who are always guided from without, will sweep over to the side of the new public opinion.

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And the new public opinion will become the ruling one in the place of the old public opinion.

Let the governments have possession of the school, the church, the press, milliards of roubles, and millions of disciplined men turned into machines, — all that apparently terrible organization of rude force is nothing in comparison with the recognition of the truth, which arises in the heart of one man who knows the force of the truth, and is communicated by this man to another, a third man, just as an endless number of candles are lighted from one. This light need only burn, and, like the wax before the face of the fire, all this seemingly so powerful organization will waste away.

If men only understood that terrible power which is given them in the word which expresses the truth. If men only did not sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. If men only made use of this power of theirs, — the rulers would not only not dare, as they dare now, to threaten men with universal slaughter, to which they will drivé men or not, as they may see fit, but would not even dare in the sight of peaceable citizens to bring the disciplined murderers out on parade or in manœuvres; the governments would not dare for their own profit, for the advantage of their accomplices, to make and unmake customs treaties, and they would not dare to collect from the people those millions of roubles which they distribute to their accomplices and for which they prepare themselves for the commission of murder.

And so the change is not only possible, but it is even impossible for it not to take place, as it is impossible for an overgrown, dead tree not to rot, and for a young one not to grow. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," said Christ. And this peace is actually already among us, and it depends on us to attain it.

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If only the hearts of separate men did not grow faint from those temptations with which they are tempted every hour, and if they were not frightened by those imaginary fears with which they are terrified. If men only knew in what their mighty, all-conquering force consists, the peace for which men have always wished, not the one which is obtained by means of diplomatic treaties, journeys of emperors and kings from one city to another, dinners, speeches, fortresses, cannon, dynamite, and melenite, but the one which is obtained not by the exhaustion of the masses by taxes, not by tearing the flower of the population away from work and debauching them, but by the free profession of the truth by every separate individual, would long ago have come to us.

Moscow, March 17, 1894.

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REASON AND RELIGION

1895

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REASON AND RELIGION

You ask me:

1. Should people who are not particularly advanced mentally seek an expression in words for the truths of the inner life, as comprehended by them?

2. Is it worth while in one's inner life to strive after complete consciousness?

3. What are we to be guided by in moments of struggle and wavering, that we may know whether it is indeed our conscience that is speaking in us, or whether it is reflection, which is bribed by our weakness? (The third question I for brevity's sake expressed in my own words, without having changed its meaning, I hope.)

These three questions in my opinion reduce themselves to one, — the second, because, if it is not necessary for us to strive after a full consciousness of our inner life, it will be also unnecessary and impossible for us to express in words the truths which we have grasped, and in moments of wavering we shall have nothing to be guided by, in order to ascertain whether it is our conscience or a false reflection that is speaking within us. But if it is necessary to strive after the greatest consciousness accessible to human reason (whatever this reason may be), it is also necessary to express the truths grasped by us in words, and it is these expressed truths which have been carried into full consciousness that we have to be guided by in moments of struggle and wavering. And so I answer your

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radical question in the affirmative, namely, that every man, for the fulfilment of his destiny upon earth and for the attainment of the true good (the two things go together), must strain all the forces of his mind for the purpose of elucidating to himself those religious bases by which he lives, that is, the meaning of his life.

I have frequently met among illiterate earth-diggers, who have to figure out cubic contents, the wide-spread conviction that the mathematical calculation is deceptive, and that it is not to be trusted. Either because they do not know any mathematics, or because the men who figured things out mathematically for them had frequently consciously or unconsciously deceived them, the opinion that mathematics was inadequate and useless for the calculation of measures has established itself as an undoubted truth which they think it is even unnecessary to prove. Just such an opinion has established itself among, I shall say it boldly, irreligious men, — an opinion that reason cannot solve any religious questions, — that the application of reason to these questions is the chief cause of errors, that the solution of religious questions by means of reason is criminal pride.

I say this, because the doubt, expressed in your questions, as to whether it is necessary to strive after consciousness in our religious convictions, can be based only on this supposition, namely, that reason cannot be applied to the solution of religious questions. However, such a supposition is as strange and obviously false as the supposition that calculation cannot settle any mathematical questions.

God has given man but one tool for the cognition of himself and his relation to the world, — there is no other, — and this tool is reason, and suddenly he is told that he can use his reason for the elucidation of his domestic, economic, political, scientific, artistic questions, but not for the elucidation of what it is given him for. It turns

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out that for the elucidation of the most important truths, of those on which his whole life depends, a man must by no means employ reason, but must recognize these truths as beyond reason, whereas beyond reason a man cannot cognize anything. They say, "Find it out, through revelation, faith." But a man cannot even believe outside of reason. If a man believes in this, and not in that, he does so only because his reason tells him that he ought to believe in this, and not to believe in that. To say that a man should not be guided by reason is the same as saying to a man, who in a dark underground room is carrying a lamp, that, to get out from this underground room and find his way, he ought to put out his lamp and be guided by something different from the light.

But, perhaps, I shall be told, as you say in your letter, that not all men are endowed with a great mind and with a special ability for expressing their thoughts, and that, therefore, an awkward expression of their thoughts concerning religion may lead to error. To this I will answer in the words of the Gospel, "What is hidden from the wise is revealed to babes." This saying is not an exaggeration and not a paradox, as people generally judge of those utterances of the Gospel which do not please them, but the assertion of a most simple and unquestionable truth, which is, that to every being in the world a law is given, which this being must follow, and that for the cognition of this law every being is endowed with corresponding organs. And so every man is endowed with reason, and in this reason there is revealed to him the law which he must follow. This law is hidden only from those who do not want to follow it and who, in order not to follow it, renounce reason and, instead of using their reason for the cognition of the truth, use for this purpose the indications, taken upon faith, of people like themselves, who also reject reason.

But the law which a man must follow is so simple

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that it is accessible to any child, the more so since a man has no longer any need of discovering the law of his life. Men who lived before him discovered and expressed it, and all a man has to do is to verify them with his reason, to accept or not to accept the propositions which he finds expressed in the tradition, that is, not as people, who wish not to fulfil the law, advise us to do, by verifying reason through tradition, but by verifying tradition through reason. Tradition may be from men, and false, but reason is certainly from God, and cannot be false. And so, for the cognition and the expression of truth, there is no need of any especial prominent capacity, but only of the faith that reason is not only the highest divine quality of man, but also the only tool for the cognition of truth.

A special mind and gifts are not needed for the cognition and exposition of the truth, but for the invention and exposition of the lie. Having once departed from the indications of reason, men heap up and take upon faith, generally in the shape of laws, revelations, dogmas, such complicated, unnatural, and contradictory propositions that, in order to expound them and harmonize them with the lie, there is actually a need of astuteness of mind and of a special gift. We need only think of a man of our world, educated in the religious tenets of any Christian profession, — Catholic, Orthodox, Protestant, — who wants to elucidate to himself the religious tenets inculcated upon him since childhood, and to harmonize them with life, — what a complicated mental labour he must go through in order to harmonize all the contradictions which are found in the profession inoculated in him by his education: God, the Creator and the good, created evil, punishes people, and demands redemption, and so forth, and we profess the law of love and of forgiveness, and we punish, wage war, take away the property from poor people, and so forth, and so forth.

It is for the unravelling of these contradictions, or

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rather, for the concealment of them from ourselves, that a great mind and special gifts are needed; but for the discovery of the law of our life, or, as you express it, in order to bring our faith into full consciousness, no special mental gifts are needed, — all that is necessary is not to admit anything that is contrary to reason, not to reject reason, religiously to guard reason, and to believe in nothing else. If the meaning of a man's life presents itself to him indistinctly, that does not prove that reason is of no use for the elucidation of this meaning, but only this, that too much of what is irrational has been taken upon faith, and that it is necessary to reject everything which is not confirmed by reason.

And so my answer to your fundamental question, as to whether it is necessary to strive after consciousness in our inner life, is this, that this is the most necessary and important work of our life. It is necessary and important because the only rational meaning of our life consists in the fulfilment of the will of God who sent us into this life. But the will of God is not recognized by any special miracle, by the writing of the law on tablets with God's finger, or by the composition of an infallible book with the aid of the Holy Ghost, or by the infallibility of some holy person or of an assembly of men, — but only by the activity of the reason of all men who in deeds and words transmit to one another the truths which have become more and more elucidated to their consciousness. This cognition has never been and never will be complete, but is constantly increased with the movement of humanity: the longer we live, the more clearly do we recognize God's will and, consequently, what we ought to do for its fulfilment. And so I think that the elucidation by any man (no matter how small he himself and others may consider him to be — it is the little ones who are great) of the whole religious truth, as it is accessible to him, and its expression in words (since the expression in words is

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the one unquestionable symptom of a complete clearness of ideas) is one of the most important and most sacred duties of man.

I shall be very much pleased if my answer shall satisfy you even in part.

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PATRIOTISM OR PEACE

Letter to Manson

1896

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PATRIOTISM OR PEACE

Letter to Manson

DEAR SIR: — You write to me asking me to express myself in respect to the United States of North America "in the interests of Christian consistency and true peace," and express the hope that "the nations will soon awaken to the one means of securing national peace."

I harbour the same hope. I harbour the same hope, because the blindness in our time of the nations that extol patriotism, bring up their young generations in the superstition of patriotism, and, at the same time, do not wish for the inevitable consequences of patriotism, — war, — has, it seems to me, reached such a last stage that the simplest reflection, which begs for utterance in the mouth of every unprejudiced man, is sufficient, in order that men may see the crying contradiction in which they are.

Frequently, when you ask children which they will choose of two things which are incompatible, but which they want alike, they answer, "Both."

"Which do you want, — to go out driving or to stay at home?" — "Both, — go out driving and stay at home."

Just so the Christian nations answer the question which life puts to them, as to which they will choose, patriotism or peace, they answer "Both patriotism and peace,"

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though it is as impossible to unite patriotism with peace, as at the same time to go out driving and stay at home.

The other day there arose a difference between the United States and England concerning the borders of Venezuela. Salisbury for some reason did not agree to something; Cleveland wrote a message to the Senate; from either side were raised patriotic warlike cries; a panic ensued upon 'Change; people lost millions of pounds and of dollars; Edison announced that he would invent engines with which it would be possible to kill more men in an hour than Attila had killed in all his wars, and both nations began energetically to arm themselves for war. But because, simultaneously with these preparations for war, both in England and in America, all kinds of literary men, princes, and statesmen began to admonish their respective governments to abstain from war, saying that the subject under discussion was not sufficiently important to begin a war for, especially between two related Anglo-Saxon nations, speaking the same language, who ought not to war among themselves, but ought calmly to govern others; or because all kinds of bishops, archdeacons, canons prayed and preached concerning the matter in all the churches; or because neither side considered itself sufficiently prepared, — it happened that there was no war just then. And people calmed down.

But a person has to have too little perspicacity not to see that the causes which now are leading to a conflict between England and America have remained the same, and that, if even the present conflict shall be settled without a war, there will inevitably to-morrow or the day after appear other conflicts, between England and Russia, between England and Turkey, in all possible permutations, as they arise every day, and one of these will lead to war.

If two armed men live side by side, having been impressed from childhood with the idea that power, wealth,

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and glory are the highest virtues, and that, therefore, to acquire power, wealth, and glory by means of arms, to the detriment of other neighbouring possessors, is a very praiseworthy matter, and if at the same time there is no moral, religious, or political restraint for these men, is it not evident that such people will always fight, that the normal relation between them will be war? and that, if such people, having clutched one another, have separated for awhile, they have done so only, as the French proverb says, "*pour mieux sauter*," that is, they have separated to take a better run, to throw themselves with greater fury upon one another?

Strange is the egotism of private individuals, but the egotists of private life are not armed, do not consider it right either to prepare or use arms against their adversaries; the egotism of private individuals is under the control of the political power and of public opinion. A private person who with gun in his hand takes away his neighbour's cow, or a desyatína of his crop, will immediately be seized by a policeman and put into prison. Besides, such a man will be condemned by public opinion, — he will be called a thief and robber. It is quite different with the states: they are all armed, — there is no power over them, except the comical attempts at catching a bird by pouring some salt on its tail, — attempts at establishing international congresses, which, apparently, will never be accepted by the powerful states (who are armed for the very purpose that they may not pay any attention to any one), and, above all, public opinion, which rebukes every act of violence in a private individual, extols, raises to the virtue of patriotism every appropriation of what belong to others, for the increase of the power of the country.

Open the newspapers for any period you may wish, and at any moment you will see the black spot, — the cause of every possible war: now it is Korea, now

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the Pamir, now the lands in Africa, now Abyssinia, now Turkey, now Venezuela, now the Transvaal. The work of the robbers does not stop for a moment, and here and there a small war, like an exchange of shots in the cordon, is going on all the time, and the real war can and will begin at any moment.

If an American wishes the preferential grandeur and well-being of America above all other nations, and the same is desired for his state by an Englishman, and a Russian, and a Turk, and a Dutchman, and an Abyssinian, and a citizen of Venezuela and of the Transvaal, and an Armenian, and a Pole, and a Bohemian, and all of them are convinced that these desires need not only not be concealed or repressed, but should be a matter of pride and be developed in themselves and in others; and if the greatness and well-being of one country or nation cannot be obtained except to the detriment of another nation, frequently of many countries and nations, — how can war be avoided?

And so, not to have any war, it is not necessary to preach and pray to God about peace, to persuade the English-speaking nations that they ought to be friendly toward one another, in order to be able to rule over other nations; to form double and triple alliances against one another; to marry princes to princesses of other nations, — but to destroy what produces war. But what produces war is the desire for an exclusive good for one's own nation, — what is called patriotism. And so to abolish war, it is necessary to abolish patriotism, and to abolish patriotism, it is necessary first to become convinced that it is an evil, and that it is hard to do. Tell people that war is bad, and they will laugh at you: who does not know that? Tell them that patriotism is bad, and the majority of people will agree with you, but with a small proviso. "Yes, bad patriotism is bad, but there is also another patriotism, the one we adhere to." But wherein

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this good patriotism consists no one can explain. If good patriotism consists in not being acquisitive, as many say, it is none the less retentive; that is, men want to retain what was formerly acquired, since there is no country which was not based on conquest, and it is impossible to retain what is conquered by any other means than those by which it was acquired, that is, by violence and murder. But even if patriotism is not retentive, it is restorative, — the patriotism of the vanquished and oppressed nations, the Armenians, Poles, Bohemians, Irish, and so forth. This patriotism is almost the very worst, because it is the most enraged and demands the greatest degree of violence.

Patriotism cannot be good. Why do not people say that egotism can be good, though this may be asserted more easily, because egotism is a natural sentiment, with which a man is born, while patriotism is an unnatural sentiment, which is artificially inoculated in him?

It will be said: "Patriotism has united men in states and keeps up the unity of the states." But the men are already united in states, — the work is all done: why should men now maintain an exclusive loyalty for their state, when this loyalty produces calamities for all states and nations? The same patriotism which produced the unification of men into states is now destroying those states. If there were but one patriotism, — the patriotism of none but the English, — it might be regarded as unificatory or beneficent, but when, as now, there are American, English, German, French, Russian patriotisms, all of them opposed to one another, patriotism no longer unites, but disunites. To say that, if patriotism was beneficent, by uniting men into states, as was the case during its highest development in Greece and Rome, patriotism even now, after eighteen hundred years of Christian life, is just as beneficent, is the same as saying that, since the ploughing was useful and beneficent for the field before the

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sowing, it will be as useful now, after the crop has grown up.

It would be very well to retain patriotism in memory of the use which it once had, as people preserve and retain the ancient monuments of temples, mausoleums, and so forth. But the temples and mausoleums stand, without causing any harm to men, while patriotism produces without cessation innumerable calamities.

What now causes the Armenians and the Turks to suffer and cut each other's throats and act like wild beasts? Why do England and Russia, each of them concerned about her share of the inheritance from Turkey, lie in wait and do not put a stop to the Armenian atrocities? Why do the Abyssinians and Italians fight one another? Why did a terrible war come very near breaking out on account of Venezuela, and now on account of the Transvaal? And the Chino-Japanese War, and the Turkish, and the German, and the French wars? And the rage of the subdued nations, the Armenians, the Poles, the Irish? And the preparation for war by all the nations? All that is the fruits of patriotism. Seas of blood have been shed for the sake of this sentiment, and more blood will be shed for its sake, if men do not free themselves from this outlived bit of antiquity.

I have several times had occasion to write about patriotism, about its absolute incompatibility, not only with the teaching of Christ in its ideal sense, but even with the lowest demands of the morality of Christian society, and every time my arguments have been met with silence or with the supercilious hint that the ideas expressed by me were Utopian expressions of mysticism, anarchism, and cosmopolitanism. My ideas have frequently been repeated in a compressed form, and, instead of retorting to them, it was added that it was nothing but cosmopolitanism, as though this word "cosmopolitanism" unanswerably overthrew all my arguments. Serious, old, clever,

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good men, who, above all else, stand like the city on a hill, and who involuntarily guide the masses by their example, make it appear that the legality and beneficence of patriotism are so obvious and incontestable that it is not worth while to answer the frivolous and senseless attacks upon this sentiment, and the majority of men, who have since childhood been deceived and infected by patriotism, take this supercilious silence to be a most convincing proof, and continue to stick fast in their ignorance.

And so those people who from their position can free the masses from their calamities, and do not do so, commit a great sin.

The most terrible thing in the world is hypocrisy. There was good reason why Christ once got angry, — that was against the hypocrisy of the Pharisees.

But what was the hypocrisy of the Pharisees in comparison with the hypocrisy of our time? In comparison with our men, the Pharisees were the most truthful of men, and their art of hypocrisy was as child's play in comparison with the hypocrisy of our time; nor can it be otherwise. Our whole life, with the profession of Christianity, the teaching of humility and love, in connection with the life of an armed den of robbers, can be nothing but one solid, terrible hypocrisy. It is very convenient to profess a teaching at one end of which is Christian sanctity and infallibility, and at the other — the pagan sword and gallows, so that, when it is possible to impose or deceive by means of sanctity, sanctity is put into effect, and when the deception does not work, the sword and the gallows are put into effect. Such a teaching is very convenient, but the time comes when this spider-web of lie is dispersed, and it is no longer possible to continue to keep both, and it is necessary to ally oneself with either one or the other. It is this which is now getting to be the case in relation to the teaching about patriotism.

Whether people want it or not, the question stands

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clearly before humanity: how can that patriotism, from which result innumerable physical and moral calamities of men, be necessary and a virtue? It is indispensable to give an answer to this question.

It is necessary either to show that patriotism is such a great good that it redeems all those terrible calamities which it produces in humanity; or to recognize that patriotism is an evil, which must not only not be inoculated in men and impressed upon them, but from which also we must try to free ourselves at all cost.

C'est à prendre ou à laisser, as the French say. If patriotism is good, then Christianity, which gives peace, is an idle dream, and the sooner this teaching is eradicated, the better. But if Christianity really gives peace, and we really want peace, patriotism is a survival from barbarous times, which must not only not be evoked and educated, as we now do, but which must be eradicated by all means, by means of preaching, persuasion, contempt, and ridicule. If Christianity is the truth, and we wish to live in peace, we must not only have no sympathy for the power of our country, but must even rejoice in its weakening, and contribute to it. A Russian must rejoice when Poland, the Baltic provinces, Finland, Armenia, are separated from Russia and made free; and an Englishman must similarly rejoice in relation to Ireland, Australia, India, and the other colonies, and coöperate in it, because, the greater the country, the more evil and cruel is its patriotism, and the greater is the amount of the suffering on which its power is based. And so, if we actually want to be what we profess, we must not, as we do now, wish for the increase of our country, but wish for its diminution and weakening, and contribute to it with all our means. And thus must we educate the younger generations: we must bring up the younger generations in such a way that, as it is now disgraceful for a young man to manifest his coarse egotism, for example, by eating every-

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thing up, without leaving anything for others, to push a weaker person down from the road, in order to pass by himself, to take away by force what another needs, it should be just as disgraceful to wish for the increase of his country's power; and, as it now is considered stupid and ridiculous for a person to praise himself, it should be considered stupid to extol one's nation, as is now done in various lying patriotic histories, pictures, monuments, text-books, articles, sermons, and stupid national hymns. But it must be understood that so long as we are going to extol patriotism and educate the younger generations in it, we shall have armaments, which ruin the physical and spiritual life of the nations, and wars, terrible, horrible wars, like those for which we are preparing ourselves, and into the circle of which we are introducing, corrupting them with our patriotism, the new, terrible fighters of the distant East.

Emperor William, one of the most comical persons of our time, orator, poet, musician, dramatic writer, and artist, and, above all, patriot, has lately painted a picture representing all the nations of Europe with swords, standing at the seashore and, at the indication of Archangel Michael, looking at the sitting figures of Buddha and Confucius in the distance. According to William's intention, this should mean that the nations of Europe ought to unite in order to defend themselves against the peril which is proceeding from there. He is quite right from his coarse, pagan, patriotic point of view, which is eighteen hundred years behind the times. The European nations, forgetting Christ, have in the name of their patriotism more and more irritated these peaceful nations, and have taught them patriotism and war, and have now irritated them so much that, indeed, if Japan and China will as fully forget the teachings of Buddha and of Confucius as we have forgotten the teaching of Christ, they will soon learn the art of killing people (they learn these things quickly, as

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Japan has proved), and, being fearless, agile, strong, and populous, they will inevitably very soon make of the countries of Europe, if Europe does not invent something stronger than guns and Edison's inventions, what the countries of Europe are making of Africa. "The disciple is not above his master: but every one that is perfect shall be as his master" (Luke vi. 40).

In reply to a prince's question how to increase his army, in order to conquer a southern tribe which did not submit to him, Confucius replied: "Destroy all thy army, and use the money, which thou art wasting now on the army, on the enlightenment of thy people and on the improvement of agriculture, and the southern tribe will drive away its prince and will submit to thy rule without war."

Thus taught Confucius, whom we are advised to fear. But we, having forgotten Christ's teaching, having renounced it, wish to vanquish the nations by force, and thus are only preparing for ourselves new and stronger enemies than our neighbours. A friend of mine, who saw William's picture, said: "The picture is beautiful, only it does not at all represent what the legend says. It means that Archangel Michael shows to all the governments of Europe, which are represented as robbers bedecked with arms, what it is that will cause their ruin and annihilation, namely, the meekness of Buddha and the wisdom of Confucius." He might have added, "And the humility of Lao-tse."

Indeed, we, thanks to our hypocrisy, have forgotten Christ to such an extent, have so squeezed out of our life everything Christian, that the teachings of Buddha and Confucius stand incomparably higher than that beastly patriotism, by which our so-called Christian nations are guided. And so the salvation of Europe and of the Christian world at large does not consist in this, that, bedecking themselves with swords, as William has represented them, they should, like robbers, cast themselves

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upon their brothers beyond the sea, in order to kill them, but, on the contrary, they should renounce the survival of barbarous times, — patriotism, — and, having renounced it, should take off their arms and show the Eastern nations, not an example of savage patriotism and beastliness, but an example of brotherly love, which Christ has taught us.

Moscow, January 2, 1896.

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LETTER TO ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY

On Non-Resistance

1896

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LETTER TO ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY

On Non-Resistance

MY DEAR CROSBY: — I am very glad to hear of your activity and that it is beginning to attract attention. Fifty years ago Garrison's proclamation of non-resistance only cooled people toward him, and the whole fifty years' activity of Ballou in this direction was met with stubborn silence. I read with great pleasure in *Peace* the beautiful ideas of the American authors in regard to non-resistance. I make an exception only in the case of Mr. Bemis's old, unfounded opinion, which calumniates Christ in assuming that Christ's expulsion of the cattle from the temple means that he struck the men with a whip, and commanded his disciples to do likewise.

The ideas expressed by these writers, especially by H. Newton and G. Herron, are beautiful, but it is to be regretted that they do not answer the question which Christ put before men, but answer the question which the so-called orthodox teachers of the churches, the chief and most dangerous enemies of Christianity, have put in its place.

Mr. Higginson says that the law of non-resistance is not admissible as a general rule. H. Newton says that the practical results of the application of Christ's teaching

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will depend on the degree of faith which men will have in this teaching. Mr. C. Martyn assumes that the stage at which we are is not yet suited for the application of the teaching about non-resistance. G. Herron says that in order to fulfil the law of non-resistance, it is necessary to learn to apply it to life. Mrs. Livermore says the same, thinking that the fulfilment of the law of non-resistance is possible only in the future.

All these opinions treat only the question as to what would happen to people if all were put to the necessity of fulfilling the law of non-resistance; but, in the first place, it is quite impossible to compel all men to accept the law of non-resistance, and, in the second, if this were possible, it would be a most glaring negation of the very principle which is being established. To compel all men not to practise violence against others! Who is going to compel men?

In the third place, and above all else, the question, as put by Christ, does not consist in this, whether non-resistance may become a universal law for all humanity, but what each man must do in order to fulfil his destiny, to save his soul, and do God's work, which reduces itself to the same.

The Christian teaching does not prescribe any laws for all men; it does not say, "Follow such and such rules under fear of punishment, and you will all be happy," but explains to each separate man his position in the world and shows him what for him personally results from this position. The Christian teaching says to each individual man that his life, if he recognizes his life to be his, and its aim, the worldly good of his personality or of the personalities of other men, can have no rational meaning, because this good, posited as the end of life, can never be attained, because, in the first place, all beings strive after the goods of the worldly life, and these goods are always attained by one set of beings to the detriment of

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others, so that every separate man cannot receive the desired good, but, in all probability, must even endure many unnecessary sufferings in his struggle for these unattained goods; in the second place, because if a man even attains the worldly goods, these, the more of them he attains, satisfy him less and less, and he wishes for more and more new ones; in the third place, mainly because the longer a man lives, the more inevitably do old age, diseases, and finally death, which destroys the possibility of any worldly good, come to him.

Thus, if a man considers his life to be his, and its end to be the worldly good, for himself or for other men, this life can have for him no rational meaning. Life receives a rational meaning only when a man understands that the recognition of his life as his own, and the good of personality, of his own or of that of others, as its end, is an error, and that the human life does not belong to him, who has received this life from some one, but to Him who produced this life, and so its end must not consist in the attainment of his own good or of the good of others, but only in the fulfilment of the will of Him who produced it. Only with such a comprehension of life does it receive a rational meaning, and its end, which consists in the fulfilment of God's will, become attainable, and, above all, only with such a comprehension does man's activity become clearly defined, and he no longer is subject to despair and suffering, which were inevitable with his former comprehension.

"The world and I in it," such a man says to himself, "exist by the will of God. I cannot know the whole world and my relation to it, but I can know what is wanted of me by God, who sent men into this world, endless in time and space, and therefore inaccessible to my understanding, because this is revealed to me in the tradition, that is, in the aggregate reason of the best people in the world, who lived before me, and in my

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reason, and in my heart, that is, in the striving of my whole being.

"In the tradition, the aggregate of the wisdom of all the best men, who lived before me, I am told that I must act toward others as I wish that others should act toward me; my reason tells me that the greatest good of men is possible only when all men will act likewise.

"My heart is at peace and joyful only when I abandon myself to the feeling of love for men, which demands the same. And then I can not only know what I must do, but also the cause for which my activity is necessary and defined.

"I cannot grasp the whole divine work, for which the world exists and lives, but the divine work which is being accomplished in this world and in which I am taking part with my life is accessible to me. This work is the destruction of the discord and of the struggle among men and other beings, and the establishment among men of the greatest union, concord, and love; this work is the realization of what the Jewish prophets promised, saying that the time will come when all men shall be taught the truth, when the spears shall be forged into pruning-hooks, and the scythes and swords into ploughshares, and when the lion shall lie with the lamb."

Thus the man of the Christian comprehension of life not only knows how he must act in life, but also what he must do.

He must do what contributes to the establishment of the kingdom of God in the world. To do this, a man must fulfil the inner demands of God's will, that is, he must act amicably toward others, as he would like others to do to him. Thus the inner demands of a man's soul coincide with that external end of life which is placed before him.

And here though we have an indication which is so clear to a man of the Christian comprehension, and incon-

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testable from two sides, as to what the meaning and end of human life consists in, and how a man must act, and what he must do, and what not, there appear certain people, who call themselves Christians, who decide that in such and such cases a man must depart from God's law and the common cause of life, which are given to him, and must act contrary to the law and the common cause of life, because, according to their ratiocination, the consequences of the acts committed according to God's law may be profitless and disadvantageous for men.

Man, according to the Christian teaching, is God's workman. The workman does not know his master's whole business, but the nearest aim to be attained by his work is revealed to him, and he is given definite indications as to what he should do; especially definite are the indications as to what he must not do, in order that he may not work against the aim for the attainment of which he was sent to work. In everything else he is given complete liberty. And so for a man who has grasped the Christian conception of life the meaning of his life is clear and rational, and he cannot have a moment of wavering as to how he should act in life and what he ought to do, in order to fulfil the destiny of his life.

According to the law given him in the tradition, in his reason, and in his heart, a man must always act toward another as he wishes to have done to him: he must contribute to the establishment of love and union among men; but according to the decision of these far-sighted people, a man must, while the fulfilment of the law, according to their opinion, is still premature, do violence, deprive of liberty, kill people, and with this contribute, not to union of love, but to the irritation and enragement of people. It is as though a mason, who is put to do certain definite work, who knows that he is taking part with others in the building of a house, and who has

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received a clear and indubitable command from the master himself that he is to lay a wall, should receive the command from other masons like him, who, like him, do not know the general plan of the structure and what is useful for the common work, to stop laying the wall, and to undo the work of the others.

Wonderful delusion! The being that breathes to-day and disappears to-morrow, that has one definite, incontestable law given to him, as to how he is to pass his short term of life, imagines that he knows what is necessary and useful and appropriate for all men, for the whole world, for that world which moves without cessation, and goes on developing, and in the name of this usefulness, which is differently understood by each of them, he prescribes to himself and to others for a time to depart from the unquestionable law, which is given to him and to all men, and not to act toward all men as he wants others to act toward him, not to bring love into the world, but to practise violence, to deprive of freedom, to punish, to kill, to introduce malice into the world, when it is found that this is necessary. And he enjoins us to do so knowing that the most terrible cruelties, tortures, murders of men, from the Inquisitions and punishments and terrors of all the revolutions to the present bestialities of the anarchists and the massacres of them, have all proceeded from this, that men suppose that they know what people and the world need; knowing that at any given moment there are always two opposite parties, each of which asserts that it is necessary to use violence against the opposite party, — the men of state against the anarchists, the anarchists against the men of state; the English against the Americans, the Americans against the English; the English against the Germans; and so forth, in all possible combinations and permutations.

Not only does a man of the Christian concept of life see clearly by reflection that there is no ground whatever

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for his departure from the law of his life, as clearly indicated to him by God, in order to follow the accidental, frail, frequently contradictory demands of men; but if he has been living the Christian life for some time, and has developed in himself the Christian moral sensitiveness, he can positively not act as people demand that he shall, not only as the result of reflection, but also of feeling.

As it is for many men of our world impossible to subject a child to torture and to kill it, though such a torture may save a hundred other people, so a whole series of acts becomes impossible for a man who has developed the Christian sensitiveness of his heart in himself. A Christian, for example, who is compelled to take part in court proceedings, where a man may be sentenced to capital punishment, to take part in matters of forcible seizure of other people's property, in discussions about the declaration of war, or in preparations for the same, to say nothing of war itself, finds himself in the same position in which a good man would be, if he were compelled to torture or kill a child. It is not that he decides by reflection what he ought not to do, but that he cannot do what is demanded of him, because for a man there exists the moral impossibility, just as there is a physical impossibility, of committing certain acts. Just as it is impossible for a man to lift up a mountain, as it is impossible for a good man to kill a child, so it is impossible for a man who lives a Christian life to take part in violence. Of what significance for such a man can be the reflections that for some imaginary good he must do what has become morally impossible for him?

How, then, is a man to act when he sees the obvious harm of following the law of love and the law of non-resistance, which results from it? How is a man to act — this example is always adduced — when a robber in his sight kills or injures a child, and when the child cannot be saved otherwise than by killing the robber?

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It is generally assumed that, when they adduce such an example, there can be no other answer to the question than that the robber ought to be killed, in order that the child be saved. But this answer is given so emphatically and so quickly only because we are not only in the habit of acting in this manner in the case of the defence of a child, but also in the case of the expansion of the borders of a neighbouring state to the detriment of our own, or in the case of the transportation of lace across the border, or even in the case of the defence of the fruits of our garden against depredations by passers-by.

It is assumed that it is necessary to kill the robber in order to save the child, but we need only stop and think on what ground a man should act thus, be he a Christian or a non-Christian, to convince ourselves that such an act can have no rational foundations, and is considered necessary only because two thousand years ago such a mode of action was considered just and people were in the habit of acting thus. Why should a non-Christian, who does not recognize God and the meaning of life in the fulfilment of His will, kill the robber, in defending the child? To say nothing of this, that in killing the robber he is certainly killing, but does not know for certain until the very last moment whether the robber will kill the child or not, to say nothing of this irregularity: who has decided that the life of the child is more necessary and better than the life of the robber?

If a non-Christian does not recognize God, and does not consider the meaning of life to consist in the fulfilment of God's will, it is only calculation, that is, the consideration as to what is more profitable for him and for all men, the continuation of the robber's life or that of the child, which guides the choice of his acts. But to decide this, he must know what will become of the child which he saves, and what would become of the robber if he did not kill him. But that he cannot know. And so, if he is a non-Chris-

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tian, he has no rational foundation for saving the child through the death of the robber.

But if a man is a Christian, and so recognizes God and sees the meaning of life in the fulfilment of His will, no matter what terrible robber may attack any innocent and beautiful child, he has still less cause to depart from the law given him by God and to do to the robber what the robber wants to do to the child; he may implore the robber, may place his body between the robber and his victim, but there is one thing he cannot do, — he cannot consciously depart from the law of God, the fulfilment of which forms the meaning of his life. It is very likely that, as the result of his bad bringing up and of his animality, a man, being a pagan or a Christian, will kill the robber, not only in the defence of the child, but also in his own defence or in the defence of his purse, but that will by no means signify that it is right to do so, that it is right to accustom ourselves and others to think that that ought to be done.

This will only mean that, in spite of the external education and Christianity, the habits of the stone age are still strong in man, that he is capable of committing acts which have long ago been disavowed by his consciousness. A robber in my sight is about to kill a child and I can save it by killing the robber; consequently it is necessary under certain conditions to resist evil with violence.

A man is in danger of his life and can be saved only through my lie; consequently it is necessary in certain cases to lie. A man is starving, and I cannot save him otherwise than by stealing; consequently it is necessary in certain cases to steal.

I lately read a story by Coppée, in which an orderly kills his officer, who has his life insured, and thus saves his honour and the life of his family. Consequently in certain cases it is right to kill.

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Such imaginary cases and the conclusions drawn from them prove only this, that there are men who know that it is not right to steal, to lie, to kill, but who are so loath to stop doing this that they use all the efforts of their mind in order to justify their acts. There does not exist a moral rule for which it would be impossible to invent a situation when it would be hard to decide which is more moral, the departure from the rule or its fulfilment. The same is true of the question of non-resistance to evil: men know that it is bad, but they are so anxious to live by violence, that they use all the efforts of their mind, not for the elucidation of all the evil which is produced by man's recognition of the right to do violence to others, but for the defence of this right. But such invented cases in no way prove that the rules about not lying, stealing, killing are incorrect.

"*Fais ce que doit, advienne que pourra,* — do what is right, and let come what may," — is an expression of profound wisdom. Each of us knows unquestionably what he ought to do, but none of us knows or can know what will happen. Thus we are brought to the same, not only by this, that we must do what is right, but also by this, that we know what is right, and do not know at all what will come and result from our acts.

The Christian teaching is a teaching as to what a man must do for the fulfilment of the will of Him who sent him into the world. But the reflections as to what consequences we assume to result from such or such acts of men not only have nothing in common with Christianity, but are that very delusion which destroys Christianity.

No one has yet seen the imaginary robber with the imaginary child, and all the horrors, which fill history and contemporary events, have been produced only because men imagine that they can know the consequences of the possible acts.

How is this? Men used to live a beastly life, violating

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and killing all those whom it was advantageous for them to violate and kill, and even eating one another, thinking that that was right. Then there came a time, when, thousands of years ago, even in the time of Moses, there appeared the consciousness in men that it was bad to violate and kill one another. But there were some men for whom violence was advantageous, and they did not recognize the fact, and assured themselves and others that it was not always bad to violate and kill men, but that there were cases when this was necessary, useful, and even good. And acts of violence and murder, though not as frequent and cruel, were continued, but with this difference, that those who committed them justified them on the ground of usefulness to men. It was this false justification of violence that Christ arraigned. He showed that, since every act of violence could be justified, as actually happens, when two enemies do violence to one another and both consider their violence justifiable, and there is no chance of verifying the justice of the determination of either, it is necessary not to believe in any justifications of violence, and under no condition, as at first was thought right by humanity, is it necessary to make use of them.

It would seem that men who profess Christianity would have carefully to unveil this deception, because in the unveiling of this deception does one of the chief manifestations of Christianity consist. But the very opposite has happened: men to whom violence was advantageous, and who did not want to give up these advantages, took upon themselves the exclusive propaganda of Christianity, and, preaching it, asserted that, since there are cases in which the non-application of violence produces more evil than its application (the imaginary robber who kills the child), we must not fully accept Christ's teaching about non-resistance to evil, and that we may depart from this teaching in the defence of our lives and of those of other men, in

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the defence of our country, the protection of society from madmen and malefactors, and in many other cases. But the decision of the question as to when Christ's teaching ought to be set aside was left to those very men who made use of violence. Thus Christ's teaching about non-resistance to evil turned out to be absolutely set aside, and, what is worse than all that, those very men whom Christ arraigned began to consider themselves the exclusive preachers and expounders of His teaching. But the light shineth in the dark, and the false preachers of Christianity are again arraigned by His teaching.

We can think of the structure of the world as we please, we may do what is advantageous and agreeable for us to do, and use violence against people under the pretext of doing good to men, but it is absolutely impossible to assert that, in doing so, we are professing Christ's teaching, because Christ arraigned that very deception. The truth will sooner or later be made manifest, and will arraign the deceivers, even as it does now.

Let only the question of the human life be put correctly, as it was put by Christ, and not as it was corrupted by the churches, and all the deceptions which by the churches have been heaped on Christ's teaching will fall of their own accord.

The question is not whether it will be good or bad for human society to follow the law of love and the resulting law of non-resistance, but whether you — a being that lives to-day and is dying by degrees to-morrow and every moment — will now, this very minute, fully do the will of Him who sent you and clearly expressed it in tradition and in your reason and heart, or whether you want to act contrary to this will. As soon as the question is put in this form, there will be but one answer: I want at once, this very minute, without any delay, without waiting for any one, and without considering the seeming consequences, with all my strength to fulfil what alone I am

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indubitably commanded to do by Him who sent me into the world, and in no case, under no condition, will I, can I, do what is contrary to it, because in this lies the only possibility of my rational, unwretched life.

January 12, 1896.

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INTRODUCTIONS TO BOOKS

1890–94

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INTRODUCTIONS TO BOOKS

A. STOCKHAM'S TOKOLOGY

THE present book does not belong to the vast number of all kinds of books, from the philosophical and the scientific to the artistic and practical, which, with other words, in other permutations and combinations, say and repeat the old familiar, sickeningly familiar, commonplaces. This book is one of those rare books which do not treat of what everybody talks about and nobody needs, but of what nobody talks about and what is important and necessary for all. It is important for the parents to know how they should act, in order without unnecessary suffering to bring forth uncorrupted and healthy children, and still more important it is for the future children to be born under the best of conditions, as, indeed, it says in one of the mottoes of the book, "To be well-born is the right of every child."

The book is not one of those which are read only that no one may say that he has not read this book, but one of those the reading of which leaves traces, compelling men to change their lives, to mend what is irregular in them, or at least to think of doing so. This book is called *Tokology*, the science of the bearing of children. There are all kinds of strange sciences, but there is no such science, and yet, after the science of how to live and die, this is the most important science. This book has had enormous

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success in America, and has greatly influenced American mothers and fathers. In Russia it ought to have an even greater influence. The questions about abstaining from tobacco and all kinds of exciting beverages, beginning with alcohol and ending with tea, the questions about eating without the slaughter of living beings, vegetarianism, the questions about sexual continence in domestic life, and many others, which partly have been solved and partly are being worked out, and possess a vast literature in Europe and in America, have not yet been touched upon by us, and so Mrs. Stockham's book is particularly important for us: it at once transfers the reader into a new world of a living human movement.

In this book every thinking woman — for this book is chiefly intended for women — will find first of all an indication that there is absolutely no need of continuing to live as insipidly as her forefathers lived, but that it is possible to find better paths of life, using for this purpose science, the experience of men, and her own free thought, and, as the first model of such a use she will find in this book many precious counsels and hints, which will make life easier for herself, her husband, and her children.

February 2, 1890.

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AMIEL'S DIARY

ABOUT a year and a half ago I chanced for the first time to read Amiel's book, *Fragments d'un Journal Intime.* I was struck by the significance and profundity of its contents, the beauty of the exposition, and, above all, the sincerity of this book. As I read it, I marked down the passages which more particularly startled me. My daughter undertook to translate these passages, and thus were formed the extracts from the *Fragments d'un Journal Intime,*" that is, the extracts from the extracts of Amiel's diary in several volumes not yet printed, which he conducted from day to day for the period of thirty years.

Henri Amiel was born in Geneva in 1821 and was early left an orphan. Having graduated from the higher courses in Geneva, Amiel went abroad and there passed several years at the universities of Heidelberg and Berlin. Upon returning in 1849 to his home, he at the age of twenty-eight years received in the Geneva Academy a professorship, at first of æsthetics, and later of philosophy, and this he held until his death.

Amiel's whole life was passed in Geneva, where he died in 1881, having in no way risen above the large number of the most ordinary of professors, who, mechanically compiling their lectures from the latest books in their particular specialties, just as mechanically transmit them to their hearers, and from a still greater number of poets without contents, who furnish these quite useless, but still marketable wares to periodicals that are published in tens of thousands of copies.

Amiel did not have the slightest success either in the

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learned or in the literary field. As he was approaching old age, he wrote of himself as follows:

"What have I been able to extract from those gifts which were bestowed upon me, from the peculiar conditions of my life of half a century? Are all my collected scribblings, my correspondence, these thousands of intimate pages, my lectures, my articles, my verses, my different notes anything but dry leaves? To whom and for what have I ever been of any use? And will my name live a day longer than I myself, and will it have any significance for any one? Insignificant, empty life! *Vie nulle.*"

About Amiel and his diary two well-known French writers, his friend, the well-known critic, E. Scherer, and the philosopher, Caro, have written after his death. Interesting is that sympathetic, but partially patronizing air with which both these authors treat Amiel, when they regret that he was deprived of those qualities which are necessary for the performance of real work. And yet, the real work of these two writers — the critical labours of E. Scherer and the philosophic labours of Caro — will hardly much outlive their authors, while the accidental, not real work of Amiel, his diary, will always remain a live book, necessary for men and influencing them for the good.

A writer is dear and necessary for us only in the measure in which he reveals to us the inner working of his soul, of course, if this work is new, and not previously accomplished. No matter what he may write, a drama, a learned work, a story, a philosophic treatise, a lyric poem, a criticism, a satire, it is only this inner work of his soul which is dear to us, and not the architectural structure in which he, for the most part, and I think, always, distorting them, clothes his thoughts and feelings.

Everything which Amiel poured into a ready mould, his lectures, treatises, poems, was completely dead; but his diary, where, without thinking of the form, he spoke

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only to himself, full of life, wisdom, instruction, consolation, will for ever remain one of the best books accidentally left to us by such men as Marcus Aurelius, Pascal, Epictetus.

Pascal says: "There are but three kinds of people: those who, having found God, serve Him; those who, not having found Him, are busy seeking Him, and those who, not having found Him, none the less do not seek Him.

"The first are sensible and happy, the last are senseless and unhappy, the second are unhappy, but sensible."

I think that the difference established by Pascal between the first and the second, between those who, as he says in another passage, having found God, serve Him with their whole hearts, and those who, not having found Him, seek Him with their whole hearts, is not only not so great as he thought, but does not even exist. I think that those who with their whole hearts and suffering ("*en gemissant*," as Pascal says) seek God, already serve Him. They serve Him with this, that with these sufferings of their seeking they lay out and open for others the road to God, as Pascal himself did in his thoughts, and as Amiel did all his life in his diary.

Amiel's whole life, as it is presented to us in this diary, is full of this seeking after God, which is suffering with the whole heart. The contemplation of this seeking is the more instructive in that it never ceases to be a seeking, never stops, never passes into the consciousness of the acquisition of truth and into instruction. Amiel says neither to himself nor to others: "I now know the truth, — hear me!" On the contrary, it seems to him, as is proper for him who sincerely seeks the truth, that the more he finds out, the more he has still left to know, and he, without stopping, does everything he can for the purpose of finding out more and more of the truth, and so constantly feels his ignorance. He constantly dwells upon what Christianity and the condition of a Christian ought

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to be, without for a moment dwelling on the thought that Christianity is precisely what he professes, and that he himself personifies the condition of a Christian. And yet his whole diary is full of expressions of the profoundest Christian understanding and feeling. These expressions act most powerfully on the reader on account of their very unconsciousness and sincerity. He speaks with himself, without thinking that he is heard, without trying to appear sure of what he is not sure, without concealing his suffering and his seeking.

It is as though we were present, without the master's knowledge, at the most secret, profound, impassioned inner work of the soul, which is generally concealed from the view of an outsider.

For this reason it is possible to find many statelier and more eloquent expressions of Amiel's religious feeling, but it is hard to find such as are more intimate and more heart-stirring. Shortly before his death, when he knew that his disease might any day end in strangulation, he wrote:

"When you no longer reflect that you have tens of years, one year, a month free before yourself, when you already count tens of hours, and the future night bears in itself the menace of the unexplored, it is evident that you decline art, science, politics, and are satisfied with conversing with yourself, and that is possible until the very end. This inward conversation is the only thing which is left to him who is sentenced to death and whose execution is delayed. He (this condemned man) concentrates upon himself. He no longer emits rays, but only converses with his soul. He no longer acts, but only contemplates. . . . Like a hare, he returns to his lair to die; and this lair is his conscience, his thought. So long as he can hold a pen and has a moment of solitude, he concentrates himself before this echo of himself and holds converse with God.

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"This, by the way, is not a moral investigation, a repentance, a call. It is only the 'amen' of submission.

"My child, give me your heart.

"Renunciation and agreement are less difficult for me than for others, because I want nothing. I should only want not to suffer. Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane asked for the same. Let us do the same that He did. 'Nevertheless not as I will but as Thou wilt,' — and we will wait."

Such he is on the day before his death. He is not less sincere and serious throughout his whole diary, in spite of the elegance, and now and then choiceness of his diction, which became a habit with him. In the course of all the thirty years of his diary he feels that we all so thoroughly forget, that we are all condemned to death and that our execution is only delayed. And it is for this very reason that this book is so sincere, serious, and useful.

1893.

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S. T. SEMÉNOV'S PEASANT STORIES

I HAVE long ago formed a rule to judge every artistic production from three sides: (1) from the side of its contents, — in how far that which is revealed by the artist from a new side is important and necessary for men, because every production is a production of art only when it reveals a new side of life; (2) to what extent the form of the production is good, beautiful, and in correspondence with the contents; and (3) in how far the relation of the artist to his subject is sincere, that is, in how far he believes in what he represents. This last quality always seems to me to be the most important one in an artistic production. It gives to an artistic production its force, makes an artistic production infectious, that is, evokes in the hearer and reader those sensations which the artist experiences.

Seménov possesses this quality in the highest degree.

There is a certain story by Flaubert, translated by Turgénev, *Julian the Merciful*. The last episode of the story, which is intended to be most touching, consists in this, that Julian lies down in the same bed with a leper, whom he warms up with his body. This leper is Christ, who carries Julian off to heaven with Him. All that is told with great mastery, but I always remain very cold during the reading of this story. I feel that the author himself would not have done, and would not even have wished to do so, and I never feel any agitation in reading about this wonderful exploit.

But Seménov describes the simplest story, and it always

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touches me. A village lad comes to Moscow to find himself a place, and with the influence of a countryman of his, a coachman, who is living with a wealthy merchant, he here gets the position of assistant janitor. This place was formerly occupied by an old man. It was by the advice of his coachman that the merchant sent away the old man and in his place put the young lad. The lad arrives in the evening to begin his work, and in the yard hears the old man's complaints in the servants' room, for having been discharged for no cause whatsoever, only to make room for the young fellow. The lad suddenly feels pity for the old man and is ashamed to have pushed him out. He reflects for a moment, wavers, and finally decides to give up the place, which he needs and which has pleased him so much.

All this is told in such a way that every time when I read it I feel that the author not only would have wished to act similarly in such a case, but would certainly have done so, and his feeling infects me, and I am happy, and it seems to me that I have done something good or would be glad to do something good.

Sincerity is Seménov's chief characteristic. But, besides it, the contents are always significant, — significant, because they deal with the most important class of Russia, the peasantry, which Seménov knows as only a peasant, who himself lives the hard life of a peasant, can know. The contents of his stories are also significant, because in all of them the chief interest is not in the external events, not in the peculiarities of the situations, but in the approximation to and the removal from the ideal of Christian truth, which stands firm and clear in the soul of the author and serves him as a safe measure for the valuation of the worth and importance of human acts.

The form of the stories fully corresponds to the contents: it is serious and simple, and the details are always correct, — there are no false notes. What is particularly

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good is the figurative language of the persons in the stories, which is frequently quite new, and always artless and strikingly powerful.

March 23, 1894.

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THE WORKS OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT

It was, I think, in the year 1881 that Turgénev, during a visit at my house, took a French novel, under the name of *Maison Tellier*, out of his satchel and gave it to me.

"Read it, if you have a chance," he said, apparently with indifference, just as the year before he had handed me a number of the *Russian Wealth*, in which there was an article by Garshín, who was making his début. Evidently, as in the case of Garshín, so even now, he was afraid he might influence me in one way or another, and wished to know my uninfluenced opinion.

"He is a young French author," he said; "look at it,—it is not bad; he knows you and esteems you very much," he added, as though to encourage me. "As a man he reminds me of Druzhínin. He is just as excellent a son and friend, *un homme d'un commerce sur*, as was Druzhínin, and, besides, he has relations with the labouring people, whom he guides and aids. Even in his relations to women he reminds me of Druzhínin."

And Turgénev told me something remarkable and incredible in regard to Maupassant's relations in this respect.

This time, the year 1881, was for me the most ardent time of the inner reconstruction of my whole world-conception, and in this reconstruction the activity which is called artistic, and to which I formerly used to devote all my strength, not only lost for me the significance formerly ascribed to it, but even became distinctly distasteful to me on account of the improper place which it had occu-

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pied in my life and which in general it occupies in the concepts of the men of the wealthy classes.

For this reason I was at that time not in the least interested in such productions as the one which Turgénev recommended to me. But, to oblige him, I read the book which he gave me.

Judging from the first story, *Maison Tellier*, I could not help but see, in spite of the indecent and insignificant subject of the story, that the author possessed what is called talent.

The author was endowed with that particular gift, called talent, which consists in the author's ability to direct, according to his tastes, his intensified, strained attention to this or that subject, in consequence of which the author who is endowed with this ability sees in those subjects, upon which he directs his attention, something new, something which others did not see. Maupassant evidently possessed that gift of seeing in subjects something which others did not see. But, to judge from the small volume which I had read, he was devoid of the chief condition necessary, besides talent, for a truly artistic production. Of the three conditions: (1) a correct, that is, a moral relation of the author to the subject, (2) the clearness of exposition, or the beauty of form, which is the same, and (3) sincerity, that is, an undisguised feeling of love or hatred for what the artist describes, — Maupassant possessed only the last two, and was entirely devoid of the first. He had no correct, that is, no moral relation to the subjects described. From what I had read, I was convinced that Maupassant possessed talent, that is, the gift of attention, which in the objects and phenomena of life revealed to him those qualities which are not visible to other men; he also possessed a beautiful form, that is, he expressed clearly, simply, and beautifully what he wished to say, and also possessed that condition of the worth of an artistic production, without which it does not

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produce any effect, — sincerity, — that is, he did not simulate love or hatred, but actually loved and hated what he described. But, unfortunately, being devoid of the first, almost the most important condition of the worth of an artistic production, of the correct, moral relation to what he represented, that is, of the knowledge of the difference between good and evil, he loved and represented what it was not right to love and represent, and did not love and did not represent what he ought to have loved and represented. Thus the author in this little volume describes with much detail and love how women tempt men and men tempt women, and even some incomprehensible obscenities, which are represented in *La Femme de Paul*, and he describes the labouring country people, not only with indifference, but even with contempt, as so many animals.

Particularly striking was that lack of distinction between bad and good in the story *Une Partie de Campagne*, in which, in the form of a most clever and amusing jest, he gives a detailed account of how two gentlemen with bared arms, rowing in a boat, simultaneously tempted, the one an old mother, and the other a young maiden, her daughter.

The author's sympathy is during the whole time obviously to such an extent on the side of the two rascals, that he ignores, or, rather, does not see what the tempted mother, the girl, the father, and the young man, evidently the fiancé of the daughter, must have suffered, and so we not only get a shocking description of a disgusting crime in the form of an amusing jest, but the event itself is described falsely, because only the most insignificant side of the subject, the pleasure afforded to the rascals, is described.

In the same volume there is a story, *Histoire d'une Fille de Ferme*, which Turgénev recommended to me more particularly, and which more particularly displeased me on

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account of the author's incorrect relation to the subject. The author apparently sees in all the working people whom he describes nothing but animals, who do not rise above sexual and maternal love, and so the description leaves us with an incomplete, artificial impression.

The insufficient comprehension of the lives and interests of the working classes, and the representation of the men from those classes in the form of half-animals, which are moved only by sensuality, malice, and greed, forms one of the chief and most important defects of the majority of the modern French authors, among them Maupassant, not only in this story, but also in all the other stories, in which he touches on the people and always describes them as coarse, dull animals, whom one can only ridicule. Of course, the French authors must know the conditions of their people better than I know them; but, although I am a Russian and have not lived with the French people, I none the less assert that, in describing their masses, the French authors are wrong, and that the French masses cannot be such as they are described. If there exists a France as we know it, with her truly great men and with those great contributions which these great men have made to science, art, civil polity, and the moral perfection of humanity, those labouring masses, which have held upon their shoulders this France and her great men, do not consist of animals, but of men with great spiritual qualities; and so I do not believe what I am told in novels like *La Terre*, and in Maupassant's stories, just as I should not believe if I were told of the existence of a beautiful house standing on no foundation. It is very possible that the high qualities of the masses are not such as are described in *La petite Fadette* and in *La Mare au Diable*, but these qualities exist, that I know for certain, and the writer who describes the masses, as Maupassant does, by telling sympathetically of the "*hanches*" and "*gorges*" of Breton domestics, and with contempt and ridi-

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cule the life of the labouring people, commits a great error in an artistic sense, because he describes the subject from only one, the most uninteresting, physical side, and completely overlooks the other, the most important, spiritual side, which forms the essence of the subject.

In general, the reading of the volume which Turgénev gave me left me completely indifferent to the young writer.

I was at that time so disgusted with the stories, *Une Partie de Campagne*, *La Femme de Paul*, and *L'Histoire d'une Fille de Ferme*, that I did not at that time notice the beautiful story, *Le Papa de Simon*, and the superb story, so far as the description of a night is concerned, *Sur l'Eau*.

"There are in our time, when there are so many who are willing to write, a number of people with talent, who do not know to what to apply it, or who boldly apply it to what ought not and should not be described," I thought. I told Turgénev so. And I entirely forgot about Maupassant.

The first thing from Maupassant's writings which after that fell into my hands was *Une Vie*, which somebody advised me to read. This book at once made me change my opinion concerning Maupassant, and after that I read with interest everything which was written over his name. *Une Vie* is an excellent novel, not only incomparably the best novel by Maupassant, but almost the best French novel since Hugo's *Les Misérables*. Besides the remarkable power of his talent, that is, of that peculiar, strained attention, directed upon an object, in consequence of which the author sees entirely new features in the life which he is describing, this novel combines, almost to an equal degree, all three conditions of a true artistic production: (1) the correct, that is, the moral, relation of the author to the subject, (2) the beauty of form, and (3) sincerity, that is, love for what the author describes. Here the meaning of life no longer presents itself to the author

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in the experiences of all kinds of debauched persons,—here the contents, as the title says, are formed by the description of a ruined, innocent, sweet woman, who is prepared for anything beautiful, a woman who is ruined by that very gross, animal sensuality which in the former stories presented itself to the author as the central phenomenon of life, which dominates everything, and the author's whole sympathy is on the side of the good.

The form, which is beautiful even in the first stories, is here carried to a high degree of perfection, such as, in my opinion, has not been reached by any other French prose writer. And, besides, what is most important, the author here really loves, and loves strongly, the good family which he describes, and actually despises that coarse male who destroys the happiness and peace of this dear family and especially of the heroine of the novel.

It is for that reason that all the events and persons of this novel are so vivid and impress themselves on our memory: the weak, good, slatternly mother; the noble, weak, dear father, and the daughter, who is still dearer in her simplicity, absence of exaggeration, and readiness for everything good; their mutual relations, their first journey, their servants, their neighbours, the calculating, coarsely sensuous, stingy, petty, impudent fiancé, who, as always, deceives the innocent girl with the customary base idealization of the grossest of sentiments; the marriage; Corsica, with the charming descriptions of nature; then the life in the country; the coarse deception of the husband; the seizure of the power over the estate; his conflicts with his father-in-law; the yielding of the good people; the victory of impudence; the relation to the neighbours,—all that is life itself, with all its complexity and variety. But not only is all this described vividly and well,—there is over all a sincere, pathetic tone, which involuntarily affects the reader. One feels that the author loves this woman, and that he does not love her merely for her

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external forms, but for her soul, for what there is good in it, and that he sympathizes with her and suffers for her, and this sensation is involuntarily transferred to the reader. And the questions as to why, for what purpose, this fair creature was ruined, and why it should be so, naturally arise in the reader's soul, and make him stop and reflect on the meaning and significance of human life.

In spite of the false notes, which here and there occur in the novel, as, for example, the detailed account of the girl's skin, or the impossible and unnecessary details about how the deserted wife, by the advice of the abbot, again becomes a mother, details which destroy all the charm of the heroine's purity; in spite of the melodramatic and unnatural history of the revenge of the insulted husband, — in spite of these blemishes, the novel not only appears to me to be beautiful, but through it I no longer saw in the author the talented babbler and jester, who does not know and does not want to know what is good and what bad, such as he had appeared to me to be, judging him from the first book, but a serious man, who looks deeply into man's life and is beginning to make things out in it.

The next novel of Maupassant which I read was *Bel-Ami*.

Bel-Ami is a very filthy book. The author apparently gives himself the reins in the description of what attracts him, and at times seems to be losing the fundamental, negative point of view upon his hero and passes over to his side; but in general, *Bel-Ami*, like *Une Vie*, has for its basis a serious thought and sentiment.

In *Une Vie* the fundamental thought is the perplexity in the presence of the cruel senselessness of the agonizing life of a beautiful woman, who is ruined by the gross sensuality of a man; here it is not only the perplexity, but also the indignation of the author at the sight of the welfare and success of a gross sensuous beast, who by his very sensuality makes a career for himself and attains

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a high position in the world, an indignation also at the sight of the corruption of that milieu in which the hero attains his success. There the author seems to ask: "Why, for what purpose, is the fair creature ruined? Why did it happen?" Here he seems to be answering the questions: "Everything pure and good has perished and continues to perish in our society, because this society is corrupt, senseless, and terrible."

The last scene of the novel, the marriage in a fashionable church of the triumphant rascal, who is adorned with the Order of the Legion of Honour, with the pure young maiden, the daughter of the old, formerly irreproachable mother of the family, whom he seduced, the marriage, which is blessed by the bishop and is recognized as something good and proper by all the persons present, expresses this idea with unusual force. In this novel, in spite of its being clogged with obscene details, in which the author unfortunately seems to delight, we can see the same serious relations of the author to life.

Read the conversation of the old poet with Duroy, when they come out after dinner from the Walters, I think. The old poet lays bare life before his young interlocutor and shows it to him such as it is, with its eternal, unavoidable companion and end, — death.

"It already holds me, *la gueuse*," he says of death. "It has already loosened my teeth, pulled out my hair, mauled my limbs, and is about to swallow me. I am already in its power, — it only plays with me, as a cat plays with a mouse, knowing that I cannot get away from it. Glory, wealth, — what is it all good for, since it is not possible to buy a woman's love with them, and it is only a woman's love that makes life worth living. And death will take that away. It will take this first, and then health, strength, and life itself. And it is the same with everybody. And that is all."

Such is the meaning of the remarks of the aging poet.

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But Duroy, the fortunate lover of all those women whom he likes, is so full of sensuous energy and strength that he hears, and yet does not hear, and understands, and yet does not understand, the words of the old poet. He hears and understands, but the spring of his sensuous life bubbles up with such force that the incontestable truth, which promises the same end to him, does not appal him.

It is this inner contradiction which, besides its satirical significance, forms the chief meaning of *Bel-Ami*. The same thought sparkles in the beautiful scenes of the death of the consumptive journalist. The author puts the question to himself as to what life is and how the contradiction between the love of life and the knowledge of unavoidable death is to be solved, — and he does not answer the questions. He seems to be seeking and waiting, and does not decide one way or another. Consequently the moral relation to life continues to be correct in this novel also.

But in the next novels after that this moral relation to life begins to become entangled, the valuation of the phenomena of life begins to waver, to grow dim, and in the last novels is completely distorted.

In *Mont-Oriol* Maupassant seems to combine the motives of the two preceding novels, and repeats himself as regards contents. In spite of the beautiful descriptions, full of refined humour, of a fashionable watering-place and of the activity of the doctors in this place, we have here the same male, Paul, who is just as base and heartless as the husband in *Une Vie*, and the same deceived, ruined, yielding, weak, lonely, always lonely, dear woman, and the same indifferent triumph of insignificance and baseness as in *Bel-Ami*.

The thought is the same, but the author's relation to what he describes is now considerably lower, especially lower than in the first novel. The inner valuation of the

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author as to what is good and bad begins to become entangled. In spite of all the mental desire of the author to be objective without any bias, the rascal Paul apparently enjoys the author's complete sympathy. For this reason the history of Paul's love, his attempts to seduce, and his success in this produce a false impression. The reader does not know what the author wants, — whether he wants to show the whole emptiness and baseness of Paul, who with indifference turns away from the woman and offends her, only because her form is spoiled from being pregnant with a child by him, or whether he wants, on the contrary, to show how agreeable and nice it is to live the way this Paul lives.

In the next novels after that, *Pierre et Jean*, *Fort comme la Mort*, and *Notre Cœur*, the moral relation of the author to his persons is still more entangled, and is entirely lost in the last. On all these novels already lies the stamp of indifference, haste, fictitiousness, and, above all, again that absence of a correct moral relation to life which was noticeable in his first writings. This begins at the same time that Maupassant's reputation as a fashionable author becomes established, and he is subject to that terrible temptation to which every well-known author, particularly such an attractive one as Maupassant, falls a prey. On the one side, the success of the first novels, newspaper laudations, and flattery of society, especially of the women; on the second, the evergrowing rewards, which, however, do not keep pace with the constantly growing demands; on the third, — the insistence of publishers, who vie with one another, flatter, implore, and no longer judge of the quality of the productions offered by the author, but in ecstasy accept everything which appears over the name that has established its reputation with the reading public. All these temptations are so great that they evidently intoxicate the author: he succumbs to them, and, though he con-

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tinues to work out his novels as regards their forms, and does it even better than before, and even loves what he describes, he no longer loves what he describes because it is good and moral, that is, because it is loved by everybody, and hates what he describes not because it is bad and despised by everybody, but only because one thing accidentally pleases and another displeases him.

Upon all the novels of Maupassant, beginning with *Bel-Ami*, lies this stamp of haste and, above all, of fictitiousness. From that time on Maupassant no longer does what he did in his first two novels, — he does not take for the foundation of his novels certain moral demands and on their basis describe the activity of his persons, but writes his novels as all artisan novelists write theirs, that is, he invents the most interesting and the most pathetic or most contemporary persons and situations, and from these composes his novel, adorning it with all those observations which he has happened to make and which fit into the canvas of the novel, without the slightest concern how the events described are related to the demands of morality. Such are *Pierre et Jean*, *Fort comme la Mort*, and *Notre Cœur*.

No matter how much we are accustomed to read in French novels about how families live by threes, and how there is always a lover, whom all but the husband know, it still remains quite incomprehensible to us how it is that all husbands are always fools, *cocus*, and *ridicules*, and all lovers, who in the end marry and become husbands, are neither *ridicules* nor *cocus*, but heroes. And still less can we understand in what way all women are loose in morals and all mothers holy.

It is on these unnatural and improbable and, above all, profoundly immoral situations that *Pierre et Jean* and *Fort comme la Mort* are constructed. And so the sufferings of the persons who are in these situations do not touch us much. Pierre's and Jean's mother, who was

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able to pass all her life in deceiving her husband, evokes little sympathy for herself when she is compelled to confess her sin to her son, and still less when she justifies herself, asserting that she could not help making use of the opportunity of happiness which presented itself to her. Still less can we sympathize with the gentleman who, in *Fort comme la Mort*, during his whole life deceived his friend, corrupted his wife, and now laments because, having grown old, he is not able to corrupt also the daughter of his paramour. But the last novel, *Notre Cœur*, does not even have any inner problem, except the description of all kinds of shades of sexual love. What is described is a satiated, idle debauchee, who does not know what he wants, and who now falls in with just as debauched, mentally debauched, a woman, without even any justification of sensuality, and now parts from her and falls in with a servant girl, and now again falls in with the first and, it seems, lives with both. Though in *Pierre et Jean* and *Fort comme la Mort* there are touching scenes, this last novel provokes nothing but disgust in us.

The question in Maupassant's first novel, *Une Vie*, stands like this. Here is a good, clever, dear human being, ready for anything good, and this being for some reason is sacrificed, at first to a coarse, petty, stupid animal of a husband, and then to just such a son, and perishes aimlessly, without having given anything to the world. What is this for? The author puts the question like that, and does not seem to give any answer. But his whole novel, all his sentiments of sympathy for her and disgust with what ruined her serve as an answer to his question. If there is one man who has understood her sufferings and has given expression to this understanding, these sufferings are redeemed, as Job says to his friends, when they say that no one will find out about his suffering. Let a suffering be made known and understood,

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and it is redeemed. Here the author saw and comprehended this suffering and showed it to men. And this suffering is redeemed, because, as soon as it is understood by men, it will sooner or later be destroyed.

In the next novel, *Bel-Ami*, the question is no longer as to why there is any suffering for the worthy, but why there is wealth and glory for the unworthy. And what are this wealth and glory, and how are they acquired? And just as before, this question includes an answer, which consists in the negation of everything which is so highly valued by the crowd. The contents of this second novel are still serious, but the moral relation of the author to the subject described is considerably weakened, and while in the first novel only here and there occur blemishes of sensuality, which spoil the novel, in *Bel-Ami* these blemishes expand, and many chapters are written in mere obscenity, in which the author seems to revel.

In the next novel, *Mont-Oriol*, the questions as to why and for what purpose are the sufferings of the dear woman and the success and joys of the savage male are no longer put, but it seems to be assumed that it ought to be so, and the moral demands are almost not felt; instead there appear, without any need and evoked by no artistic demands, obscene, sensuous descriptions. As a striking example of this violation of art, in consequence of the incorrect relation of the author to the subject, may with particular vividness serve the detailed description of the appearance of the heroine in the bathtub, which is given in this novel. This description is of no use whatsoever, and is in no way connected with the external or the internal meaning of the novel: bubbles cling to the pink body.

"Well?" asks the reader.

"That's all," replies the author. "I describe, because I like such descriptions."

In the next two novels, *Pierre et Jean* and *Fort comme*

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la Mort, no moral demand whatever is to be found. Both novels are constructed on debauchery, deception, and lying, which bring the *dramatis personæ* to tragic situations.

In the last novel, *Notre Cœur*, the condition of the *dramatis personæ* is most monstrous, savage, and immoral, and these persons no longer struggle against anything, but only seek enjoyments, of ambition, of the senses, of the sexual passion, and the author seems to sympathize completely with their strivings. The only conclusion one can draw from this last novel is this, that the greatest happiness in life is sexual intercourse, and that, therefore, we must in the most agreeable manner make use of this happiness.

Still more startling is this immoral relation to life as it is expressed in the quasi-novel, *Yvette*. The contents of this terribly immoral production are as follows: a charming girl, with an innocent soul, but corrupted in the forms which she has acquired in the corrupt surroundings of her mother, deludes the debauchee. He falls in love with her, but, imagining that this girl consciously talks that insinuating nonsense which she has learned in her mother's company, and which she repeats like a parrot, without understanding it, he imagines that the girl is corrupt, and coarsely proposes a *liaison* with her. This proposition frightens and offends her (she loves him), opens her eyes to her position and to that of her mother, and makes her suffer deeply. The touching situation — the conflict of the beauty of the innocent soul with the immorality of the world — is beautifully described, and it would have been well to stop here, but the author, without the least external or internal need, continues his narration and causes this gentleman to make his way to the girl at night and seduce her. In the first part of the novel the author had evidently been on the side of the girl, and in the second he suddenly passed over to the side of the

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debauchee. One impression destroys the other, and the whole novel falls to pieces and breaks up, like bread which has not been kneaded.

In all his novels after *Bel-Ami* (I am not speaking now of his shorter stories, which form his chief desert and fame, — of them I shall speak later), Maupassant obviously surrendered himself to the theory, which not only existed in his circle in Paris, but which now exists everywhere among artists, that for an artistic production we not only need have no clear conception of what is good and what bad, but that, on the contrary, the artist must absolutely ignore all moral questions, — that in this does a certain merit of the artist consist. According to this theory an artist can and must represent what is true, what exists, or what is beautiful, what, consequently, pleases him, or even what can be useful as material for "science," but it is not the business of the artist to trouble himself about what is moral or immoral, good or bad.

I remember, a famous painter showed me once his painting, which represented a religious procession. Everything was exquisitely painted, but I could not see any relation of the artist to his subject.

"Well, do you consider these rites good, and do you think that they ought to be performed, or do you not?" I asked the artist.

The artist said to me, with a certain condescension to my naïveté, that he did not know and did not consider it necessary to know: his business was to represent life.

"But do you at least love this?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Well, do you despise these rites?"

"Neither the one nor the other," replied, with a smile of compassion for my stupidity, the modern highly cultured artist, who represented life without understanding its meaning and without either loving or hating its phenomena. Even so unfortunately thought Maupassant.

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In his introduction to *Pierre et Jean* he says that people tell the writer: "*Consolez-moi, attristez-moi, attendrissez-moi, faites-moi rêver, faites-moi rire, faites-moi frémir, faites-moi pleurer, faites-moi penser. Seuls quelques esprits d'élites demandent à l'artiste : faites-moi quelque chose de beau dans la forme qui vous conviendra le mieux d'après votre tempérament.*"

It was to satisfy the demand of these chosen spirits that Maupassant wrote his novels, imagining naïvely that that which was considered beautiful in his circle was the beautiful which art ought to serve.

In the same circle in which Maupassant moved, it is woman, a young, beautiful, for the most part a nude woman, and the sexual intercourse with her that have preëminently been considered to be that beauty which art must serve. Such an opinion was held not only by Maupassant's fellows in "art," by painters, sculptors, novelists, and poets, but also by philosophers, the teachers of the younger generations. Thus the famous Renan says frankly in his work, *Marc Aurèle*, while condemning Christianity for its lack of appreciation of feminine beauty.

"*Le défaut du christianisme apparait bien ici, il est trop uniquement moral : la beauté chez-lui est tout-à-fait sacrifiée. Or, aux yeux d'une philosophie complète, la beauté, loin d'être un avantage superficiel, un danger, un inconvénient, est un don de Dieu, comme la vertu. Elle vaut la vertu ; la femme belle exprime aussi bien une face du but divin, une des fins de Dieu, que l'homme de génie ou la femme vertueuse. Elle le sait et de là sa fierté. Elle sent instinctivement le trésor infini qu'elle porte en son corps ; elle sait bien, que sans esprit, sans talent, sans grave vertu, elle compte entre les premières manifestations de Dieu : et pourquoi lui interdire de mettre en valeur le don, qui lui a été fait, de sortir le diamant qui lui est échu ?*

"*La femme, en se passant, accomplit un devoir ; elle*

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pratique un art, art exquis, en un sens le plus charmant des arts. Ne nous laissons pas égarer par le sourire que certains mots provoquent chez les gens frivoles. On décerne la palme du génie à l'artiste grec qui a su résoudre le plus délicat des problèmes, orner le corps humain, c'est à orner la perfection même, et l'on ne veut voir qu'une affaire de chiffons dans l'essai de collaborer à la plus belle œuvre de Dieu, à la beauté de la femme! La toilette de la femme, avec tous ses raffinements, est du grand art à sa manière.

"Les siècles et les pays, qui savent y réussir, — sont les grands siècles, les grands pays, et le christianisme montra par l'exclusion dont il frappa le genre de recherches que l'idéal social qu'il concevait ne deviendrait le cadre d'une société complète que bien plus tard, quand la révolte des gens du monde aurait brisé le joug étroit imposé primitivement à la secte par un piétisme exalté" (*Marc Aurèle*, p. 555).

(Thus, according to the opinion of this guide of the younger generations, it is only now that the Parisian tailors and wigmakers have mended the mistake made by Christianity, and have reëstablished beauty in its real, high significance.)

To leave no doubt in what sense beauty is to be taken, this same famous writer, historian, and scholar wrote a drama, *L'Abbesse de Jouarre*, in which he showed that sexual intercourse with a woman is that very ministration to beauty, that is, a high and good work. In this drama, which is remarkable for its absence of talent and especially for the coarseness of Darcy's conversations with the Abbess, where we can see from the very first words of what love this gentleman is speaking with the apparently innocent and highly moral girl, who is not in the least offended by this, — it appears that the most highly moral people, in the sight of death, to which they are condemned, a few hours before it can do nothing more beautiful than surrender themselves to their animal passion.

Thus, in the circle in which Maupassant grew up and

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was educated, the representation of feminine beauty and love has quite seriously, and as something long ago decided and determined by the cleverest and most learned of men, been considered to be the true problem of the highest art, — *le grand art.*

It is to this theory, frightful in its insipidity, that Maupassant was subjected, when he became a fashionable writer. And, as was to have been expected, in the novels this false ideal led Maupassant to a series of mistakes and to weaker and ever weaker productions.

In this showed itself the radical difference which exists between the demands of the novel and those of the story. The novel has for its problem, even for its external problem, the description of the whole human life or of many human lives, and so the writer of a novel must have a clear and firm idea of what is good and what bad in life, and Maupassant did not possess that; on the contrary, according to the theory to which he held, it was thought that that was not necessary. If he had been a novelist like some untalented writers of sensuous novels, he would have calmly described as good what is bad, and his novels would be complete and interesting for people sharing the same views as the author. But Maupassant had talent, that is, he saw things in their real form, and so he involuntarily revealed the truth: he involuntarily saw the bad in what he wanted to regard as good. For this reason his sympathy is constantly wavering in all his novels, with the exception of the first: now he represents the bad as being good, now he recognizes the bad to be bad and the good to be good, and now again he keeps all the time jumping from one to the other. But this destroys the very essence of every artistic impression, the *charpente*, on which he stands. People who are not very sensitive to art frequently imagine that an artistic production forms one whole, because the same persons act in it all the time, because everything is constructed on one plot, or because

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the life of one man is described. That is not true. That only seems so to the superficial observer: the cement which binds every artistic production into one whole and so produces the illusion of a reflection of life is not the unity of persons and situations, but the unity of the original, moral relation of the author to his subject. In reality, when we read or contemplate an artistic production by a new author, the fundamental question which arises in our soul is always this: "Well, what kind of a man are you? How do you differ from all other men whom I know, and what new thing can you tell me about the way we ought to look upon our life?" No matter what the artist may represent, — saints, robbers, kings, lackeys, — we seek and see only the artist's soul. If he is an old, familiar artist, the question is no longer, "Who are you?" but, "Well, what new thing can you tell me? From what new side will you now illumine my life for me?" And so an author who has no definite, clear, new view of the world, and still more so the one who does not consider this to be necessary, cannot give an artistic production. He can write beautifully, and a great deal, but there will be no artistic production. Even so it was with Maupassant in his novels. In his first two novels, especially in the first, *Une Vie*, there was that clear, definite, new relation to life, and so there was an artistic production; but as soon as he, submitting to the fashionable theory, decided that there is no need whatever for this relation of the author to life, and began to write only in order to *faire quelque chose de beau*, his novels ceased to be artistic productions. In *Une Vie* and *Bel-Ami* the author knows who is to be loved and who is to be hated, and the reader agrees with him and believes him, believes in those persons and events which are described to him. But in *Notre Cœur* and in *Yvette* the author does not know who is to be loved and who is to be hated; nor does the reader know it. And as the reader does

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not know it, he does not believe in the events described and is not interested in them. And so, with the exception of the first two, or, speaking strictly, of the one first novel, all of Maupassant's novels, as novels, are weak; and if Maupassant had left us only his novels, he would be a striking example of how a brilliant gift may perish in consequence of that false milieu in which it was evolved, and of those false theories of art which are invented by men who do not love it and so do not understand it. But, fortunately, Maupassant has written short stories, in which he did not succumb to the false theory which he adopted, and wrote, not *quelque chose de beau*, but what touched and provoked his moral feeling. It is in these stories, not in all, but in the best of them, that we see how the moral feeling grew in the author.

In this, indeed, does the remarkable quality of every true talent consist, so long as it does not do violence to itself under the influence of a false theory, that it teaches its possessor, leads him on over the path of moral development, makes him love what is worthy of love, and hate what is worthy of hatred. An artist is an artist for the very reason that he sees the objects, not as he wants to see them, but as they are. The bearer of talent, — man, — may make mistakes, but the talent, as soon as the reins are given to it, as was done by Maupassant in his stories, will reveal and lay bare the subject and will make the writer love it, if it is worthy of love, and hate it, if it is worthy of hatred. What happens to every true artist, when, under the influence of his surroundings, he begins to describe something different from what he ought to describe, is what happened to Balaam, who, when he wanted to bless, cursed that which ought to have been cursed, and, when he wanted to curse, began to bless that which ought to have been blessed; he will involuntarily do, not what he wants, but what he ought to do. The same happened with Maupassant.

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There has hardly been another such an author, who thought so sincerely that all the good, the whole meaning of life was in woman, in love, and who with such force of passion described woman and the love of her from all sides, and there has hardly been another author, who with such clearness and precision has pointed out all the terrible sides of the same phenomenon, which to him seemed to be the highest, and one that gives the greatest good to men. The more he comprehended this phenomenon, the more did it become unveiled; the shrouds fell off, and all there was left was its terrible consequences and its still more terrible reality.

Read his "Idiot Son," "A Night with the Daughter" (*L'Ermite*), "The Sailor and His Sister" (*Le Port*), "Field of Olives," *La Petite Roque*, the English *Miss Harriet*, *Monsieur Parent*, *L'Armoire* (the girl that fell asleep in the safe), "The Marriage" in *Sur l'Eau*, and the last expression of everything, *Un Cas de Divorce*. What Marcus Aurelius said, trying to find means with which to destroy in imagination the attractiveness of this sin, Maupassant does in glaring, artistic pictures, which upset one completely. He wants to laud love, but the more he knew of it, the more he cursed it. He cursed it for the calamities and sufferings which it brings with it, and for the disappointments, and, above all, for the simulation of true love, for the deception which is in it, and from which man suffers the more, the more he abandons himself to this deception.

The mighty moral growth of the author, during his literary activity, is written in indelible characters in these exquisite short stories and in his best book, *Sur l'Eau*.

And not merely in this discrowning, this involuntary and, therefore, so much more powerful discrowning of sexual love, do we see the author's moral growth; we see it also in all those higher and ever higher demands which he makes on life.

Not only in sexual love does he see the inner contra-

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diction between the demands of the animal and of the rational man, — he sees it in the whole structure of the world.

He sees that the world, the material world, such as it is, is not only not the best of worlds, but, on the contrary, might have been quite different, — this idea is strikingly expressed in *Horla*, — and does not satisfy the demands of reason and of love; he sees that there is a certain other world, or at least there are the demands for such a world, in man's soul.

He is tormented, not only by the irrationality of the material world and the absence of beauty in it, but also by its lack of love, by its disunion. I know of no more heartrending cry of despair of an erring man who recognizes his loneliness, than the expression of this idea in the exquisite story, *Solitude*.

The phenomenon which more than any other tortured Maupassant, and to which he frequently returned, is the agonizing state of loneliness, the spiritual loneliness of a man, that barrier which stands between a man and others, that barrier which, as he says, is felt the more painfully, the closer the bodily contact.

What is it that tortures him? And what would he have? What destroys this barrier, what puts a stop to this loneliness? Love, not love of woman, of which he is tired, but pure, spiritual, divine love. And it is this that Maupassant seeks; toward this saviour of life, which was long ago clearly revealed to all, that he painfully tugs at the fetters with which he feels himself bound.

He is not yet able to name what he is seeking, he does not want to name it with his lips alone, for fear of defiling his sanctuary. But his unnamed striving, which is expressed by his terror in the presence of solitude, is so sincere that it infects us and draws us more powerfully than many, very many sermons of love, which are enunciated with the lips alone.

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The tragedy of Maupassant's life consists in this, that, living in surroundings that are terrible because of their monstrousness and immorality, he by the force of his talent, that unusual light which was in him, broke away from the world-conception of his circle, was near to liberation, already breathed the air of freedom, but, having spent his last strength in this struggle, perished without becoming free, because he did not have the strength to make this one last effort.

The tragedy of this ruin consists in the same in which it even now continues to consist for the majority of the so-called men of our time.

Men have in general never lived without an explanation of the meaning of the life they live. Everywhere and at all times there have appeared advanced, highly gifted men, prophets, as they are called, who have explained to men this meaning and significance of life, and at all times the men of the rank and file, who have no strength to make this meaning clear to themselves, have followed that explanation of life which their prophets revealed to them.

This meaning was eighteen hundred years ago simply, lucidly, indubitably, and joyously explained by Christianity, as is proved by the life of all those who have accepted this meaning and follow that guide of life which follows from this meaning.

But there appeared men who interpreted this meaning in such a way that it became nonsense. And people are in a dilemma, — whether to recognize Christianity, as it is interpreted by Catholicism, Lourdes, the Pope, the dogma of the seedless conception, and so forth, or to live on, being guided by the instructions of Renan and his like, that is, to live without any guidance and comprehension of life, surrendering themselves to their lusts, so long as they are strong, and to their habits, when the passions have subsided.

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And the people, the people of the rank and file, choose one or the other, sometimes both, at first libertinism, and then Catholicism. And people continue to live thus for generations, shielding themselves with different theories, which are not invented in order to find out the truth, but in order to conceal it. And the people of the rank and file, especially the dull ones among them, feel at ease.

But there are also other people, — there are but a few of them and they are far between, — and such was Maupassant, who with their own eyes see things as they are, see their meaning, see the contradictions of life, which are hidden from others, and vividly present to themselves that to which these contradictions must inevitably lead them, and seek for their solutions in advance. They seek for them everywhere except where they are to be found, in Christianity, because Christianity seems to them to have outlived its usefulness, to be obsolete and foolish and repellent by its monstrosity. Trying in vain to arrive by themselves at these solutions, they come to the conclusion that there are no solutions, that the property of life consists in carrying within oneself these unsolved contradictions. Having arrived at such a solution, these people, if they are weak, unenergetic natures, make their peace with such a senseless life, are even proud of their condition, considering their lack of knowledge to be a desert, a sign of culture; but if they are energetic, truthful, and talented natures, such as was Maupassant, they cannot bear it and in one way or another go out of this insipid life.

It is as though thirsty people in the desert should be looking everywhere for water, except near those men who, standing near a spring, pollute it and offer ill-smelling mud instead of water, which still keeps on flowing farther down, below the mud. Maupassant was in that position; he could not believe, — it even never occurred to him that the truth which he was seeking had been discovered long

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ago and was near him; nor could he believe that it was possible for a man to live in a contradiction such as he felt himself to be living in.

Life, according to those theories in which he was brought up, which surrounded him, and which were verified by all the passions of his youthful and spiritually and physically strong being, consists in enjoyment, chief of which is woman and the love of her, and in the doubly reflected enjoyment, — in the representation of this love and the excitation of this love in others. All that would be very well, but, as we look closely at these enjoyments, we see amidst them appear phenomena which are quite alien and hostile to this love and this beauty: woman for some reason grows homely, looks horrid in her pregnancy, bears a child in nastiness, then more children, unwished-for children, then deceptions, cruelties, then moral sufferings, then simply old age, and finally death.

And then, is this beauty really beauty? And then, what is it all for? It would be nice, if it were possible to arrest life. But it goes on. What does it mean, — life goes on? Life goes on, means, — the hair falls out and grows gray, the teeth decay, there appear wrinkles, and there is an odour in the mouth. Even before everything ends, everything becomes terrible and disgusting: you perceive the pasty paint and powder, the sweat, the stench, the homeliness. Where is that which I served? Where is beauty? And it is all. If it is not, — there is nothing. There is no life.

Not only is there no life in what seemed to have life, but you, too, begin to get away from it, to grow feeble, to look homely, to decay, while others before your very eyes seize from you those pleasures in which was the whole good of life. More than that: there begins to glint the possibility of another life, something else, some other union of men with the whole world, such as excludes all those deceptions, something else, something that cannot be

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impaired by anything, that is true and always beautiful. But that cannot be, — it is only the provoking sight of an oasis, when we know that it is not there and that everything is sand.

Maupassant lived down to that tragic moment of life, when there began the struggle between the lie of the life which surrounded him, and the truth which he was beginning to see. He already had symptoms of spiritual birth.

It is these labours of birth that are expressed in his best productions, especially in his short stories.

If it had been his fate not to die in the labour of birth, but to be born, he would have given great, instructive productions, but even what he gave us during the process of his birth is much. Let us be grateful to this strong, truthful man for what he gave us.

Vorónezh, April 2, 1894.

THE END.

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